

A  
Curious COLLECTION  
OF  
LETTERS,  
Serious, Comical, Satyrical and  
Political;

Chiefly Extracted from the  
WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

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— *Exeat Aulâ*

*Qui volet esse pius. Virtus & Summa Potestas  
Non cœunt.*

LUCAN.

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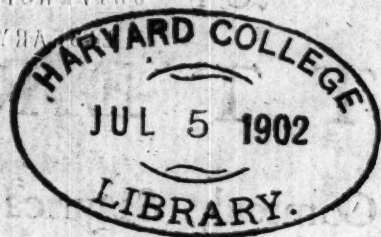
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L O N D O N.

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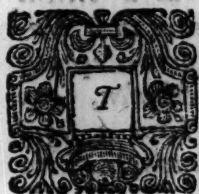
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23-54

L O N D O N



# P R E F A C E.



*H E R E* being a separate Advertisement or explanatory Note to such of these Papers as seem the most to require it, there is room to say but little in a general Preface: Nor should we have given one at all but for the two following Reasons; first, in few Words to declare our Sense of Opposition to ministerial Measures; and secondly, to assign some Cause for this Republication in a Volume.

In a free State, such as this, we look upon it as every Man's Right, according to his Abilities, to judge of and censure the Actions of those Fellow-Subjects that are placed in Authority over him. They have no Advantage but the Favour of their Prince, which cannot set them above the Judgment of a People, who claim a Right of extending that Judgment, in certain Cases, even to Kings themselves. Upon this Principle the glorious Revolution was founded, and upon this alone is built the Security of our present Constitution, and the Succession of the Crown in the Protestant Line of his Most Sacred Majesty.

Ministers, how great soever in Power, have the common Frailties of Men: And a British Minister, in several Respects, is in more Danger of falling, ought more narrowly to watch his own Steps, and to have them watch'd by others, than the Minister of any arbitrary Monarch. This arises from that very

*Freedom, in which alone consists our Distinction and Happiness.*

*Where the Will of a Prince is the only Law, and the Minister can engage that for his Protection, and for a Sanction to all his Measures, the latter is, in fact, whatever he should be in Reason; as unaccountable as his Master. Nothing but a violent Exertion of Spirit, which seldom appears in a Nation of Slaves, and, if it does, usually proves equally fatal to the Monarch and his Minion, can in this Case give Relief.---But we have a legal Standard whereby to measure the Conduct of the most exalted Favourite, and it is our Birth-right Privilege to call him back whenever he exceeds, or to call him to account if he persists in his Transgression. To be told in Print of his Error, is the least Mortification he ought to expect: The Hand of Justice hangs over him, and he is fortunate to escape without severe Punishment.*

*That no bad Minister would thus escape, unless the Constitution were in some sort weakened or violated, is a Position that not we alone have taken upon us to maintain. The most plain common Sense will inform any Man, that where Crimes are obvious, attested beyond all Possibility of Dispute, and the whole Nation is interested in the Punishment of the Criminal; if he escapes it must be by unjustifiable Means, by nothing less than a servile Indulgence, in those who should bring him to, or those who should pronounce on him, the Sentence due to his Demerits.---When we see such Escapes as these, are we not justified in exclaiming against the Abuses, by Means of which they are permitted?*

*Our Interest, with respect to ourselves, and to the other Nations of Europe, is so obvious, that what unbiass'd Man can hide his Astonishment and Indignation.*

# P R E F A C E. iii

*Indignation when he sees it totally neglected? We have a prodigious Fleet, and can we think Matters are well conducted if it does us scarce any Service in Time of War? We are a mercantile Nation, and have beyond all other Powers the Means of extending our Commerce: If we see it decline thro' Discouragement, see it prey'd on by a weak, yet unmolested Enemy, have we not a Right to speak our Sentiments, to reproach the Watchmen of the State with the Want of either Integrity or Vigilance? While our own Affairs are thus neglected, if we see those of other Nations with Ardour pursued, pursued at a vast and almost intolerable Expence to us, can we, who feel the Burthen, and see the Consequences attending it, remain silent? Ought we to remain so, having by our Laws a Right to demand the Reason of these Things?*

*But lastly, if all these wrong Measures appear to be the Effect of an universal System of Corruption, undermining the Pillars of our excellent Constitution, teaching Man a Dis-regard for Posterity, and for their own Characters even with the present Age; operating in a manner so undisguised that the most Dim-sighted cannot but plainly discover it; carrying every Point in behalf of the Minister, rejecting or half defeating every Project in behalf of the People; shall we not cry aloud against this Bane of our Felicity, the Authors, Managers, and Subjects of it, who, like Worms of different Magnitude, are gnawing thro' every Particle of the Body Politic?*

*The King, according to the British Constitution, is the sole Prime Minister: No Subject can execute that Power for him without Danger to our Liberties. The Wisdom of our Fore-fathers was such, that the Duties of the respective Departments, in the several*

great Offices of State, are each of them sufficient to exercise the Abilities, or satisfy the Ambition of any one Man that can be at the Head of it. Would our great Men all thus confine themselves to their proper Duties, and neither receive Directions from, nor render an Account to, any but the supreme Power; a good Share of Honesty, close Application, and moderate Talents of a proper Cast, would suffice for almost any particular Business of the State, and contribute to make the whole Machine move on pleasantly. But when one Man, let his Abilities be ever so great, assumes a Controul over all the other Servants of the Crown, the Consequence, in this free Government, must always be ruinous to the Common-wealth. How much more then must it be so, if the Usurper of his Sovereign's Power has neither a Head nor a Heart for great Trust, or great Enterprize?

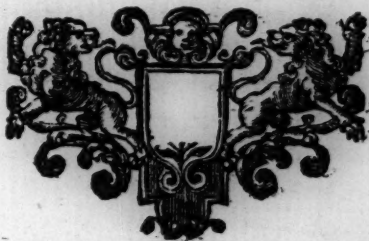
At best, the Man who thus assumes will render himself envied and hated by his Fellow Servants. The Consequence of this will be, on their side an Attempt to displace him; and on his, a Recourse to all Means, of which he will have too many in his Power, to keep his Seat. Of these Means none will be so inviting, none so effectual, as the raising a corrupt Dependency about his Person, which of Course will be a Clog on all national Measures, that are not to his Liking, as much as if the whole Legislative Power was in his Hands. And the Effect will be still worse with regard to the People, who must pay the Corrupted for not doing the Business which they undertook to perform for the Love of their Country only.---Whoever suffers his Mind to expatiate a little on these Thoughts, will, we doubt not, see the Necessity of constant Writings in Opposition to, or rather in Caution of, a British Ministry.

As to the Reason of publishing in a Volume, Essays that



# P R E F A C E. V

that had before been dispersed in loose Sheets, we have, besides the Example of many periodical Writers our Predecessors, the kind Reception given to these Papers singly to assign. This is the best Plea that can be made for such Republications. We would not, however, intrude too much at first upon the Indulgence and Taste of the Public, and therefore appear with one Volume only: By the Success of this, we shall be determined, whether or not to proceed in selecting Papers for another.



LETTERS

D R E F A C H

in selecting papers for analysis.

this we shall be determined whether or not to proceed  
we appear with one volume only. By the results of  
the investigation and I think of the paper and those

would not, however, interfere too much at first upon  
that can I mention for each individual volume. The  
above papers belong to the year 1860 at the New York  
Library, besides the example of manuscript which I have  
that had before been deposited in 1852.

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# LETTERS

FROM THE

## WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

*At the Time when this Paper was set up, the famous Contest about the Westminster Election was depending, the carrying of which, on the Side of the Constitution, gave the first great Shock to the Power of the last Minister. It was with a View to this Dispute, and the great Matters expected to result from it, that the Name of WESTMINSTER JOURNAL was thought a proper Title for a Paper of this Kind. The other Title of New Weekly Miscellany, was continued from a Paper so called, treating chiefly of religious Subjects, which was laid down at the Time when this was begun.*

N<sup>o</sup> 1. Saturday, November 28, 1741.

*Quid id quod vidisti, ut munitum muro visum est oppidum?  
Si incolæ benè sunt morati, pulchrè munitum arbitror:  
Perfidia, & peculatus ex urbe, & avaritia si exulent,  
Quarta invidia, quinta ambitio, sexta obtrectatio,  
Septimum perjuriam, octava indiligentia,  
Nona injuria, decimum quod pessimum aggressu scelus:  
Hæc nisi inde aberunt, centuplex murus rebus servandis  
parum est.*

Plaut. in Perf.



HEN I had resolved to take upon me the Character of a public Writer, and in that Capacity had chosen the City of WESTMINSTER for the Place of my Habitation, my first Thoughts were how to become particularly useful to that Community, of which, by

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removing

removing from my Chambers in the *Middle-Temple*, I had made myself a Member. But the Reader will perceive, that by fixing the chief Seat of my Lucubrations, as well as of my Residence, to this particular Spot, I have no less consulted the Interest of my Country in general, than if I had professedly taken a greater Latitude in the Title of this Paper. The Center of Power and Politeness, the Emporium of public Offices, public Honours, and public Entertainments; can it ever fail of furnishing Matter to a Weekly Journalist, such Matter in which the whole Nation is equally concerned?

The old *comic Poet*, from one of whose Plays I have chosen the Motto for this Day, seems to have perfectly well understood the Nature of civil Society, and in what the Safety of any Community really consists. If the *Manners and Morals* of its Inhabitants are good, a City, in his Opinion, needs no other Fortification. The City of *Westminster*, tho' the sacred Receptacle of ALL that to an ENGLISHMAN should be most valuable, has no Walls, no Citadels for her Defence: It is highly proper therefore, it is even necessary, that the utmost Care should be taken of her internal State, that more impregnable Bulwark. If *Perfidy, Avarice, Envy, Ambition, Detraction, Perjury, Oppression, Negligence* of her own Good, or any other more shameful Vice, even the PECULATUS of our Author (a Word I may some other Time translate) should be found to flourish within her Borders; what can be more meritorious than to endeavour to eradicate, expel, throw Shame upon those Destroyers of her Vitals, which (to have recourse again to the Words of my Text) would render even *an hundred Walls ineffectual for her Security?*

What I am going to say, in relation to my present Design, proceeds from my natural Turn for Allegory, which will not suffer me to pass over so obvious a Circumstance. It has not, in my Opinion, look'd well for *Westminster*, that since the Erection of so many Lights in the good City of *London*, for the equal Advantage of all her Inhabitants, her neighbouring Sister has never thought this Practice worthy her Imitation. I cannot

not imagine that my Fellow-Citizens are better sighted than the *Londoners*, and I really think they have full as many dark Things among them to look into. It will give me great Pleasure to find myself mistaken; but, as I am not yet satisfied, I am resolved once a Week to hold up my own *Lanthorn*, which they must give me Leave to think a pretty good one, for the Convenience of all who are willing to take the Benefit of it. The many excellent Properties it has, Time alone can manifest: I well mention only two of them. The first is, that it throws a Dimness on all Lights that are fed with filthy vitiated Materials, and that the straight-forward Glare of no Dark-Lanthorn is able to meet it. I shall make Experiment of this Property at several Doors, which seem at present to be the best illuminated; and now and then stop a very considerable Person, in order to examine his portable Lustre. That of shining into the Heart of a Villain, who has put out the Light of his own Conscience; of making him uneasy to himself, and odious to others; is another, and, in my Opinion, not the least valuable of its Qualities. I shall spare the Repetition of this Operation, with regard to the latter Part of its Effect, where the first Essay produces any Signs of Repentance.

Thus have I entered myself a *voluntary Watchman* for the City and Liberties of *Westminster*, which I am far from thinking a disreputable Office. The Necessity of such a supernumerary Man, notwithstanding her present great Stock of *Guards*, *civil* and *military*, will appear from my Diligence and Success in the Execution of my Duty. If I do not detect more Thieves and Sharpers, expose more public Nuisances, defend more strenuously the Rights of my Fellow-Citizens, and in them of all other Communities, than the whole Corps of my *standing Brethren*, taken together, I will consent to be discharged before this Time Twelvemonth.

I need not expatiate on the great Extent of my Authority, who am the Representative of a Constable, who is the very Copy of a Justice of the Peace, who holds his Power immediately from the King. I will only men-



tion in what Manner I intend to execute this Authority, and what Places I shall chuse for my principal *Beats*.

As I shall make the Business of my Office my constant and whole Employment, I shall be upon Duty in the Day as well as in the Night. In Parliament Time, during the Hours of Sitting, I shall be very assiduous between my own Apartments and *New-Palace-Yard*; not only to keep the main Street clear for the Members, but to prevent their turning aside by the Way into a little dirty Corner, whither I am sure no Arts will be omitted to draw them. As I know where abouts the greatest Danger is, I shall frequently take my Stand at *Downing-street* Corner, near the upper End of *King-street*, and stop every Gentleman in his Majesty's Name, who deviates from the public Road. To others, who are more reserved, and suffer themselves to be waited on at home, I shall pull out my Lanthorn upon the least Suspicion, and look full into their Breasts, to see what Grant or Promise was last written there, and upon what Consideration. If there be any Expectation, Desire, or other Sickness of the Mind, that portends Danger to the Patient, I shall take Care to inform the Gentleman of his own Case, and to warn him against spoiling his Constitution by taking of quack Medicines. In a Word, I shall endeavour to establish his Health (for I am somewhat of a Physician) by administering such Advice as an honest Man and a *Briton* will never blush to follow.

I shall not neglect the Courts of Judicature, but give them as much of my Company as I can conveniently spare; for tho' there is no Need of my Lanthorn upon any of the honourable Benches, it may be of Use now and then at the Bar. It may let some Gentlemen see, that a smooth insinuating Flow of Chicanery, or an overbearing Torrent of unmeaning Words, are not the only Qualifications of an Orator; but that Rectitude of Heart, a true Feeling for the Case of an injured Client, are always necessary in an Advocate for Justice and Virtue. It shall be at the Service of any Attorney while he looks over his Papers, or of any Witness while he takes a solemn Oath. In the later Case I shall stare full in the Party's Face, and sometimes give  
a little

a little Jog to his Memory. I know not whether my good Friends of the Jury may not be glad of a little of my Light, after three or four Conjurers in black Gowns have been raising a Mist for two Hours. If they let me know, they shall have it and welcome.

I am already grown into a Watchman of such Importance, that you will not wonder to hear me talk next of Levee's and Birth-Days. In regard to the Privileges of that sacred Place, I shall on such Occasions plant myself without the Verge of the Court; but shall make no more Scruple of seizing a Sute of laced Clothes, which the Wearer never intends to pay for, or taking Charge of a titled Prostitute, who thinks her Dignity a Skreen to her Vice, than I would of exerting the same Power on a common Purloiner of other People's Goods, or a tatter'd Strumpet in *Drury-Lane*. As to the other Levee in *Downing-street*, I believe I shall never much attend it, but perhaps I may now and then place myself next the Window at the —— Ale-house, over a Pot of Sir R——'s Liquor, to see who do, and what Countenances they bring away.

At public Entertainments I shall be present as much as possible, and have got a Promise from the Masters of both Theatres, upon Condition that I shall clear their Passages of all notorious Pickpockets, to be admitted occasionally into what Part of their Houses I shall think proper. I shall hold up my Lanthorn to the whole Audience, when they suffer a fine Sentiment, gracefully pronounced, to pass unobserved; and when an unnatural Thought, or Rant of the Actor, meets with loud Applause, I shall turn my Light directly on him who first gives it. When I go to the Opera, it will be more to criticise upon the expensive Folly of that Innovation, than upon the Performance itself: For tho' I have a tolerable good *English* Ear, and can relish a Composition of old *Purcell*, where the Sound accompanies the Sense, I am utterly at a Loss where Sense is not to be look'd for, and Sound tends only to enervate the Mind. However, if upon surveying the Hearts of some of the principal Audience, when they seem to be most pleased, there appears to be any real Ground for Rapture, I

shall not envy them their Enjoyment, nor cynically refuse to take some share in it. Masquerades I shall always frequent; but in my invisible Cap, the History of which I shall give hereafter. Even *Tottenbam Court*, *Hockley in the Hole*, the Widow King's, and other Places in the same elegant Taste, may now and then have my Company, when I can turn my Visit to public Advantage.

When I see a Person of Distinction, with the Air and Spirit of a *Charteris*, hastening towards *Wh—te's* Ch—te-H—se, I shall present him with the reflecting Side of my Lanthorn, and if possible prevent his Entrance: But if he laughs at his own Likeness, persists on going in, gratifies his dishonest Avarice, and comes away satisfied, I shall commit him without more ado, till he gives an Account how he came by his Money.

The Business I have already mentioned, with my stated Visits to Coffee-Houses, Clubs, the *Royal-Exchange*, and the public Offices, may be thought sufficient for the ordinary Employment of a Man's Life: But as I can put up with a very little Sleep, and take that at such Times as I have most Leisure, I shall generally, like other Watchmen, be vigilant during those Hours when the greatest Part of Mankind are lull'd in soft Repose. Where I shall spend this Part of my Time I can by no Means inform my Readers: I can only say, that I shall then wear the Cap abovementioned, which was left me by my maternal Grandfather, Mr *Trisfram Astrolable of Highgate*, who taught me the little Knowledge I have of Medicine; and that I shall introduce myself by the Help of it, to the Privacies of those People, who wake to worse Purposes than mine. By this Means I shall see Friendships forfeited, Vows broken, Conspiracies formed, the Footman in the Place of his Master, and the Chambermaid in that of her Mistress, with many other Enormities that abhor the Day-light. On these Occasions I shall suddenly pull out my Lanthorn, expose the Criminals to themselves, and exhort them to Contrition: Which if they neglect  
after

after two or three Admonitions, I shall publish their Treachery to all the World.

But, in Imitation of my Friend *Horace*, who after his Satires has given us a Set of excellent moral Sermons, I shall not dwell for ever on the Vices and Follies of Mankind. It will give me a thousand Times more Pleasure to inspect the Breast of an honest Patriot, an upright Oracle of the Law, a punctual humane Lord, a virtuous Lady, a Man of sound Judgment and uncorrupted Taste, one that will rather correct than take Advantage of the Weakness of his Fellow-Creatures, a sincere Friend, a faithful Consort, or a trusty Servant: This, I say, will give me a thousand Times more Pleasure than to find Subject for my Satire in the contrary Characters. Did I say more Pleasure? It should have been; The generous Delight on the one Hand, will equal the honest Anguish on the other. All such worthy Examples I shall be proud to exhibit, with occasional Lectures on those noble Principles that contribute to form them.

This Detail of Particulars relating to my Office, which has lead me much farther than I at first suspected, obliges me to postpone what I had to say of my Person, my Name, my Family, my Temper, my Relation to the venerable Mr *Hooker*, by what Means this Province devolv'd on me, and diverse other Matters concerning Myself; all which, for Want of Experience in the Art of a public Writer, I had imprudently designed to croud into one Paper. But my Printer tells me he has Copy enough, and that it will be sufficient if I only hint that there is something very singular in every one of these Articles, which he says will keep the Curiosity of my Readers alive till next *Saturday*. B.



Numb. 2. Saturday, December 5, 1741,

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*Dos magna est Parentium  
Virtus.*

HORAT.

**T**O fulfil the Engagements I last Week entered into, and to satisfy my Readers in some Particulars which I presume they would gladly know, I shall here introduce so much of my own private History as can any way affect my public Character. When I have done this, the Town I hope will excuse me if I drop that insignificant Subject Myself, and proceed to Matters of more general Concern.

I was born on St *Thomas's* Day, in the Year 1689. My Father had set down the Day at the Beginning of his Folio Bible, and my Mother had noted the Hour and Minute underneath. I have the Bible now by me, with a Scheme of the Heavens added on the same Leaf by my Grandfather *Astrolabe*, who predicted that I should be a Man of some Consequence.

My Father, Mr *William Touchit* of *Clerkenwell*, had a small freehold Estate in *Berkshire*, sufficient to maintain himself genteely in Town, as a single Man: But it would not permit him to think of Matrimony, without a Fortune at least equal to his own, to answer the extraordinary Exigencies of a conjugal State. Miss *Penelope Astrolabe* was her Father's Heiress, had a thousand Pounds in Hand left her by an Uncle, and in Expectation 200 *l per Annum*; which, added to the Patrimony of the *Touchit's*, would make the yearly Income of about 350 *l*. My Father cast his Eyes upon her, made his Addresses to her, and was favourably received. Mr *Astrolabe* was an excellent Physiognomist, as well as an Astronomer: In every Line of my Father's Face he saw expressed the Honesty of his Heart, and gave way at once to his Daughter's Inclinations, and the ardent Desires



Desires of her Suitor. The Marriage Articles were signed towards the latter End of *May*, in 1688.

Improbable as it may seem at this Day, a Spirit of Patriotism, hereditary to both the young Lovers, retarded their mutual Joys about eight Months. King *James* had increased his Army and Navy, and threaten'd the Nation with a military, which is always an arbitrary, Government. In Imitation of his Cousin of *France*, and with an Air of Sovereignty unknown to the Kings of *England*, he publishes a Declaration that supersedes an Act of Parliament, throws down all the Bulwarks of our Constitution, and lays open every great Office to his own Creatures of the *Papish* Communion. By his sole Authority he imprisons seven Bishops, for petitioning in Behalf of themselves and their Fellow-Subjects. Our Liberties, civil and religious, were in Danger; and the whole Nation took the Alarm. My Father, among many others, resolved to hazard his Life and Estate in Defence of them; but would not involve the Fortune of his dear *Penelope* in the Danger that attended his own Resolution. Neither the one nor the other of them could think of increasing the Number of a People threaten'd with Slavery, which, if it once took Place, might descend to endless Generations. By joint Consent therefore they put off the Match, till they saw what Turn Affairs would take. I confess they had both great Hopes that the Day of their Happiness was not far remote: She was told so from the Stars by her venerable Sire; and he guess'd it from his Knowledge of the *British* Constitution, which generally recoils upon its own Basis, and overwhelms its Enemies, when they push it too violently on any Side.

As I was his eldest Child, my Father design'd to have call'd me by his own Name: But my Mother, who had once a Brother *William* that prov'd very untoward, prevail'd to have it chang'd for the Patron Saint of my natal Day. Tho' I am far from thinking that the Choice of its Name by a Parent, since the prophetic Age, has any Influence either on the Temper or Fortune of a Child; it is certain the good Woman could not have chosen more happily than she did on this Occasion. In all Af-

fairs that come under the Cognizance of my Senses and Understanding, I have ever had a strong Bias to the Incredulity so conspicuous in my holy Name-sake ; and as I cannot think there is any Thing supernatural (I did not say unnatural) in the Politics of the present Times, I am particularly doubtful with regard to whatever is called a *Mystery of State*. When they tell us, that the Nation is in a very happy Situation ; that Trade flourishes, Liberty increases, and Corruption is no more ; I answer in short, *Let us feel what you affirm*. When they give out that our Enemies fear us, our Allies respect and trust us, our Arms and Influence prevail, the Balance of Power is in our Hands ; *Let us see*, say I, *if these Things are true*. Except I can hear the former echoed by the Voice of the People, and see the latter manifested by Concessions from abroad, *I will not believe*.

This Temper of mine, which makes me a Sort of political *Pyrrhonist*, I am willing to diffuse as much as possible among my Fellow-Subjects. It can at no Time do Harm in any Nation, and may at some Times do Good even in ours. If I am inclined to think the Present one of those Times, am I not right to publish my Apprehensions ? Let us look about us at least ; let us examine whether we are now safe, whether we are like to continue so long. No innocent Man can suffer, no guilty one need escape, if this doubtful Temper did once universally prevail, and exert itself in a free and impartial Enquiry. I could wish the Accused might then be acquitted ; but——I am sure the Nation would be satisfied.

A Man that neither from Nature, Fortune, nor Favour, has the Power of acting for his Country, certainly does his Duty in writing it. This is my real Case. In Stature I am below the shortest Marine ; and tho' a very little Fellow, with my Spirits and Vigilance, may make a tolerable *Westminster* Watchman, especially at this Season, he would quite spoil the Uniformity of his Majesty's Army. My Fortune is what my Parents left me ; just enough for myself, and too little for my Country. Favour (I mean m——) I never had any, because I never despised the Means of obtaining it.

As to the Favour of others, such from I would seek it, the Good-natur'd and Sincere among the Men, the Candid and Unaffected among the Women, I have seldom found that either my Person or Temper was any Obstacle in the Pursuit of it. I belong to a Club of hearty unprejudiced *Britons*, Men of no Party, and who converse on all Subjects with Moderation. They always indulge me with the Elbow-Chair, which, by the Help of a Pedestal six Inches high, shews me to Advantage quite round the Room. My Voice, tho' somewhat shrill, is very distinct, and not the most unharmonious. I was rallied upon it last Club-Night, which was *Tuesday* the 1st Instant, when several of the Members told me I should cry the Hour of the Night mighty well. I observed that the *Westminster Journal* lay then on the Table. I staid 'till past Eleven, for some of the Company who went my Way, little thinking what would be the Consequence: For one of them, an arch Wag, observing when we came out that the Moon did not shine, desired to be lighted home with my Lanthorn. Several shrewd Jokes were thrown out, at my not, being able, as my Friends thought, to produce it: But the Truth was, we were to go by the Doors of certain Great Men, whose Lights I did not care to expose, till I was sure their Masters had resolved never to amend.

I must confess that among the Fair, even those I have wish'd to recommend myself to, my Person has not been quite so unexceptionable as among the Men. Miss *Suzannah Astrolabe*, my Cousin German by the Mother's Side, whose Family are all full-sized, affords me one Instance to the contrary. I actually made some faint Addresses to the Girl about twenty-five Years ago, and was very well received by her Parents: But *Susan* was so coy, that I plainly perceived she did not like me, and so I dropp'd the Suit. The only Reason she gave for using me thus cruelly, as one of her Confidants has told me since, was because I was some Inches too short.

Miss *Henrietta Touchit*, who was as nearly related on the Father's Side as *Susan* was on the Mother's, had been a much more suitable Match for me about 10 Years afterwards. If from an Acquaintance begun in Youth,

and continued 'till this Time, I may presume to judge of her and myself, we might have made a more happy Couple than what the World generally calls so. But she was married at Seventeen, before Love had so far conquer'd that native Modesty, which remained with me even at Thirty, as to vent itself in Words. That Instant I suppressed the Flame, but let the Fire remain, which has ever since glowed in Friendship to her, and every Thing that is hers. It was many Years before I told her what I once felt on her Account: But the Secret is now known to her Husband, Mr *Henry Worthy*, and even to her eldest Children, who often rally me on my Bashfulness. *Tom*, my Godson, says it shall be a Warning to him, whenever he sees a Woman he could love. To speak the Truth; I believe in my Heart it was this Disappointment that made me determine to die a Bachelor.

But the Delight I take in my Cousin's Family, and the Respect I meet with from every Individual in it, makes me the less regret the Want of a Family myself. Her Children are all fond of me, and proud of shewing me their Improvements in their respective Studies. I am equally fond of them, and assiduous to facilitate their Endeavours. *Harry*, the eldest, is at *Oxford*, and seems a hopeful young Man: I shall say nothing particular of the other nine, five of whom are Boys; tho' my Tenderness would engage me to talk of them all. When I am playing now and then with the Girls, the Mother will say, *Ah Cousin! 'tis many Years since you and I had a Game at Romps*: And sometimes she will add, *Well! you have been a little wild in your time, but I have had great Hopes of your Reformation ever since last St Thomas's Day was twelve Months*. I can easily forgive the little Malice of this Expression, which is only to remind me that I am two and fifty on this Side *Christmas*, near as it now is. But when she repeats it more than twice a Week, I retort upon her; *And what then, Madam? By the same Rule, you want but one of forty the next Month*.

I beg Pardon for dwelling so long on a Subject, which at first View may seem to have little Relation to my  
Cha-

Character as a Writer. For my own Part, I see myself better depicted in this domestic Part of my History, than in all the Descriptions I was able to draw up. But lest others should think the Contrary, I will only remark, that the regard shewn to my Family in the Choice of my Sweethearts, speaks me to be a Patriot even in the most circumscribed, as well as the most general Sense of that Word.

Proceed we now to my Cousin *Hooker*, whose Province I have taken up, but whom I shall follow in no other Sense than just by beginning where he left off. My Grandmother, whose Maiden Name was *Hooker*, was this Gentleman's great Aunt, which is the only Alliance that I know of between the two Families. It is near 80 Years ago that my Grandfather married her: But as the Heads of both Houses have ever since been near Neighbours, in all probability the Name of Cousin may descend some Ages lower. A pure Zeal for the Religion of his Country, which he saw prophaned by a Set of Men whom 'tis Charity to think mad, was what moved Mr *Richard Hooker* to become a public Writer. He has done good Service in that Capacity, but not so universally as might have been expected from the Honesty of his Intentions, and his great Abilities.

The Truth is: Subjects of the last Importance may be now and then useful in loose Papers, and shall not be excluded This on particular Occasions; but they are much more decently and lastingly propagated in convenient Volumes, than by making them the Morning Entertainment of a Coffee-house. Mr *Hooker* grew sensible of his Mistake, and offered me his Title, with what Addition I should think proper, to put at the Head of such a Paper as I have by this Time given some Idea of. He delivered it up to me with great Solemnity, and said, *Cousin Thomas, you know the Town; you read Authors of all Kinds, and are peculiarly an Adept in Politics; you see Plays; you converse with all Conditions, and both Sexes: Make use of your Knowledge for the Good of Mankind; for the Interest of Society; for the Honour of your Country. Let no Consideration prevail on you to deviate from this Path; to countenance Vice, private or national; or ever attempt to throw Ridicule on Truth and Virtue.*  
*Persist*



*Perfist in this honest Way, and may Prosperity attend your Labours!* I gave him my Promise, which I now renew to the Public.

I must just add before I conclude, that I have not yet fixed the particular Houses where I shall be spoke with at certain Hours. My Reason for it is, that I wait to see how the great Business of the Nation will turn out, and where my Presence will be most necessary. My Readers may expect to hear from me on this Head, and concerning the Correspondence I have and shall have fixed, in a few Weeks after *Christmas* at farthest. B.



Numb. 3. *Saturday, December 12, 1741.*

*From my Lodgings, Spring-Gardens.*

— *Qui capit, ille facit.* MART.

**A**S I have constituted myself a Volunteer Watchman, my Readers may by this Time expect to find me enter'd upon the Duties of my Office; but before I began to make my Observations on the Public, I thought proper first to know the Observations the Public had made on *Me*. Last *Saturday* Evening for this Purpose I began my Rounds, and not only called in at the most noted Coffee-houses in *Westminster*, but even extended my Walk into the City, as far as the *Exchange*. It is impossible to describe the Anxiety with which I enter'd every Place; hoping to hear some favourable Report of my two first Essays, yet fearing at the same Time they might not have Merit and Importance enough in them to gain them Success. Passions arising from such a Cause may to some People seem ridiculous; but then, as *Macduff* says in the Tragedy\*, of those who were not so greatly affected as himself, *They have no Children*.

—I believe no Author ever felt more on the first Night of his Play, than I did on this Occasion, and I must frankly own I was at some Places a little mortified,

\* *Macbeth.*

notwithstanding I had prepared myself with all the Resolution of a Philosopher.

At a Coffee-house near St J——'s there was a little dapper Gentleman reading my Paper to the Company, and severely commenting upon it. He was extremely angry at my *Name*, and Place of Abode; affirming it was the highest Impudence to say there was such a Person as a *Touchit* within the *Verge* of his Majesty's Court.—I calmly asked him the Reason.—*Why, Sir,* says he, *don't you perceive the Fellows Innuendo plainly?* —*He would insinuate that there is a Man, not far from Spring-Gardens, who will touch it;—that is,—who touches the public Money;—or, who with the public Money touches,—no matter who,—naming Names is not so proper; or, who has been for some Years touch'd by the C——l,—or—fifty other Insinuations I could name.*—I reply'd, that I could not comprehend what Person he could mean.—*No,* cries he, with a Smile, *then you are duller than any Man in England—In your Ear, Sir;—Why I mean, and He means——*. Here he whisper'd a Name which I do not think prudent to repeat after him, but must leave it to my Reader's Suggestion and Enquiry, whether a Man of such a Character lives within the Liberty of *Westminster*. — I was not a little uneasy to find such a Construction put on my Name, and could not help enquiring privately of one of the Waiters, who and what that Gentleman was that had made so sagacious a Comment upon it. How great was my Surprise when I heard he was a *State Decypherer*! But I recovered my Alarm, as soon as I reflected that the Parish Register would prove my Name was no *Libel*.

The next Coffee-house I went into was near *Charing-Cross*. In that I found my Office censured by a tall blustering Man, who affected an high Authority, and was much offended at the Power I ascribed to my *Lanthorn*, as well as the Use I intended to make of it near *Downing-street*; adding, I was the dullest Dog of an Author he ever met with. In great Wrath he swore, that *He* would take Care there should be no such *Watchman* in *Westminster*; that my *Lanthorn* should be taken from me; and that he would issue Orders to all

the Petit Constables accordingly. Before I had an Opportunity to ask who this great and wise Personage was, I heard some one in the next Seat to me mention the *Westminster Election*, and that the Person with the Paper in his Hand was the famous Mr *High C—ble*. — This was some Consolation, as I no more regarded his Censure than I feared his Power.

Without enumerating all the Opinions I heard pass'd upon me, I shall only add that of a certain Geneleman at *George's* near *Temple-Bar*. When, with a self-sufficient arrogant Air, he had perused my first Paper—*Ha! ha! ha!* When, says he, are we to have more Patriot Authors — *What will not the Spirit of Party do, when it makes poor Blockheads turn Statesmen, and rich ones pay them for it?* — *This is some Fellow hired by the Independent Electors I warrant ye.* — *Here, Boy, bring me the Gazetteer*; — and down he flung my Journal with great Centempt. — I was a little nettled, till I found, after he was gone, that he was one of the most ingenious Authors of the Paper he called for \*.

These Occurrences flung me into various Reflections, upon what a wrong Turn Persons who are Zealots of a Party give to the most innocent and best calculated Designs, and that they themselves are the severest Satirists on the Persons whose Cause they would defend. There are more *Innuendo* Men than my *Decypherer*, more blustering Tools than my *High C—ble*, and more ministerial Agents than my *Author*, who pervert the plainest Sense to their own wild Ideas, and would represent an honest Use of Liberty as the *Abuse* of it. I have had however some Readers who have received my Plan, to instruct and divert the Public, in a more generous Sense, without Regard to particular Men of a particular Party; and have therefore begun a Correspondence with me. I cannot omit the first Opportunity I have of obliging them, and shall insert their Letters in the same Order I received them. — The first comes

\* At this Time it was supposed, and it hath since notoriously appeared, that the M-----r paid the several Authors of the *Gazetteer*, &c, for writing in his Defence. In the famous Report of 1742, no less than 50,077 l appeared to have been issued on this Head of Service for ten Years only.

from a jocosè old Gentleman, who claims a Relation to the Family of the *Touchits* ; and tho' he has used some ludicrous Drollery, he is, I am assured, a *true Briton*, of good Sense, and a merry Heart.

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To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

Dear Cousin,

BY your Genealogical Account in last *Saturday's* Paper, I thought you were some Relation to me ; and I was proud to imagine you was, because I thought you a good honest little Fellow, endow'd with a generous hereditary Spirit, peculiar only to *one or two* Branches of our Family ; for ours, like other Families, have had some *sad Dogs* in it. As I have some Skill in Heraldry, I had recourse to my Genealogical Table, and find you descended from *John de Touch*, a great Commander under the *Conqueror*, who was particularly renowned for taking every Castle and Town he beleaguér'd ; which Circumstance occasioned an *old English Proverb*, that still records his Name ; for they say, *Touch and take*, to the present Time.

From this *John de Touch* there branched out several Families, which, in Course of Time, and from different Settlements in various Parts of the Kingdom, chang'd the Manner of writing their Names, adding something to each, though they retain'd the Monosyllable *Touch*. Hence it comes we have your *Touchers* and *Touchees*, which, compared with the *French* Names *Bouffiers* and *Bouffees*, shew they are of foreign Descent ; and they value themselves more for their *French* Extraction, than being from Time and Law naturaliz'd into *old Englishmen*. — These two Families I look upon to be *sad Dogs*, notwithstanding they are very great, rich, and powerful. It is remarkable, though they act differently, it is to bring about the same End ; which, I am sorry to say, is not for the Good of their Country. When a *Toucher* is at the Head of an Administration, as some of them have been, he finds out all the *Touchees* in the Kingdom of high or low Degree,



gree, and with a lavish Hand and corrupting Heart *buys* them to his Party; and they in Return, by their Numbers and Influence, *sell* to Him the Rights, Properties, Laws, and Liberties of their Country.—All I shall say more of them, is, their Family is not quite extinct; but all good *Englishmen* must wish with me, that it was.

*Owen Touchy*—*Owen, ap Edward, ap Jenkin, ap Llewellyn, ap Lewis*,—was born in *Montgomeryshire*, and descended from *Lewis de Touch*, who married Dame *Joanna Edwards* of *Monmouth*. *Llewellyn ap Lewis*, looking on himself as an old *Briton*, chang'd the Surname of *de Touch* to *Touchy*, which has admirably corresponded ever since with the Warmth of Temper the *Touchys* have, and which is the distinguishing Characteristic of their Country. The present 'Squire *Owen* of *Fllwythguilla* inherits the Spirit of the Family; but though he is a little passionate, he is good-natured, and his Wrath goes no farther than a hasty Word, except where his Honour is touch'd, which no Man can be more tenacious to preserve than himself. A singular Instance of this happen'd in the last General Election. Mr *Courtly Toucher* solicited him for his Interest, which he for particular Reasons deny'd. Not satisfied at a Denial, Mr *Courtly*, ignorant of the Difference between a *Welch Touchy* and the *French Touchees*, put a Bank Bill for a Brace of Hundreds into his Hand. Coz *Owen* ask'd, what that was for?—*For your Vote and Interest*, reply'd the Jobber. The 'Squire return'd the Bill in great Choler, and cry'd with a loud Voice—*Sirrah, how could you put such a Slur upon my Honour, to think I would sell my Freedom and my Country? Carry back your Bills to your Master, and tell him what you got by you Negotiation with me.*—Then kick'd him down Stairs; adding, *If every Gentleman, whose Honour was attack'd, would use Corruptors in the same Manner, it would be the better for the Nation.*—And I think my Cousin *Owen's* Observation was as just as his Behaviour.

We have several other Branches of our Family, who keep up the Reputation of our Ancestors; among which I congratulate you, Cousin *Thomas*, for having entered  
a Vo-



a Volunteer in the Service of your Country. It was what your Father did with his *Sword* at the *Revolution*, and your Grandfather with his *Pen* in the *Mal-Administrations* of *Charles* the Second; nor do I doubt but you inherit the *Courage* of the one, and the *Wit* of the other.

I cannot conclude without boasting, that I myself have some singular good Qualities inherent to my Ancestors. I can, by a *Touch* only, discover Fiction from Reality; Flattery from Truth; a solemn important Blockhead from a Man of good Sense; a sanctify'd Prude from a Woman of true Virtue; and so, *vice versa*, through all the Degrees of Life.—I shall occasionally transmit you some Instances of these Qualities: But if I should happen to point out a tricking Merchant, or brib'd Senator; a false Patriot, or an evil Minister, you are, without Regard to their Character, to *touch* them to the Quick; and if you can *touch* their Conscience, my Word for it, you'll be esteem'd the best Writer of this Age.

I suppose you will think me, what all my Acquaintance call me, a *comical old Touch*. I am, however,

L. L.

Your Friend and Kinsman,

JOHN TOUCHSTONE.



Numb. 4. *Saturday, December 19, 1741.*

The following Essay was sent in Consequence of an Advertisement continued for some Time in this Paper, which it is therefore proper here to insert.

*As this Paper is founded on a more extensive Plan than any other now published, and designed, by a proper Intermixture of Moral, Political, Literary, and Gay Subjects in the initial Part of it, to suit occasionally the Tastes of all Readers:*

*In*

*In order to encourage a general Correspondence, for the Prosecution of this Design with Vigour and Success,*

It is thought proper to give Notice, *That Letters and Essays, directed to the Author, and left with the Printer of the Westminster Journal, or, New Weekly Miscellany, will be not only thankfully received, but, if found to be written with Spirit and Taste, under the Restrictions of Decency and Prudence, inserted the first Opportunity; and that upon the Insertion of any Letter or Letters, Essay or Essays, that fill up the whole Space usually allotted to Pieces of that Nature, the Author of such Letter, &c, shall be entitled to Half a Guinea Acknowledgement, to be paid to any Messenger by J. Mechell the Printer of this Paper, upon his or her producing a Receipt in the same Hand.*

*Pieces not used will be carefully returned.*

THE Desire of appearing agreeable is a Principle strongly implanted in every human Creature, and is the Spring of almost all our Actions: It is for no other End than this, that we are so curious in adorning and studying the most graceful Attitudes of the Body, and that we comply with Modes and Customs not only troublesome to ourselves, but—detrimental to our Fortunes. However, this Thirst after Approbation, under proper Restrictions, is very far from being blameable: The End of it is undoubtedly worth endeavouring at; but (which is no common Thing) we are apt to pursue improper Measures to attain it. It is undeniably true, that there are much shorter Ways to the Love and Esteem of the World, than the Generality of Mankind are apt to practise; but of the many Methods which the different Genius's of People have inclined them to, I know of none so certain, or more efficacious, than that of *Politeness* or *Good Breeding*.

What has been often observed of Wit, *viz*, That it is easier to say what it is not, than in direct Terms to tell what it is, may, with equal Propriety, be apply'd to Politeness. It will be easily perceived then that it does not consist in those external or bodily Accomplishments, which make so considerable Part a of a genteel Education,

tion, and for which it is so frequently mistaken. Such of them however, as tend to the Improvement of our Persons, and the giving the Body a graceful and easy Air, are undoubtedly very necessary; but Politeness is a Quality of the Soul, and to neglect forming the Judgment, and directing the Genius, for perhaps the acquiring a handsome Step, or a genteel Manner of Bowing, is as ridiculous as if a Man should put himself to great Expence in Beautifying the Walls and Avenues of his House, while the Gardens are over-run with Weeds, and the inner Rooms going to Decay.

We are naturally apt to form our Notions of Politeness by the Practice of the more exalted Part of the World: Hence it follows, that whenever a voluptuous and expensive Way of Living, an unnatural Taste in Building, a fantastical Dress, &c. or, in short, any other Signs of Folly and Extravagance are patronized by the Great, we no longer look on them as contradictory to Reason and good Sense, but immediately consider them as the Test of fine Breeding.

I know of no Quality so necessary to acquiring the Character of a well-bred Person, as that of Delicacy: Perhaps I might go too far in saying, that this of itself were sufficient for that End; but I will venture to affirm, that the most exact Knowledge of the Forms and Punctilio's of Behaviour in the World, can signify but little without it. The common Rules of Decency may tell (for Instance) that we should in Conversation avoid the Mention of Things which carry the Appearance of Immodesty; but (except in the most obvious Cases) it is by Delicacy alone that we are enabled to distinguish between what is so, and what is not.

I take Delicacy to be much the same in Behaviour, as Conscience is with respect to the Affairs and Business of the World. It is a certain Sensibility that accompanies us, and which never fails to alarm us at the Approach of Evil. A Man without Delicacy acts, thinks, and speaks altogether by rote; and as he has nothing to regulate his Conduct by but the Example of others, he will be continually doing and uttering disagreeable Things: An Instance of this I have known in an Officer  
of

of the Army, who in the relating some Particulars of an Action, at which he was present, has mentioned the being up to the *Ancles in Blood*; and I have heard a Lady complain, that *her Legs were so swell'd with the Cold she got at the Opera, that she could scarce stand.*

Perhaps I may be mistaken in my Opinion (and yet I have *Erasmus's* Authority for it;) but I have often thought that Matrimony, and the Familiarities incident to that State, unless with People of the finest Sense, do more than any Thing tend to the destroying of that exquisite Sensation which I am speaking of. Whatever may be the Reasons for it, I leave to the Enquiry of others, and shall for the Truth of it only appeal to any one's common Observation. Sir *Richard Steele*, in his Comedy of the *Funeral*, has given us as beautiful an Instance of conjugal Decency and Politeness, as I remember any where to have met with. A Lady there, in a Conversation with one who is insisting on the little Reserve necessary between Persons in those Circumstances, takes Occasion to say, that *to undress before her Husband was, in her Opinion, an Argument of the greatest Ill-breeding.* Milton likewise says very politely,

*Neither her Outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
So much delights me, as those graceful Acts,  
Those thousand Decencies that daily flow  
From all her Words and Actions.*—

P A R. L O S T. 223.

And indeed if we consider how necessary such a Restraint is to the keeping up that Esteem and Reverence, which married Persons ought to have for each other, we shall find it no less an Act of Imprudence, than a Breach of good Manners to neglect it.

Another essential of Politeness, is a just Knowledge of the Relations and Distinctions of Mankind, and their Dependencies upon each other; not only with regard to the Rank they bear in the World, but in respect to their different Relations to, or Intimacy with ourselves. The Necessity of this is obvious in the Behaviour of those who treat all Persons, indiscriminately, with a Complaisance and Submission that is due only to a more  
exalted



exalted Rank ; forgetting that the Regard we have for different Persons should be varied in the Expression of it, according as they are more or less intimate with us, or are distinguished by the World. That profound Respect, or those Professions of Kindness, which would be look'd on as Signs of a polite Education, and of Complaisance, when address'd to one honoured with a public Character, or a new Acquaintance, would cease to be so when applied to a Person of less Consequence, or an intimate Friend. This Method of confounding Mankind together, and declaring oneself the humble Servant of every one (however taking it may be to the Multitude) is the very Reverse of Good-Breeding ; as it destroys those Distinctions which the Laws of Society have created, and puts all the World on a Level. And yet there is nothing so commonly mistaken for Politeness, as an excessive and servile Complaisance. No matter with what Propriety a Man addresses us, or whether his Compliments are just or not ; if he does but observe a due Respect in his Behaviour, we have, for the most Part, Charity enough to believe he offers not the least Violence to his Conscience, and immediately pronounce him a very well-bred Person. The Truth of the Matter is, Complaisance, though it be but the Counterfeit of Good-nature, resembles it too nearly not to be pleasing, and *That*, like Love, hides a Multitude of Faults,

But of all the Offenders by an Over-complaisance, none are so well received as those whose Excellence consists in a Capacity for *saying* (as the Phrase is) *handsome Things to the Ladies*. It is really amazing (considering, as Dr Tillotson observes, how difficult a Matter it is to commend well) that any but Men of the finest Wit and most exact good Sense should succeed this Way ; but the Wonder ceases when we consider what a little Pains it requires to convince People of what it is their Interest to believe ; and, as long as there are such Things as Wit and Beauty remaining in the World, the Fops and Coxcombs of *our* Sex will never be to seek for those of the *other*, who will think themselves as properly the Subjects of Panegyric as a *Sidney* or a *Maintenon*. I cannot however forbear observing, that it is, in Reality, no  
great



great Compliment to the softer Half of the World, to make the Point of Honour consist for the most Part in the less permanent Charms of an agreeable Person, Qualities which the Virtuous possess in common with the most Profligate and Abandoned.

I need say but little of the Charms which accompany an easy and graceful Negligence, or what a distinguishing Mark of Good-Breeding it is, when I have observed, that the *French*, with but few agreeable Qualities besides *that*, and a Vivacity which frequently runs into Impertinence, have gained the Reputation of being the most polite People in *Europe*. It is an infallible Maxim, that People please most when they least intend it : And yet it is a little odd to reflect, that we are apt to approve of Persons for the bare Merit of being indifferent whether we do so or not. Be that as it will, it is certain that we are less pleased with him who by a careful and exact Behaviour, resembling (as my Lord *Bacon* says) a Verse, wherein every Syllable is measured, seems to *court* our Regard, than with the even and composed Carriage of the Man who betrays an Unconsciousness of his own Merit, and leaves you at Liberty to think of him as you please. It is the Opinion of some Men, that an easy and disengaged Manner is contagious ; and that a frequent Conversation with well-bred Persons, is apt insensibly to wear off that Stiffness and Concern, which is so natural to every one. To those who endeavour at Improvement this Way, the only Caution necessary is, that they are not betrayed into a certain loose and regardless Behaviour, which is the Characteristic of a Rake, rather than a Gentleman. Neither, on the other Hand, is a servile Imitation to be justified. There is a certain Air or Manner of doing even the most indifferent Things, peculiar to every Body, and which it is exceedingly difficult for another to hit, without rendering himself liable to the Censure of Affectation, than which Boorishness itself is more tolerable.

Lastly, to those whose mistaken Notions of Politeness proceed rather from a Regard to Custom and Fashion, than a Depravity of Taste, I would recommend the following Observation, *viz.* That every Violation of the  
Laws

Laws of God, or the Maxims and Rules of the Society of which we are respectively Members, however countenanced by the Mode and Practice of the many, is a Breach of the Rules of Good-Breeding, and renders the Offender unworthy the Appellation of a Gentleman.

J. H.



Numb. 5. Saturday, December 26, 1741.

*The Humour of this Paper is founded upon a real Office, to be seen in the Lord Steward's List. The present Cock and Cryer is Joseph Turner: His Wages 20l a Year.*

*From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.*

*Age; Libertate Decembri*

*Utere. — — — HOR.*

*Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusq; satelles. HOR.*

**I**T is my usual Custom at my Breakfast to amuse myself with some of the Classic Authors, which I find an agreeable Relaxation from the severe Studies of Philosophy, and the Occult Sciences. The other Morning I took up *Horace*, and dipt into the Satire, from whence the first Part of my *Motto* is taken. There is a peculiar Happiness of exposing Vice and Folly in all his Satires; but the Subject of this is so well chosen, and there runs such a Turn of Humour through it, that in my Opinion it is equal to any, and superior to most of his others. The *Romans*, during the *Saturnalia*, which were Feasts to *Saturn* in the Month of *December*, gave their Servants and Slaves *free Liberty* to say whatever they would. The Poet, according to this Custom, introduces a *Servant* giving his Master a Lecture for not acting as he ought; and adds some wholesome Precepts for Amendment. When I had read the Satire, I began

to reflect, that such a Custom among *Us* might be made good use of, as those in the very highest Stations might have their *Crimes* and *Follies* set before their Eyes, who now are not suffered to hear of them. During the ensuing Holidays our Servants are indeed allowed a greater Freedom than Ordinary; and the chusing *King* and *Queen* on *Twelfth-Day* is something like the *Saturnalia* of *Rome*, as Servants are put on a Kind of Equality with their Masters. In a Country Hall the *Lord* of the *Manor* is bail Fellow well met with his Domestics and Tenants: In a City Family the *House-maid* may be *Queen* of it, and the *Mistress* the *Slut*: At Court the crown'd *Head* plays at Cards with the Nobility and Gentry for the Benefit of the *Groom-Porter*, and is sure of being a *losing Gamester*. But would a *Lord* of a *Manor* like to be told by a downright honest Farmer, that he was a *cheating Rogue* for making of him *drunk*, and then *tricking* him in a Bargain? Would the *City Lady* be pleased to hear a grave Lecture from her *Maid* for meeting the *Captain* at the *Bagnio*?—Nor might a crown'd *Head* delight in listening to as bold Speeches made to him, as are made to his *Ministers*.

I cannot however but think that we have one Ceremony among *Us*, which was originally intended to give *Us*, by a Servant of the Public, at this Time of the Year, a *public moral Lecture*; and by hinting at some Faults, advise us to amend them. I mean the Custom for the *Bellman* of every Parish to chaunt out to his Masters and Mistresses certain admonitory Rhimes, which, thro' the Politeness of the Times, are now become entirely panegyrical. This whimsical Suggestion may not be true; yet I am of Opinion a Set of *satirical Bellmen* might reform many Enormities in City, Court, and Country.

As I was pursuing these Reflections, I heard a very loud Rapping at my Door, such as generally is made for some Person of Distinction. I was a little alarm'd immediately after to hear my Name mention'd, because I receive no Visits of Form. A thousand Conjectures were in a Moment in my Head: First, I thought some of the Family of the *Touchems* might have sent an Agent

to take me off; but I very honestly resolved, on such an Incident, to have behaved as resolutely and virtuously as my Cousin Owen of Monmouth. Then succeeded an Imagination, it might be the *State Decypherer*, or the *High Constable*, or the *Gazetteer Author*, come to demand Satisfaction of me for the Description I gave of them. All these Conjectures were put an End to by the Maid's bringing me the following Letter:

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq; of Spring-Gardens:

S I R,

ON being inform'd that you had appointed yourself a *Watchman* within the *Verge*; and that you would execute your Office with a certain *Lanthorn* of yours, which, as I hear, has dangerous Qualities belonging to it; and that you have published all this in Print, with a Resolution that you will exercise your Duty even within the R—l P—l—s of *Whitehall* and *St James's*, I thought proper to send you this Letter before you set out upon your *Rounds*.

Know then, Sir, that I, and I only, am his M—'s proper *Watchman*, and on some particular Nights before and after *Christmas* walk my *Rounds* into the several Courts of the Palaces, with my Staff in my Hand, and *erobw* aloud to the R—y—l Family, and all the Lords and Ladies of the Court.

You are, I hear, a sober well-meaning Man; therefore I would advise you not to interfere with my Business; for if I should catch you prouling about with your *Lanthorn*, I shall seize both on that and your Person, and commit you to the *Porter's Lodge* for farther Examination.

I suppose you intended, under the Resemblance of my Person, to have made some *Midnight Observations* on some *Great Personages*; but in that you would have been discovered, as it is a far more difficult Thing to do the Duties of my Office than you imagine.——People who have no *Places* under the Government think they easily equal Us who have.——Alas! We Courtiers, from long holding our *Places*, have *Arts* and *Excellencies* which other People never hear of.——As for my-



self:——I have a particular Duty to do, which no other Man in *Great Britain* dares do beside myself;—and the Staff of my Office is therefore different from all other *Staffs* in the Kingdom.——I said before that I *crow'd* in the Courts of the Palaces.——This might seem odd to you; but as other *Watchmen* bawl out with hoarse vile Voices the Hours of the Night, I, with a clear Pipe, *crow* like a *Cock*, and proclaim the Approach of the Morning. As a distinguishing Mark of so singular a Post, I carry in the Day-time a *black Staff*, with a *Silver Cock* erect on the Top of it, in a Posture as if he was *crowing*.

After this Description of my *Office*, and the Emblem of it, I cannot think you will attempt to *crow* over me, or personate me, but lay down your *Staff* and *Lanbhorn*, and never trouble your Head about us *Courtiers*, who shall not regard any of your Speeches or Observations.——If you are wise, take this Advice from him who has *crow'd* to the *Court* these many Years, and am his M——'s

COCK and CRYER.

*Porter's-Lodge* (where you may  
hear of me) *St James's*.

When I had read the Letter, I had a thousand Apprehensions, because I could not tell the Meaning of it; for not having heard that his M——y had such a *crowing Cock* before, I did not know but I might be imposed on, and there might be some hidden Mystery in an erect *Silver Cock* in a *crowing Posture* at *St J—'s*: Nor could I explain, that this *Cock's* Duty was to do, in the R—l Palace, what no other Man in *Great Britain* dar'd do besides.

After having form'd various Speculations upon this Letter, I took down *Chamberlain's Present State of Great Britain*, and found there was a *Cock and Cryer* in the List of the Household-Servants, but without any Account of the Nature or Antiquity of the Place; which, no doubt, was originally instituted for some important Purpose. On this Surmise, I resolved to dress myself, and pay my Respects to a Courtier of so distinguished a  
Cha-



Character. I went to the *Gloucester Tavern*, and, by a Friends Interest, saw, without any Suspicion, this *Cock* of the *Court*, with the Staff he had describ'd. In the Course of Conversation, he mentioned he had sent me a Letter; and therefore, who I was, and the Nature of my Duty, was explained to him. This had little Effect, 'till a Gentleman assur'd him that I would not dare infringe on the Duties of his Office, nor presume to *crow* to his M——y, or his Court, or Ladies; but that the *House-hold Cock* might still, without a Rival, perform his *Customary Rites*, and *Nocturnal Ceremonies*. Mr *Cock* and *Cryer* was going away satisfied, but my Curiosity led me to ask him some more Particulars; As at *what Time* he *crow'd*? and *how* he *crow'd*? ——“ Sir, (says “ he) don't you think a *Court-Cock* does as other *Cocks* do? “ —Yes sure! —We follow Nature as near as we can; “ and have a *Midnight-Crow*, a *Three-o'-Clock Crow*, “ and a *Crow in the Morning*; for *Cocks*, according “ to an old Ditty,

At Midnight, at Three, & an Hour ye'r Day,  
They alter their Language as well as they  
may,

Which whoso regardeth, what Council they  
give,

Will better love Cock-Crowing long as they  
live.

Then forming his Mouth into an odd Figure, he gave the several *Crowings* with great Art and Ingenuity. I cou'd not but highly applaud so extraordinary a Genius, telling him, he would make an excellent *Cock* to summons away the *Ghost in Hamlet*; and that, if he had not been already so handsomely provided for, I would have recommended him to one of the Theatres. He seem'd pleas'd with the Compliment, and left me without any Jealousy of Rivalship.

On my Return to my Lodgings I could not help ruminating on this Adventure, and forming several Imaginations of the original Institution and Duties of so sin-

gular an Office ; of which no History I ever met with has given any Account. The Oddity of appointing a *Man* to act a *Cock*, carried my Thoughts up to the Heathen Mythology, and Poetic Fables. In those, I remember'd a Story of a young Gentleman, called *Gallus*, being changed into a *Cock*.—The Fable runs thus : —  
 “ When *Mars* had an Intrigue with *Venus*, he got his  
 “ Friend *Gallus* to stand *Watchman*, to prevent their  
 “ being seen together ; but he falling asleep, *Phæbus*,  
 “ at the Break of Day, saw the two Lovers, and disco-  
 “ ver'd the Amour : On which, *Mars* changed *Gallus*  
 “ into a *Cock*, ordaining him ever after to watch the  
 “ Approach of the Morning, and give a more faithful  
 “ Account of it.”

I will not take upon me to say, that some merry Monarch, in appointing a *Court Cock*, had any Allegorical Allusion to this Story, and chose by this Method to give a Hint to the *Mars* of the Palace, when it was Time to leave his *Venus* ; but, if the Conjecture is not true, it is so far rational, that if some of our gallant Monarchs had made use of such a Hint, it would not have been so publickly known, when they tempted their *Venus*'s to run away from their Husbands :—But, had this Post been instituted for this very Purpose, it must for many Years have become a *sine Cure*.

These trifling Suppositions laid aside, I am more apt to think, that our grave Ancestors meant to have inculcated a figurative Meaning in the Execution of this Office ; and, that this Cock was to have been a Remembrancer to the whole Court, of properly executing their several Duties. This is not so absurd, if we consider the Cock is an Emblem of *Vigilance*, and in *England*, the Characteristic of *Courage* ; both which, *Kings*, *Ministers*, *Generals*, and *Admirals* ought to be reminded of. Suppose, for Instance, a Cabinet Council was sitting, at the first *Cock-crowing*, in Debate on the growing Power of *France*, and the Ballance of Power in *Europe* ; If, while some leading Man shall say, *We should not break with France* ;—*We should make a Neutrality* ;—the *British Game-Cock* should crow aloud under the Window ; would it not be as much as to reply,  
 Be

—Be vigilant against France ;—Be bold in your Enterprizes ;—Remember your Liberties ;—Remember ye are Britons ?

When a Resolution is made to send out several Fleets, should *Chaunticleer* crow exultingly, as he does when going to fight, in presage of Victory, would it not remind the Council that the Admirals Orders should be dictated in the strongest Terms, to *revenge* the Wrongs done by one Enemy, and *curb* the Power of another ?

In short, the *Cock* might be so figurative a *Monitor* to a *Minister*, that on many and many Occasions he might, almost in the Words of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, cry out,——

*Hark ! 'tis the Cock, the Summons to my Trust.*

Besides these Political Admonitions, several wholesome and moral Advices might be given at different Lodgings and Apartments : As the vigilant *Cock* might see who came down one *back Stairs*, or who up another, when the *Pages*, like *Gallus* I mentioned, were asleep.

I could wish that during this Festival Season, if the same Liberty was allow'd as in the *Roman Saturnalia*, that I was to officiate as *Cock and Cryer* ; for as I might perhaps discover some *strange Court Secrets*, I should not fail telling some *lamentable Truths* :——But as it is, I leave to my ingenious Brother *Watchman*, Mr *Cock and Cryer*, to *crow* as he will, and quietly enjoy his Salary of Twenty Pounds *per Annum* ; while I resume my proper Duty, and *watch* for the *Liberty of Westminster*.  
L L.

P. S. As I went my first Rounds early on *Wednesday* Evening, I stop'd at every Bonfire, and endeavoured all in my Power to highten the public Joy expressed on that memorable Occasion \*. I do not doubt but the Indignation raised in my Fellow-Citizens by the late Insult on their Liberties, will have a good Effect at the ensuing Election, and save me a great deal of Trouble in the Execution of my Office.

\* This refers to the annulling of the Westminster Election.

I wonder no more Attention has been given to the Phænomenon seen lately at *Canterbury*, which, with the Consequences of it, was predicted by my Grandfather many Years ago. Looking over his Papers just now, I find that the old Gentleman has left something mighty singular about the *blue Stripe* in the inverted Rainbow.



Numb. 6. *Saturday, January 2, 1741-2.*

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*We need not tell our Readers, that when this Paper was writ, the Cry against the ill Conduct of the War with Spain was become as great, as the Cry had been before to have that War begun.*

*From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.*

*Abstinuit tactu pater, aversusque refugit  
Fœda Ministeria. VIRG.*

THE Mysteries of the Ancients in their Fictions have employed the Studies of many learned Men; but though many ingenious Explanations have been made, they have been founded on Conjecture. I am indeed inclined to think, that under some of the ancient Fictions there were many Mysteries and Allegories concealed, which were of singular Moment, and not merely invented for poetical Amusement. This Reflection arises from the Receipt of the following Letter, which gives a new Turn to the Story that *Janus*, the God of the Temple of *War* and *Peace*, had two Faces. My Correspondent has indeed taken the Liberty to deviate from the classical Account we have of that *Roman* Deity, and form'd some Conjectures which he has not the Authority of ancient History to support. However, his Imagination has Novelty, and may be allow'd

allow'd by my critical Readers, when they find he has us'd great Part of it in a *Dream*.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, *Esq;*

Mr TOUCHIT,

THE Fable of *Gallus* being chang'd into a *Cock*, was so aptly apply'd in your last Paper to the present Season of the Year, that it occasioned the ensuing Thoughts on another *Fiction*, which may not be improper for you to begin the *new Year* with.

The Poets have described *Janus*, the God who brought on the *new Year*, and from whom the Month of *January* deriv'd its Name, to have *two Faces*; one to look on the Years that were *past*, the other on those which are *to come*. This was, by a moral Emblem, to teach Mankind to consider of their *past Actions*, in order to form their *future*. But besides this general Moral, the *Romans* very wisely made it of *political Use*; for they instituted a Temple of *War* and *Peace* to him, which in Time of *Peace* was shut, and in *War* was open. In this his *two Faces* denoted, that he was to *review* the Causes that had brought on a War, and at the same Time to look forward to take the best Measures for the Conduct of it. Though the Historians are silent who this *Janus* was, some poetical Accounts say he was a *Statesman*; that he coin'd *Medals*, and put his *own Head* on the one Side, and a Ship on the other. I have the same Complaint, that I have never met with, among the Authors of Antiquity, or any of their Commentators, a Description of the Temple, which I thought satisfactory. *Virgil* has indeed described it with a hundred Brass Bolts, closed with vast Iron Bars. Within-side of the Door was placed *Janus*; and the Ceremony of opening the Doors of War was accompanied with Trumpets, and the Acclamations of the People. For the Information of your pretty Fellows, who may scarce know who *Virgil* was, or what he said, I insert the following Lines from *Dryden*.

*Sunt Geminae Belli Portæ, &c.*



Two Gates of Steel (*the Name of Mars they bear,*  
*And still are worship'd with religious Fear*)  
*Before his Temple stand. The dire Abode,*  
*And the fear'd Issues of the furious God*  
*Are fenc'd with brazen Bolts. Within the Gates*  
*The wary Guardian Janus doubly waits.*  
*Then when the sacred Senate votes the Wars,*  
*The Roman Consul their Decree declares,*  
*And in his Robes the sounding Gates unbars.*  
*The Youth in military Shouts arise,*  
*And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.*

}

The Poet carries us no farther than the Door of the Temple ; as to the internal Part of it, or what *Customs* and *Ceremonies* might have been performed there, we receive no Intelligence. Notwithstanding the Silence of ancient Authors on this Subject, I cannot but be of Opinion that the *Romans* made Use of this Temple during the Time it was open, and that much of the Business which regarded the *Army* and *Navy* was transacted in it. The Offices from whence they dispatch'd Orders to their *Generals* and *Admirals* might properly be situated in that Place, and there they might have kept the Records of their military Story. Many also might have been the Statues of illustrious Men who had served their Country, and many the Battles depicted on the Walls, to shew Posterity what the *Roman* Courage and Virtue had once been. All these might have been a Means to inspire the Public with an Emulation to equal their Ancestors in Justice, Fortitude, and Love of their Country.

This indeed is Conjecture only ; but such an Use made of a Temple of *War* and *Peace* might excite the Minds of a People to reflect on the Character their Nation has once maintain'd, and what it ought still to maintain. Is there an *Englishman* can read the Actions of *Raleigh*, *Blake*, or *Rook*, without feeling a generous Ardour ? Can he review the Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, without remembering the Glory of the *British* Arms at *Blenheim* ? Will he not afterwards think of *observatory Fleets* and

and inactive *standing Armies*? Can he forget the new acquir'd Power of *France*, and Insults of *Spain*?

The Imagination, warm with these Ideas, flung me into an Absence of Mind, which represented a visionary Scene, where the Appearance of modern Things and Characters was founded on the *Roman Mythology*.

Full of the Thought of *Janus* and his Temple, I saw a large Edifice placed before my View, to which the People were making a solemn Procession. I soon found it was to proclaim *War*, and that the Structure was the Temple of *Janus*. The *God*, the *Temple*, and the *Ceremony*, were little different from *Virgil's* Description. A Man with a Sort of consular Dignity, dress'd in pompous Robes, with a *blue Girdle*, approach'd the Door. There seem'd in him a Reluctance to perform the Office, and therefore for some Time, like *Latinus* in my Motto,

*Abstinuit tactu pater, aversusque refugit  
Fæda ministeria.*

Which I thus take the Liberty to translate :

*To touch War's Gate the Statesman was averse,  
Which, in his Ministry, he thought a Curse.*

Yet as he was forced to comply with the Demands of the People, he unbolted the Door of War; and the Temple was open'd with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy by the Public.

Methought, not only this *Officer of State*, but great Numbers enter'd the Temple; some for the Business they were to execute there; others to view a Place which they had never before seen; and not a few to observe the various Countenance of the Deity. These last were Adepts in Physiognomy, and made many political Prognostications, according to the Pleasure or Displeasure he shew'd in either Face. I observed in the Face that look'd backwards to *Events past*, a stern Frown, which at once spoke Contempt and Anger; nor was there much Sign of Joy in that which look'd forward on *future Conduct*. The Learned in Politics seem'd greatly concerned at this Appearance of the

angry Deity, which they communicated to the People as a dreadful Portent. The People made the most earnest Intercession to avert the Omen. The Deity, at this, put on a more serene Countenance, and making a Motion as if he would speak, there was a profound Silence, when he thus said :—" It is not at your Errors, O People, I am offended, when I review the Transactions of your Nation for *many Years past* ; it is not through your Conduct I, with Disgust, see some *future Measures* which will be taken in your Wars. There, there stands the Cause of all my Indignation, and your Evils. A Man, who, timorous through want of Abilities to conduct a War, would lull you, if possible, into all the Ills of an inglorious Peace."—(Then turning to the Man in the *blue Girdle*, he cry'd with a fierce Tone and Aspect)—" Such a Man there is, and *Thou art He*.—There is a Time when,—but I am not to reveal the Decree of Fate."

Loud and universal were the Applauses of the People ; after which the great Personage thus reply'd in his Defence :

" Although, *Janus*, thy Knowledge is esteemed great for thy double Visage, I do not apprehend I am a worse Statesmen than yourself, having received as high Honours. I have a double Front as well as you, and though I cannot see far before me, I wear *two Faces*, one of which I mask or unmask as I have occasion. I also have my *Temple* and my *Devotees*, who, at a Matins call'd *Levee*, pay me Adoration. You rage against me, because I would not suffer your Temple Door to be open'd, and for this Infolence it shall soon be shut again. I trust to the *Arts of Peace*, which all Politicians should prefer ; and that my Politics are and have been incontestably just, my *Brother* here will aver." Here he pointed to an odd little *Merry-Andrew*, who was pulling up his *Trowsers*, and grinning at the Smartness and Eloquence of the Orator.—The People raised an immoderate Laugh at the Sight of such a Droll coming to vouch for such a Politician ; and then fairly hiss'd the two incomparable

comparable Brethren out of the Temple.—The Figure they made, from the Pride of one, and the Oddity of the other, put me into a little Laugh, which rous'd me from this Absence of Mind which had been so agreeable to me.

I have ventured, Mr *Touchit*, to send you this little Sketch of a political Slumber. If you don't think I was asleep when I describ'd it, or that it will put your Readers to sleep when they peruse it, I shall hope to see it inserted just when *Janus* (to speak in poetic Language) is bringing on a new Order of Days;—which, if they are not better than he brought last Year, it would be well if the whole Nation could go to sleep, and dream of them, as well as

*Your humble Servant,*

SOMNICULUS.

I assure *Somniculus* I have read over his Dream, and as it was so short, without one Nod; but I must take the Opportunity to acquaint my ingenious Correspondents, that I would rather they would send me their *wakeful* Thoughts than their *Slumbers*. There are some Species of Writing peculiar to some Genius's. *Bays* says, when his *two Kings of Brentford* are whispering, that to pen a *Whisper* well is the most difficult Thing in Dramatic Writing. To pen a *Kiss* is another Excellence; for it must be hit off with Delicacy, so as to please the Pit and Gallery, and not offend the Boxes; and yet I have seen a *Kiss* so happily pen'd, as to be *encor'd* for several Nights together. I have also seen a *Kick* penn'd with good Effect, and observ'd great Satisfaction in the Audience to see young *C-bb-r* kick'd off of the Stage.—As these are great Niceties among Dramatic Authors, so among us *Speculative* Writers to pen a *Dream*, or describe a *Vision*, is a ticklish Point, because it must be so pen'd as to keep every one else *awake*. Therefore I give this Notice, that I shall not have another *Sleep* or *Nap* for these two Months, lest I should get a Character my Brethren of the Week would gladly give me, that of the *sleepy Watchman*.

My next Correspondent has made my whole Paper

of

of a Piece, by sending me a *Song*, tho' very sublimely he terms it an *Ode*; therefore such of my Readers as don't approve one Part of it may another. They who don't like the *Dream* may sing the *Song*, and they who can't or won't sing the *Song* may read the *Dream*.

*An ODE; or, A NEW SONG for the  
NEW YEAR.*

*To be sung or said to an old Tune.*

I.

**S**INCE on every new Year C--bb--r makes Rhimes  
a few,  
In this I'm resolv'd to chaunt out my Song too,  
For my Song is as good, and my Subject more *new*.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

II.

There's *nothing new under the Sun*, said a Sage.  
By his Leave he was out; for I dare to engage  
*New Things* on *new Things* he had seen in his Age.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

III.

Though some still *old Measures* in Politics take,  
We negotiate *a-new*, and new *Treaties* we make,  
Which for some *new Scheme* our *French Enemies* break.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

IV.

*New Regiments* we raise, and *new Fleets* send about,  
On each *new Expedition* we make a *new Rout*,  
But still with *new Excuse* they return as went out.  
*Which no Body can deny,*

V.

We've a Parliament *new*, and what's *newer* still,  
They will not be Slaves to an *old Statesman's Will*,  
But have given him already a working *new Pill*.  
*Which no Body can deny.*

VI.

*New Schemes* he is plotting, *new Members* to alter;  
But in that *new Scheme*, as in th' *old*, shou'd he falter,  
And gain, O ye Gods! a *new Gibbet* and Halter.—  
*This no Body would deny.*

VII.



## VII.

Though in a *new* Song direful Halter we bring,  
Like honest free Britons we think and we sing;  
We may say *Hang the Knight*, yet say GOD BLESS THE  
KING.

L. L.

*Which no Body will deny.*

Numb. 7. Saturday, January 9, 1741-2.

*The Tide of Opposition was now expected to prevail, as it soon after did, tho' defeated in its Effects by those who conducted it.*

*To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.*

*Mr Touchit,*

I Have nothing to say in recommendation of the following Piece, unless you think the Soliloquy in it may be of Use to any Great Man now living. In such Case you are welcome to insert it, and much Good may it do the Gentleman who can be in want of any such Form. I am, &c.

———— *Rhadamanthus* ————

*Exæquat damnum meritis: ————*

*Rufinum procul ecce notat, visuque severo*

*Lustrat, & ex imo concussa sede profatur.*

*Huc superum labes, huc insatiabilis auri*

*Proluvies, pretioque inbil non ause parato,*

*Quodque mihi summum scelus est, huc improbe legum*

*Venditor.*

*Claudian. in Rufinum, Lib. ii.*

*Heu! quantam misero pœnæ mens conscia donat. Luc.*

OF all the odious Characters that ever debased the human Species, none, I think, has been so universally detested as that of a wicked over-grown Prime Minister; none, not that of a Tyrant itself, has been spoke

spoke and writ against with such Vehemence, has been attack'd with such repeated Efforts of Wit, Learning, and Eloquence, by the wisest and most virtuous of Mankind. And so happy have true Patriots usually been, as to see the generous Warmth they have exerted on these Occasions successful at the last, either in the shameful Disgrace, or the exemplary Punishment of theirs and their Country's Enemies.

The Poets in particular, as they have seldom been sparing of their Incense to real and apparent Merit in great Men; so have they eternally, when possess'd of true Genius, been the Scourge and Terror of Vice and Folly, especially Public, in the most powerful and the proudest of Mortals. Not to mention those among the *Romans* who were Satyrists by Profession, and are descended to us under that Denomination; the two I have quoted at the Head of this Paper are remarkable for the free Spirit that animates their Writings, and breaks out at every Turn against all Encroachments on the common Rights of their Fellow-Citizens. One of them, *Claudian*, has left us two labour'd Pieces against *Rufinus* and *Eutropius*, two insolent Court Minions, which have, by good Judges, been esteem'd the best of all his Works: So high did Indignation inspire him in behalf of his Compatriots, when he saw them injured and insulted by Fellows of mean Descent, meaner Principles, and the most profligate Manners. That against *Rufinus*, from which I have taken the above, ends with a Scene of Horror, wherein *Rhadamanthus* is represented in all the Colours of a rigid and inexorable Judge. He sees the Minister at a Distance; summons him by such Names as are expressive of his Character; unites all the Punishment of every Crime for the Reparation of his; and shews us that nothing, in the Opinion of our Author, can equal the complicated Guilt that attends the Abuse of delegated Power.

*Rhadamanthus*, we all know, according to the poetic Story, was one of the three infernal Judges; in which Character *Claudian* here introduces him: But we know likewise, that what gave him this imaginary Office after Death, was his severe and impartial Administration of Justice

Justice when Living. I shall not meddle therefore with the fabulous Part of the Story ; but consider him as a *Cretan* Legislator, who in his old Age sits in Judgment on some upstart Officer, that has dared, by extending the Bounds of his own Authority, to protect himself in the Abuse of every Part of it.

As we know not exactly the *Cretan* Form of Government, let us suppose it to have resembled that of some ancient free States of *Greece*, where an Assembly of the People had a Right to controul, and bring to Account, those to whom the executive Part of Government had been committed. In conformity to this System, let us give to these ancient Islanders a *King*, with sufficient, but limited Authority ; a *free Senate*, naturally independent, chosen from among the Chiefs of the People, with old *Rhadamanthus* at their Head ; a *Rufinus*, a *Sejanus*, a *Woolsey*, a \*\*\*\*\*, or (if you please to use a *Greek* Name) a *Harpax* in Confidence with the Monarch, and, by the Help of his Master's Treasury, in Possession of all the real Power of the Crown. Let us suppose, that by Presents made to the Senators, the Minister gets that Power enlarg'd, and long prevents any Enquiry into his Administration of it, by securing a Majority in his own Interest. Let us view him elate with Pride, boasting the Strength of his Numbers, directing the Will of his Prince, setting the People at Defiance, pleasing himself with their Misfortunes, encouraging their Enemies, whom he undertakes to punish, dreading neither *Rhadamanthus* nor any other Judge, not even the K——, whose Security he makes dependant on his own : Let us imagine, I say, all this, and the antient Picture will not be unlike what might be drawn from some Parts of modern Story.

But the Parallel will be yet stronger if we see him, after this, decline in Power ; lose, by taking anew the Sense of the People, that Superiority he so much considered in ; dreading every Moment to be made accountable to that very Assembly, whom he had hitherto look'd upon as his Protectors, and thro' whose Sanction he had evaded all direct Accusation, tho' guilty of Measures not only the most weak, but the most wicked.

Could

Could we imagine to ourselves a modern *Rhadamanthus*, a venerable Sage, who might sit in Judgment upon the Infractions of those Laws which himself had pen'd and promulg'd; and the Likeness would be compleat.—Should such a Person be hard to find, we may have the Idea of his Character in the Legislature of a Country, considered in their judicial Capacity.—But we proceed with our *Cretan* Minister, and suppose him just ready to appear before his Judge, before *Rhadamanthus*, the Father, the Genius, the Guardian of his Country. In such Circumstances, may we not think he would discourse with himself much in the following Manner?

“ Look round thee, *Harpax*, behold the gathering  
 “ Clouds that threaten thy Ruin, and promise Relief  
 “ to this thirsty, this once fruitful, but now barren Isle.  
 “ Collect thyself, recall thy past Actions, examine thy  
 “ present Thoughts; Canst thou bear to be question'd  
 “ closely, and make a fair Defence even to thy own  
 “ Conscience? If so, fear not to appear before the e-  
 “ quitable *Rhadamanthus*, the Author and Oracle of  
 “ thy Country's Laws. If otherwise, hope not to  
 “ escape his penetrating Eye, to mollify his unrelenting  
 “ Justice, who is the Avenger, as well as the Conduc-  
 “ tor, of the People thou hast presumed to lord it over.  
 “ —Let us proceed, and suppose *Rhadamanthus* present.  
 “ I sold and abandoned my Friends, neglected and  
 “ contemned the Prince who patronised me, on pur-  
 “ pose to recommend myself to the reigning Monarch.  
 “ I engrossed the Power of all the highest Offices,  
 “ without being properly in Possession of one, and dis-  
 “ posed of them as fast as possible among my Friends  
 “ and Creatures\*; more especially to those who had  
 “ a Place in the Senate, by whose Suffrages I have  
 “ ever since been kept in the free Use of my ill-gotten  
 “ Power. I have prevented the enacting of many  
 “ salutary Laws, render'd others ineffectual, and in-

\* The Facts here mentioned, should be referred to about the Years 1720 and 1721, when a certain Minister, after drawing a large Party from the C---t, made his own Terms again, without regard to his Brother Defectors. The following Particulars will be more easily remembered.

“ introduced

" introduced not a few that were destructive of Liberty,  
 " and contrary to all the ancient Usages of *Crete*.

" O Rhadamanthus, *Patron of Justice, Enemy of*  
 " *Tyranny in every Form, what wilt thou say to*  
 " *all this in a Subject of thy Commonwealth?*

" Whereas the late Queen of *Crete*, in Conjunction  
 " with most of the *Grecian* States, especially of their  
 " Autocrator the Archon of *Athens*, and the Republic  
 " of *Tyre*, did enter into a War against the proud  
 " King of *Egypt*, and his Grandson the Suffete of *Car-*  
 " *thage*, and did so humble them that they sued for  
 " Peace; which Peace was granted upon such Condi-  
 " tions, that the said haughty Princes could never  
 " after have given Law to their Neighbours: It has  
 " been my Business, ever since I have served his *Cretan*  
 " Majesty, by Treaties, Conventions, and sometimes  
 " Armaments (in particular by putting a Son of the  
 " Suffete in full Possession of the Island of *Sicily*) to  
 " restore that Power to the proud Monarchs of *Africa*  
 " which had formerly made the King of *Egypt* so  
 " dreaded, and depress that of the Autocrator of  
 " *Greece*, which hath since disappeared; contrary to  
 " the Interest not only of *Crete*, but of all her Allies.

" O Rhadamanthus, *by whose wise Provision Crete*  
 " *was the Arbiter of Kingdoms, canst thou forgive*  
 " *a Son of hers who has transferred that Power to*  
 " *a rival State?*

" Whereas the *Carthaginians* have large Settlements  
 " in *Hesperia*, near to our Island of *Ophiusa* (one of  
 " the *Balearides*, and formerly in their Possession, but  
 " long since ceded to us by Treaty) which gives them  
 " an Opportunity of annoying the *Cretans* in their  
 " Passage to and from the said Island, under Pretence  
 " of their carrying on an illicit Trade with the *Car-*  
 " *thaginian* Subjects; and whereas for above twenty  
 " Years past they have never failed to improve this Ad-  
 " vantage, to the great Detriment of all the Merchants  
 " in *Crete*, who from Time to Time have complained  
 " thereof to the Senate, and to Me: So far have I  
 " been from asserting the Rights of the said Merchants,  
 " that I long treated them with more Indignity than  
 " even



“ even the *Carthaginians* presumed to do, and had never  
 “ given the least Ear to their Cries, but for Fear of the  
 “ People, whose Wrath might have ended in my De-  
 “ struction: And yet upon these Merchants depend  
 “ the Riches and Welfare of *Crete*, and the other Ad-  
 “ vantages she once had over all the Islands.

“ O *Rhadamanthus*, who tellest us that Riches are  
 “ the Strength of a People, and that by Commerce  
 “ alone Riches can be acquired, what wilt thou  
 “ say to him who by discouraging Commerce has  
 “ impoverish’d his Country?

“ When a War with *Carthage* could be no longer  
 “ avoided, I resolv’d so to conduct it, as rather to  
 “ increase than redress the Grievances of the *Cretans*:  
 “ Which I have since so industriously and successfully  
 “ done, that not the *Carthaginians* alone, but the  
 “ *Egyptians* and *Tyrians* have made Profit therefrom,  
 “ and divided among them that Commerce for which  
 “ *Crete* had long been famous. Her Ships have I  
 “ expos’d abroad; her Sons have I despoiled at home,  
 “ or left them to languish in foreign Captivity. I have  
 “ sent her fine Fleeces into *Egypt*, and her Wealth  
 “ have I divided among the Nations; who now lift  
 “ up their Heads, and laugh at her Undoing. I have  
 “ instructed her Soldiers not to fight, and the Counsels  
 “ of her wise Men have I defeated. Her Enemies,  
 “ tho’ weak, are mighty in *Me*, and thro’ *Me* have  
 “ they continued to triumph. Tho’ her Captains are  
 “ valiant, I restrain their Rage; and the Honours they  
 “ won at the *Fair Haven*, I saw repaid back to *Car-*  
 “ *thage* before her Daughter City.

“ O *Rhadamanthus*, who inspir’st the *Cretans* with  
 “ Courage, that made *Carthage*, *Egypt*, and *Tyre*  
 “ tremble in their Turns before them, canst thou  
 “ behold without Indignation the Author of all  
 “ their Disgrace?

“ Tho’ a Servant to the King of *Crete*, and the first  
 “ in his Household, I have ever been a Slave to the  
 “ King of *Egypt*, and the High Priest of *Osiris* his  
 “ Chief Counsellor. Their Requests have I granted,  
 “ their Commands have I fulfilled, and with the Riches

“ of

“ of my Master have I ministered to the Pleasures of  
 “ those who hate him. I have alienated from *Crete* the  
 “ Heart of her \*\*\*\*\*, and diverted his Cares to a  
 “ foreign State, that my Deeds might pass unobserved  
 “ before his Eyes, and that the Complaints of his People  
 “ should not penetrate his Ears. I have set his Coun-  
 “ tenance against the Men who most delighted in it,  
 “ rendered Integrity suspected, and brought down Dis-  
 “ grace upon Innocence itself. Detraction, Calumny,  
 “ Surmises, Whispers, are the Weapons I make use of  
 “ against my Enemies, which are all who wish well to  
 “ the old *Cretan* Constitution.

“ O Rhadamanthus, *who teachest Kings to love their*  
 “ *Subjects with paternal Affection, how shall I*  
 “ *answer for this After-Lesson, and the sad Effects*  
 “ *it has produced?*

“ It is during my Ministry that the Art of Leasing,  
 “ especially political, is grown to that Height among  
 “ the *Cretans*, as to become the Characteristic of their  
 “ Nation, which before was noted for Sincerity, as well  
 “ public as private. I have negociated them into so many  
 “ Contradictions, so many opposite Interests, that, tho’  
 “ their professed Enemies are the *Carthaginians* only,  
 “ they have not one Friend among all the Powers of  
 “ the *Mediterranean*. I was in hopes of carrying this  
 “ Point much farther; not only to make all the neigh-  
 “ bouring States independent of my native Country,  
 “ but to make her dependent on one of the most in-  
 “ considerable of *them*; to reduce this flourishing Isle,  
 “ with her hundred Cities, her Corn, her Wine, her  
 “ Oxen, her Sheep, and her Manufactures, to the  
 “ humble Condition of a simple Province.

“ O Rhadamanthus, *who formedst the Morals, and*  
 “ *guardedst the Liberties of Crete, how wilt thou*  
 “ *treat him who has depraved the one, and put*  
 “ *the other in danger?*

“ The true Motive of all my Actions, which I can-  
 “ not now conceal, I acknowledge to have been *In-*  
 “ *terest, my own Interest*. When I have harangued,  
 “ writ, voted, professedly for the Interest of my Coun-  
 “ try, for the Honour of my King; my secret Mean-  
 “ ing

“ ing of both these Expressions, and all that are similar  
 “ to them, is comprised in the single Word MYSELF.  
 “ The growing Power of one Prince, the deplorable  
 “ Situation of another, the sending of Colonies abroad,  
 “ the making of Subsidy Treaties, the very building  
 “ of Bridges and Temples, and all the other Pretences  
 “ for new Imposts, have been mentioned with regard  
 “ to MYSELF, ‘who am Part-proprietor of all that I  
 “ see and handle. My public Treaties, my private  
 “ Friendships, the Sale of my own Conscience, or the  
 “ Purchase of others, to what had they ever a View  
 “ but to this individual ME ?

“ O Rhadamanthus, *who bidst us first love Mankind,*  
 “ *then our Country, and lastly Ourselves, methinks*  
 “ *I shudder at what thou wilt say to this niggardly*  
 “ *Passion of Self-Love alone !*

“ With all these Crimes, and this Consciousness of  
 “ them, I never once wish’d to be better than I am,  
 “ but have still increased the Degree of my Guilt in  
 “ Proportion as it stared me in the Face. Did the  
 “ *Cretans* complain of my Impositions ? I treated them  
 “ like peevish Children, and loaded them with more,  
 “ that they might not want sufficient Occasion. No-  
 “ thing with me has ever been sacred, nothing ever  
 “ will be so, that stands in Competition with my own  
 “ Advantage, or my own Safety. I would do a thou-  
 “ sand Times more Mischief before I quit the Stage,  
 “ and will sacrifice my Friends, my Country, my —,  
 “ and my Soul, to bribe my Judge to pronounce me  
 “ innocent, that I may hoard up a more abundant  
 “ Measure of Guilt—and Money.

“ O Rhadamanthus, *with whom Repentance will*  
 “ *scarce prevail, what Punishment hast thou in*  
 “ *store for my Impenitence, for this Indignity offered*  
 “ *to thy inflexible Justice ?*

B.

Numb.

Numb. 8. Saturday, January 16, 1741-2.

*Infert se septus nebulâ (mirabile dictu)  
Per medios, miscetq; viris, neq; cernitur ulli. VIRG.*

*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuiq; HOR.*

IT is almost incredible to think from what odd Incidents Essayists and Weekly Speculatists form their Lucubrations. The most common Occurrences have given Rise to very extraordinary Productions, and what some People would behold with an Air of Indifference, has struck on an Author's Imagination in so different a Manner, that a Chain of Thoughts has been drawn from it, which at first would seem to have no Connection with it. The *Signs of London* might formerly have been thought worthy only the Contemplation of gaping Country Fellows; yet the *Censor of Great Britain* wrote a very humorous Essay upon them; and we have since had some pleasant Speculations on the same Subject. The *Cries of London* have also been made very entertaining. The *Wax-work* at Mrs Salmon's in *Fleet-street* gave the Hint to an ingenious Projector to lay down the Scheme for a *waxen Army*; and the memorable Dissertation on *Kicking* was a Subject form'd on a very odd Circumstance.

It may not seem strange, after these Authorities, when I tell my Readers, that my stopping to look at the Pictures in *St Paul's Church-yard* was the Occasion of my writing this Paper. As I was the other Day passing through that Place, according to my usual Custom, I took a cursory View of the Pictures at the Window; for I confess I always feel a particular Pleasure in seeing the Heads of the greatest Philosophers and Poets of our Nation, rang'd along it. Among some other miscellaneous Prints, there was one which I could not help being

ing pleas'd with, though it was on a *French Subject*, and paid an elegant Compliment to the *Prime Minister of France*. The Painter, with a happy Device, had drawn the Picture of *Diogenes*, with a *Lanthorn* in one Hand, and the Head of *Cardinal Fleury*, extended with an Air of Joy, in his other; this Remark being at the Bottom:

*Quem frustra quæsit Cynicus olim,  
Hic inventus adest.*

Which I thus venture to translate:

*Him whom in vain the World around  
The Cynic sought, he here has found.*

The Story on which this is founded, was, that the Cynic Philosopher *Diogenes* had a Humour of walking about with his *Lanthorn* in his Hand at *Noon-Day*. In this Manner he would go to the most public Places, and seem as if he was looking for somebody, often holding it up to different Persons Faces. So extraordinary a Manner of using a *Lanthorn* caused some one to ask, *Who, or What* he was searching after.—*For that*, answers the gruff Plain-dealer, *which I cannot find,—an HONEST MAN.*—So far to explain the Compliment paid to his *Eminence*; which is more elegant, if not more just, than some labour'd panegyrical Prints which have been dedicated to another Prime Minister.

But Comparisons of Statesmen aside: This Picture of *Diogenes* and his *Lanthorn* immediately put me in Mind of *Mine*, and was a proper Hint, that I had never as yet made any Use of it. As the peculiar Qualities are now known, I could not help smiling at the Thought of what a Terror I should strike into all public Places, if I, like another *Diogenes*, was to beat my Rounds at *Noon-Day*, and hold up my *Lanthorn* to examine the Heads and Hearts of many Persons who would not, on any Consideration, have them discovered. I should not be so great a *Cynic* as the Philosopher, to say I could not find *one honest Man*; but I believe I should find a great many who bear that Character to deserve the very Reverse, at the first Glance I took of them. Was I to  
make



make my Entrance into the *Exchange* about 'Two o'Clock, there would be some in every Walk skulk away in Confusion, and leave the Bargains they were striking unfinished; and was I to cross over to the Alley, the whole Tribe of *Shylocks* would flee before me. My Presence might carry some Awe even into *Westminster-Hall*. I might be thought a very ill-bred Fellow in the Coffee-houses in the *Court of Requests*, and much more so in the dignified Places not far from it. I will not think how I should be received at *St J—'s*, nor what a Consternation I might put a whole Drawing-Room into, which might even discompose the R—l Circle.—— The public Shame which may affect many only by my shaking my Head, would be too severe a Punishment, and leave no Room for private Repentance and Reformation. I shall not therefore ever exercise my *Lanthorn* in the Manner of *Diogenes*, though I may sometimes at Noon-Day make use of it; but then I shall always put on my *invisible Cap*, and, like *Aeneas's* Description in my Motto, make my Observations on Mankind without being discern'd by any of them.

But as the Propriety of my Character is to be vigilant while the greatest Part of my Fellow-Subjects sleep, the first Account I ought to give of my *Lanthorn* should be from the Effects of it in my nocturnal Duty. It was therefore after these Reflections that I resolved to go on my Watch that very Night. When I came home in the Evening, I took my *Lanthorn* and *Cap* from my Escutore, and laid them ready against Eleven o'Clock; which Time I thought most proper to set out on my Adventures, the History of which I shall give my Readers; but the Places wherein some of them happen'd, according to my Promise, must remain conceal'd, in hopes of Reformation in the Transgressors.

The first Occurrence I met with which excited my Curiosity, was a Range of Hackney Chairs at the Door of *Madam Schemewell*. I immediately recollected it was *her Night*, and took the Opportunity of seeing the Conduct of a Place of which I had heard much, but had never been acquainted with.—*Mrs Schemewell* is an elderly Lady, of a better Family than Fortune. She was

bred up in all the false polite Gaieties of a Court, and married an Officer in the Army, whose Sword was to him, what her Beauty was to her, his sole Hope and Dependence. However, as they both kept the best Company, *He*, or *She*, or both, had Interest enough to gain him a considerable Rank in the Army. On his Death Madam *Schemerwell* could not keep up that Gaiety of Appearance she had been us'd to; yet, from the Pride of her Heart, could not bear the Thought of retiring from the *Beau Monde*, and living on the Pension of an Officer's Widow. From her Acquaintance therefore with several Ladies, she set up a Sort of an *Assembly*, or a select Meeting of Gentlemen and Ladies, once a Fortnight. I had heard much of this *private Assembly*, and was glad of this Opportunity of introducing myself to it.—When I entered the Room the whole Company were differently engag'd; some at Cards, some at Hazard, and some *tête à tête* in Conversation. On each Place, by Turns, I had Occasion for my Remarks.

As I was going up to the Quadrille-Table, I heard a Female Voice in a low but earnest Tone say,——*For God's Sake, Sir William, think of my Honour.*——I turn'd to the Place the Sound came from, and saw no Body, but immediately heard a Man's Voice reply,——*My dear Lady Fanny, do you think me such a Fool or such a Rascal as not to take Care of that?*——On this I drew out my *Lanthorn* and saw, in the Seat of the Window, with the Curtain almost drawn before them, Sir *William Gaylove* and Lady *Easy* making an *Assignment*. As soon as the Place was mentioned by him, and consented to by her, I cry'd out—*But then Lord Easy shall meet Lady Gaylove at the very same Juncture.*——This startled them; but when they saw no one near them, they were confounded. In their Amaze I added, *Be wise; for both your Honours break off this Affair.*

*For Breach of Marriage Vows are paid in Kind.*

So incredible an Effect had this invisible Admonition, that they join'd the Company in a Confusion; and I believe they will hardly have Courage enough to carry  
on

on an Intrigue, which, before it was well begun, is discover'd.

From thence I went to the *Quadrille* and *Hazard* Tables, where, as I knew nothing of the Games, I was forc'd to make use of a Glimpse of my *Lanthorn*. Here I was deeply affected to see Concern and Anguish in some of the prettiest Faces among the Women, and the most ingenuous among the Men, while an avaritious Joy appeared in others which was rather forbidding than engaging. Here I saw the gay, the lovely, and innocent *Amanda* made a Bubble of at a Party of *Quadrille*, in which all who play'd with her were in Confederacy. With Pain she was losing her Money to Mrs *Trickfy*, who had entic'd her hither, while, with more Pain, the young *Belville*, her Husband, was waiting her coming home from her Aunt's in the City. To see the manly and gamester-like Air with which *Cleora* and *Favonia* flung the Dice and knock'd the Box, equally surpriz'd and shock'd me; because they were Ladies whose only Error was this of Gaming; and they were engag'd in Play with some of the most notorious Sharppers in *high Life*. All I could do for *Amanda*, was to shew her, by darting a Ray of my Lanthorn on the Cards of those she play'd with, that they were all *privately mark'd*, and that her Friend *Trickfy* had been cheating her the whole Evening. This had so good an Effect, that she flung down her Cards and retired immediately, with a Resolution, I hope, never to enter another *private Assembly*. I made such another Discovery in Favour of *Cleora* and *Favonia*; but they were so blinded by their own Opinion of playing *all the Game*, that they could not see Captain *Amb-ace* use loaded Dice, though I darted a full Glare of Light on them every Time they were thrown. When they, and two other Ladies, lately come out of the Country, were stripp'd, they rose from the Table with all the Chagrin of losing Gamesters; and as they are all married Ladies, I leave my Readers to guess with what a happy Disposition they went home of appearing agreeable to their Husbands.

The *Assembly* was now breaking up, and I took an Examination of the whole Company. To my great

Surprize I found there was a Gang of *Female* as well as *Male Sharpers*, who, under different Pretences, decoy'd thither those unwary Ladies, who were not apprehensive of their Danger.—These Kind of *Assemblies* have been the Ruin of many a Lady, and caus'd such unhappy Distractions in Families as have been fatal to them. I look on them therefore to be as infamous as any common Gaming-Table about *Covent-Garden*, and shall think it my Duty for the future to expose any *Sharper*, whether *Male* or *Female*, however dignify'd or distinguish'd, which I find at them. On Mrs *Schemerwell's* next Night I intend to pay her a Visit, and will exercise my Office with much more Authority in the Assembly, and give a much plainer Description of some Personages when I am out of it.

Meditating in this Manner, I plodded on some Time, not thinking where I should go next, when I heard a pretty Female Voice, accompanied with Instruments, which rous'd my Attention. I wonder'd at a Midnight Concert; but more so, when I found it was at the House of a certain Nymph of —a Theatre. Curiosity strongly urg'd me to be one of the Party, and by a Servant's going in, I soon had an Opportunity of indulging it. When I came into the Room, instead of finding it fill'd with Company, there was only the gay, the fair *Histriona*, like another *Thais*, sitting by the Side of a handsome young Gallant.—I thought I had seen the young Gentleman before, but could not recollect where; but as soon as I held up my Lanthorn, I knew him to be a Merchant's Clerk in the City, whose own Fortune could never reach such an Elegant of Taste. On looking at the Lady, I saw a young Actor in her Heart instead of the young Merchant. I was going to repeat aloud the following Exclamation in *Horace*;

——— *Ah! Miser,*  
*Quantâ laboras in Charibdi,*  
*Digne puer meliore flammâ.*

*Unhappy Youth! with such a Love*  
*What Danger 'tis to burn,*  
*Worthy a Maid more true to move,*  
*And meet more true Return.*

But

But I recollected myself, and thought a Letter sent to him of the Discovery of his Amour, which if he did not break off should be revealed to his *Master*, would have a much better Effect, and I have accordingly try'd it.

I should extend my History of the Night to too great a Length if I was to particularize every Occurrence, some of which made me smile with Pity and Contempt, while others gave me an honest and rational Joy. If I saw a Peer who pass'd for a great Politician, and who held a Post of the greatest Consequence, with his Lap full of Bundles of Paper (which perhaps might be Dispatches) hurrying from C—n—/ as fast as his Chariot could drive, should I not think the *Fate of the Nation*, the *Ballance of Europe*, *Instructions for Embassadors*, *Instructions for Admirals*, &c, &c, &c, were pondering in his Head and affecting his Heart? But if, on holding up my *Lanthorn*, I should see all his Hurry and Croud of Thoughts were to meet some new, tho' common Courtezan, which some Procurefs had deceiv'd him in, could I help laughing as much at his *Gallantry* as his *Politics*? If I met a Senator in a Chair, and found his *Midnight* Visit paid to the Man he rail'd at in the Day, must not I smile with Contempt to see him slip in at a *Back-door*, and receive the *Wages* of the worst Kind of *Prostitution*? If I perceiv'd a Light in a Prelate's Study, should I not laud his exemplary Piety, thinking him at his Devotions, or reading the Fathers, or composing Pastoral Letters? But could I forbear bursting into a Laugh, should I find the Treatise he was writing entitled, *A Defence of the Conduct of the present W—r, and present A—m—t—n*?

Such Discoveries are of too nice a Nature to describe with all their Circumstances; but the politic Peer, the corrupt Senator, and scribbling Pr—l—te, will be conscious such were the Engagements of their Midnight Hours.—My *Lanthorn* may seem to have open'd no Scene but where *Vice* or *Folly* were the principal Characters; but had I Time, I could give an Account of some Discoveries which do an Honour to Mankind. Who will not think so, when I found *Eugenio*, a young Nobleman, lately chose a Representative of a City



(whose Election had been contested) employing those Hours, so fatally mispent by others, in studying the Interests of his Fellow-Subjects? To hear that such a Gentleman, of great natural Parts, elegant Learning, a nice Conception of Things, and happy Talent to express it, was improving all these Qualifications by an indefatigable Enquiry into the honest Arts of Policy, and the important Nature and various Branches of Commerce, must give an inexpressible Pleasure to his Constituents; who, if his *Election* should be attempted to be made void, would, with equal *Unanimity* and *Independency*, retrust their Liberties to his Care \*.

With so pleasing a Scene I am proud to close my first Watch, and leave the *Beaus*, *Coquets*, *Enthusiasts*, *Atheists*, &c, &c, &c, under an Expectation of a future Visit.

L. L.

\* We let this Paragraph remain, merely as it shows what were the Hopes formed on the Character it relates to.



Numb. 9. Saturday, January 3, 1741-2.

*Qui cavet ne decipiatur, vix cavet cum etiam cavet ;  
Etiam cum cavisse ratus, sæpè is Cautior captus est. Plaut.*

I Intend this Paper for an Essay on *Prudence*: I do not mean that cardinal Virtue which teaches a Man to judge rightly of the Subjects of Action, that distinguishes what is to be *desired* and what to be *avoided*; but the Knack of throwing the best Gloss on a bad Cause, of doing Ill and avoiding the Imputation of it; or at least of eluding all the Means of Conviction, or diverting them upon some less guilty Person. It is not the Art of an honest Man that I treat of, but the low Craft of a Villain or Prostitute; not that which prevents an immoral Deed, but that which may save the Doer of it from Shame or Punishment. Those who do  
not

not like the Word *Prudence*, may call it *Finesse*, *Cunning*, or what they please.

There are indeed some Cases in which a certain Degree of this Prudence is commendable, when by concealing a single Crime, inadvertently or weakly committed, we avoid that Infamy which might perhaps harden us in the Repetition of it. A Girl that has been persuaded or trick'd out of her Virtue, unless she determines on a Course of Lewdness, would be to blame if she published her own Disgrace. A Man that has once been drawn in by Sharpers, and unwittingly made a Party in their criminal Schemes, which from his Soul he detests, would be imprudent to call himself the Companion of such Fellows. A plain Country Gentleman, that in a single Instance has given up his Understanding to the Artifice of an evil Minister, when, from the Result of Things, he sees his own Error, could not suppose it for his Honour or Interest to pass for the Dupe, much less for the Creature, of one who is apparently the Enemy of his Country. An After-act of Prudence, in such Circumstances as these, is necessary to repair or extenuate that Fault, which a more early Exertion of it would in all Likelihood have prevented.

But should it be strained farther than this; should either of the Characters here mentioned, after being so unhappy as once to fall, prove so ungracious as to persist in the evil Way, and yet have enough worldly Prudence to veil the Whole with a Cloke of Honesty; what could be more dangerous than such a Person? Who could be more capable of deceiving his Friends, or making them the Tools of their own venal Desires? An avow'd Prostitution of Person, Principle, or Conscience, is far more excusable, as it is far less capable of doing Damage to others. It is happy for the Public therefore, that where a Man has not the Ingenuity to own, he wants the Prudence to conceal, the Corruption and Depravity of his own Heart. To himself indeed it may be fatal, ominous I am sure it is; but to Mankind, in Proportion to the Power he has of doing Harm, it cannot but be of the utmost Service, and should afford Matter of general Joy.

When I read the famous Story of *Scipio*, who, instead of answering a Charge exhibited against him before the People, called upon them to follow him to the Temple, and return Thanks for the Victory he had won on the Anniversary of that Day; the Character of the Man who did it, the Partiality of his Enemies, the Effect his great Merit and natural Superiority immediately had on every Mind, all contribute to make me applaud the Action, or rather to admire the Hero, who thus defeated the Malice of a groundless Accusation. But then my Applause and Admiration depend entirely on my Opinion of his Innocence: For otherwise, such a Power of eluding a public Charge might be attended with very bad Consequences.

Could we, for Example, suppose a modern Prime Minister, able by his Eloquence, or by the bare Mention of his own former Actions, to ward off all Enquiry into a Series of the most pernicious Conduct; would it not be a terrible Thing for that Country which was so unhappy as to groan under him? But thanks to our better Stars! we have no Reason to be apprehensive on this Score. Had a great Man of our Time no other Arts than those of *Scipio*, no other Way of maintaining himself in Power, the Malcontents could have little to fear; they must long ere now have triumph'd in their Opposition: Has He call'd upon his Fellow-Senators to attend the Celebration of a Victory, won thro' the Wisdom of his Councils? Has He appealed to the wholesome Laws enacted by his Influence, and entirely calculated for the Benefit of the People? Did He ever point to Liberty enlarged, Property secured, Commerce increased, Taxes diminished, Honour maintained, Credit advanced, as the blessed Effects of his Administration? Has He pretended to turn over the Treaties and Conventions of twenty Years past, and shew a Concern for the Interest of Gr— Br—— mark'd strongly thro' each? Has He reminded us of the punctual Execution of those Treaties, and the public Advantages that flow from them? This had been a fair and open Attack upon our Prejudices. We should have been pleased to see him discharged by the Voice of his Country, and have follow'd him to  
the

the Temple with Thanksgiving. The Efforts of personal Repentment, if any such there be, had all become ineffectual, or recoil'd with double Fury upon the Persons who made them.—But if none of these Things have been done; if quite other Measures have been taken to support him, contrary to the Sense of all the People; if 200,000*l per Annum*, *visible* Money, were thrown into the Balance on his Side during the last Parliament, besides Promises, reversionary Grants, Commissions for younger Sons, &c; and,

*While Secret Gold sapp'd on from Knave to Knave,*

as our *English* Horace expresses it;—if all this, and much more, be true; may we not think his *Imprudence*, his blundering in the Practice of that Vice upon which his Heart has been wholly set, which his Hands have been employ'd only to learn; his leaving the Scent, the Marks of Corruption wherever he has diffus'd it; may we not think it, I say, a Happiness for the Nation at this Juncture, when we presume the Means of corrupting will be no longer left in his Power?

In former Days Ministers acted more prudently, and their Creatures more safely. I have heard of one who bought a large Parcel of Cattle for the Service of the Crown, then engaged in an *actual* War, of a *Yorkshire* Member, who was a great Grazier, and a violent Malcontent, that the *honourable* Gentleman might have an Opportunity of fixing his *own* Price together with that of the Oxen. Here was not a Word mentioned of Bribe, Pension, Place, Grant, Favour, or Reward. But the Member had some Gratitude, and provided he could still keep in with his Party, would do the Minister all the Service that lay in his Power. The Expedient concerted between them was, that the latter should demand twice the Sum which the Exigencies of State required; that the Patriot should harangue, rail, call Names, do any Thing to display his Eloquence and Zeal, upon Condition that at last he moved the House to give his Majesty half what the Minister had asked for. All the Patriots were taken in, and voted unanimously for the Question. The honest *Yorkshire-man* pleased his own

Friends, and serv'd the Administration at the same Time. This was good Workmanship, true State-Craft, a prudent well-guarded Scheme both for Minister and Member. Could every Question have been thus carried, how formidable had been that Administration? What Proof would there have been of Guilt, where the Shame must have fallen on both Sides?

Were I to run over all the prudential Measures, that have been taken by Great Men of different Classes, to save themselves when in Danger, I should extend this Essay much beyond the usual Length. Not only the History of public Affairs, but the Annals of *Newgate* and the *Old Baily* (for I suppose the *unhappy* Gentlemen of both Ranks to act upon much the same Principles) would furnish me with Instances of Friends sacrificed; known Facts disproved or stifled; Evidence secreted or supplied, and a thousand other such little Artifices that are practised without Scruple. But I shall mention only one Sort of Ministerial Prudence, that has now and then been made use of; and that is, transferring the Odium of any iniquitous Measure from the Servant to the Sovereign. I own that according to the Laws of *England*, by which the King can do no Wrong, this seems to be hardly practicable among us: But in *France*, where the Royal Person, I believe, is held to be equally sacred, it has been done, and that too with Consent; I mean by Cardinal *Mazarine*, a Minister who has been nearly copied in most other Parts of his Character.

It is well known what Influence that ambitious Prelate had over *Anne* of *Austria*, Queen-Mother and Regent during the Minority of *Lewis XIV*, and which he afterwards maintained to the End of his Life with the King her Son. A Civil War was even risk'd to support him, which had like to have subverted the *French* Monarchy; and yet he was twice recall'd, after he had been banish'd to satisfy the Nation.

When any oppressive Measures were to be entered on, or any new Taxes imposed; when the Parliament complained, remonstrated, made Resolutions; when the Minister trembled in the Exercise of that Authority, which his Avarice and Vanity would not suffer him to resign;



reign; the Custom was, for the President and chief Members, by express Order, to wait immediately upon the Queen. Her Majesty, as instructed, would put on a stern Behaviour; reprimand them severely; tell them the King (that is, herself and the Cardinal) must and would be obey'd, and that they must not expect any Relaxation in what the Council had resolved. *Maxarine* would then step in as Mediator, and desire her Majesty, with great Submission, to give up some few Articles, and he did not doubt but the Parliament would comply with the rest. The Queen would continue inflexible, perhaps till a third or fourth Audience; when by receding a few Steps, which she advanced for no other Purpose, she obtained all that her Minister wanted. — His Creatures, in the mean Time, were every where extolling the Moderation and Condescension of his Eminence; not without some severe Flings at the Queen's haughty Temper, and Insinuations with what a high Hand she would carry it, if left to Herself.

But the Master-piece of all Tricks of this Kind, was what he put the King himself upon playing. Some Money-Bills had been verified in his Majesty's Presence, when, by the Laws of *France*, nothing he offers can be refused. But the next Day they resum'd the Affair, agreed that the King's Presence had taken away their Freedom of Speech, and entered upon a warm Debate in full Committee, when the Prime-Minister's Character was made pretty free with. The young Monarch, who was then at *Vincennes*, a League from *Paris*, is immediately sent Post in a Hunting-dress to the Capital, enters the Parliament in his Boots, with a Whip in his Hand, and speaks to the following Effect: "Gentlemen, every  
 " one knows what Mischief has been done in Committees of the whole House. I will prevent them, and  
 " command you to end these Debates which you have  
 " already begun. My Pleasure shall be done. You,  
 " Mr Chief President, I forbid you to suffer any such  
 " Committee; and you, Gentlemen, every Man of  
 " you, I forbid you to move for any such Thing." — The History does not say whether he smack'd his Whip at them; but that he very much frightened them is most  
 D 6 certain.

certain. The Consequence of this Affair was, that the Minister maintain'd his Ground, and the Parliament lost all Freedom of Debate. But the Cardinal, according to his Emiffaries, had no Hand in all this; and the King even forced him to continue Prime-Minister. His Majesty was of Age (that is, by the Custom of France, above thirteen) a mighty resolute sort of a Prince, and one that would be Master. He resolv'd as well as executed the Thing, and drew up the Speech himself.

It was not owing to *Mazarine*, or his Hirelings, that these Insinuations had not their full Effect. Provided they did not lose their Power, it little import'd them whether or no the King kept the Affections of his Subjects. But the Hearts of a People are not so soon estranged from their Sovereign as *Mazarine* was willing to think, and as another Prime-Minister since him has endeavour'd to have it thought. Between King and People there is a natural and intimate Union, that cannot be dissolved but with the Constitution: But a Prime-Minister is an Excrescence which the Body can at any Time spare, and which it may sometimes part with very much to the Benefit of its Health. B.



Numb. 10. Saturday, January 30, 1741-2.

*From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.*

*En! nova progenies Cælo dimittitur! VIRG.*

*An Luna sit habitabilis? — Affirmatur.*

*Quæstio Philos.*

**T**HERE is a Story told of a great Wit, that when he could not one Evening fill up some Lines in a Copy of Verses, he went to Bed, and found them in the Morning ready finish'd to his Hand. Authors have sometimes very extraordinary Incidents, which, though on nice Examination they may not be supernatural, yet at first appear surprisingly miraculous: The History of the ensuing Letter is a Proof of it. —

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The other Evening I sat down to write an Essay for this Week; but I was either so difficult or so dull, that I could fix on no Subject that could please me. One was too *common*, one too *barren*; this too *learned*, that too *low*. In short, I almost fill'd a Sheet of Paper with Hints on them all, without determining on one. I own I was vex'd, and went to bed in a little Chagrin. In the Morning when I went into my Study to revise my Paper of *Hints*, I found it covered with the following Letter: But if I was pleas'd at so lucky an Assistance, my Readers must think I was no less surpris'd at my Correspondent, when they read the following Direction.

*The MAN IN THE MOON to THOMAS TOUCHIT of Spring-Gardens, Esq; greeting.*

Mr TOUCHIT,

**W**ITHOUT being any great Conjuror, you may know there is a *Plurality of Worlds*; but whether those Worlds are inhabited, or by what Sort of Species, your terrestrial Adepts in Philosophy have not ventured to decide. One *Gonzales* indeed pretended to have taken a Journey to our Lunar Regions; but he was only affected by a *Lunar Influence*, as most of your Voyage Writers are. I have therefore a Mind to impart some Secrets to you, which the Inhabitants of your Island will allow incontestable Truths, as they are impossible to be accounted for any other Way.

The *Moon* is a World inhabited like yours, by a People whose Forms are by Nature made regular, but which, by Gesticulations, odd Habits, &c, acquire distorted Appearances. These are divided into Kingdoms, and have different Systems of Policy, which are prodigiously Subject to Change, and are bad or good, as the *GNIK*, or his *EMIRP RETSINIM*, conduct them.

You will be surpris'd when I tell you, that we have our World divided so as to be correspondent to yours, and have our *France*, *Germany*, *Spain*, and *Great Britain*, under the same Forms of Government, Civil and Military: But how much greater must your Astonish-  
ment

ment be, when I tell you all your *sublunary Dominions* are under the Influence of those among us, and that your *Sgnik* and *Emirp Sretsinim* act only by a second Cause; that is, only as the different *Sgnik* and *Sretsinim* do among us. This will be explain'd by acquainting you that the *Rosicrusian* Philosophy was so far right as to ascribe to the Elements invifible Beings, as *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, &c, who busied themselves with the Affairs of Men. These are *Intelligencers* between our Globe and yours: They carry down our different *Influences*, and are what is among you call'd your Good or Bad *Genius's*. Hence are you *lunarily actuated* upon, from your *Sgnik* and *Sretsinim*, to the lowest Rank of People.—I don't know how to illustrate this better, than by giving some Account of the most powerful Island we have. I leave you to conjecture at the Parallel, and judge if it be not exact.

There is an Island in the same Climate with us, as *Great Britain* is with you, the Inhabitants whereof are by Nature particularly distinguish'd, the Men for *Valour*, and the Women for *Beauty*. A Love of *Liberty* is prevailing in both. They have many odd Humours among them, as all we *Lunatics* have, both in the Course of their private Life, and the Conduct of their public Affairs. The Women, who require no Art, use all the Art they can to disfigure their Persons, which they do by a constant Imitation of the Dress and Grimace of a fantastic People who live opposite to them. What may seem surprising, is, that they do this in a religious Zeal for a whimsical *Idol* they adore; to which some Devotees would sacrifice any Thing. They have different Ways of worshipping and sacrificing to it; some being more addicted to a private, others to a public Devotion. Many shew their Devotions by the Habits they wear, others by the Sacrifices they make. The Sisters of the Order at present think the *Idol* is very fond of Whalebone; and therefore wear several Yards Extent of it about their Legs, and case their Bodies in it after it is made into a cylindrical Form, which hides the taper Waist they were once fond to shew. Tho' they have beautiful fine natural Hair, they think the *Idol* will esteem them more agreeable in False; for which Reason

son they wear fictitious Locks, Ringlets, and little Perriwigs, call'd in our Language,—Frizzled Sheeps-heads; but among you term'd *Tetes de Mouton*. The private Devotees retire in Parties, and with square Books, spotted with Red and Black, sacrifice to this Idol with great Zeal, their Time, their Money, their Quiet, and sometimes their Reputation.

This Idol, so peculiarly adored by the Fair Sex, is called FASHION. There are indeed a Sect of Epicenes, or Beaus, who incessantly strive to rival the Ladies in worshipping this Idol; but they are look'd upon as ridiculous Animals; by the Women, for their endeavouring to be like *them*; and by the Men, for their endeavouring to be unlike *them*.

I must here observe, that we daily dispatch innumerable Numbers of our Lunar Gnomes, who convey Folly and Madness down to that Part of your Globe called London, where, by their *influencing* Power, they make your Ladies and Gentlemen act in all Parts like ours: Therefore when you see any preposterous Habit or Custom, you may be assur'd a Lunar Gnome has inspired it. You might wonder why the charming, gay, and witty *Lavinia* married the old, [disagreeable, morose *Mammon*, when *Eugenio* address'd her on honourable and not disadvantageous Terms; nay, when she lik'd his Person and Address:—It was only this: Just at the Change of the Moon, a Gnome shot down into her Chamber with half a Dram of Mutability; convey'd it into her Heart; then whispering in her Ear—*Mammon drives six Horses, Eugenio but a Pair*;—the Charm was effected in a Moment. You may be surpris'd at *Bavius's* writing Poetry, and *Conyerus* Biography; or why a Nobleman should suffer *Peter* to make a Raree-Shew of the Title Deeds of his Grace's Estate: But one Gnome cries to *Bavius*,—"Write: "My Lord will give Twenty Guineas: *Pope's* Numbers are not better."—Another places before *Conyerus's* Eyes a Spell, call'd MARC. TUL. CIC. and down he sits to writing as if the D—I was in him. A third hints to his Grace,—“You want Ten Thousand Pounds, *Peter* has them: What are a Thousand Acres



“ Acres to Ten Elegant Entertainments?” — On which the Poet rhymes, the Doctor professes, and the Peer mortgages.

Perhaps it may not now be improper to say what I am in our World, and what Power I exercise in yours. — I am sensible that you terrestrial Mortals have but a mean Opinion of Me, as is evident by your Poetry, Painting, and Apophthegms: You allow there is a *Man* in the *Moon*, but make him a strange, toping, ignorant Fellow. — Thus sings one of your Bards:

*The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,  
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot.*

And so in a hungry Fit of Inspiration makes Me do what he wanted to do himself. — One Painter places me at full Length, with a Bumper in my Hand, in a half Moon: Another shews only my Face, which, by the Breadth and protuberant Cheeks, I suppose my Landlord himself sits for. You have besides a Way of excusing your own Ignorance, by mentioning Mine. — What's more frequent amongst you than, — *I know no more than the Man in the Moon?* — To conclude these Calumnies, I have been said to be a *Sabbath Breaker*, and many an old Woman has plainly seen a *Bundle of Sticks* at my Back, who could not tell a Horse from a Cow at ten Yards Distance.

Are not these scandalous Calumnies, when I tell you, Mr *Touchit*, I am the famous *Ris Trebor ed Nothguob-Llab Klofron*, who have long been *Emirp Retfinim* to the Emperor of the Moon, and Director in Chief of the political *Gnomes*? — In the Execution of this important Office, I have had a particular Regard for a certain *Brother Premier* of a *Sublunar Island*, who has as much of the political *Lunar Genius* as any terrestrial Statesman I ever met with. However, to do what he has done required my Influence, which I shower'd down in such Abundance, that immortal are the Deeds which will be an eternal Proof of it. — How often with Admiration have the People cry'd out, — *Is the Man a Madman, or a Fool!* — A great Proof of my lunatic Inspiration. — I have done him eminent Services, and hope

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he is too ingenuous to deny them.—All his *Treaties* are *Mine*;—all his *Schemes* are *Mine*.—I inspired him with the Love of *Negotiations, Conventions, &c.*, Abroad;—at Home I plann'd his Projects.—The famous *Excise Scheme* was from my Influence.—I saw secret Reasons for *secret Expeditions*, the good Effects of which still remain secret:—But no Reasons could I find out to send an equal Force to go *knight-erranting* with fighting Orders to *America*.—This would have been contrary to all Lunar Policy.——

Besides other important Services, I have acted some extraordinary ones for your *Retfinim*, by influencing those he had to deal with.—What Promises have I made some believe? What Expectations have I rais'd in others? How often have I strengthen'd the C——t-Influence by Mine, and made C——t-Money have a double Charm at Elections. *Artful Familiarity* have I made to pass for *Friendship*, with those who were above a *Bribe*, and *Pensions* as the Reward of *Merit*, with those who were above *Scandal*.—I have convinced the World, that Men who pretend to be disinterested may not have Integrity; that the Number of Men bias'd to Corruption tempts others not to fear; and when they are once above that *Fear*, they are above *Honesty* and *Shame*: For true it is, when Society is numerous enough to keep one another in Countenance, the Weight of *Infamy* is so divided among many, that no one sinks under his own Burthen.

To conclude: My *Lunar Power* has, in Favour of one *common Man*, made the Greatest and Noblest sink beneath themselves; descend from the Dignity of their Characters; employ their Power, Credit, and Honour to support him; while the Grand *Betrayer* of Liberty has rioted in Sunshine, and laugh'd at the Simplicity and Folly of the enobled Tools he made Use of. If, therefore, public Corruption has prevail'd; if public Offices have been halv'd and quarter'd; if private Places and private Pensions increas'd as the public Necessities and public Debts increas'd;—if such Crimes are justly charg'd on a sublunary M——st——r, the best and only Defence is to lay them all on *Me*; for no *Man* can defend them but the

MAN IN THE MOON,



Numb 11. Saturday, February 6, 1741-2.

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*Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,  
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum  
Quæsitum, & partos gladio vel pixyde nummos?*

Juv. Sat. 13.

**A**SI have hitherto described the Rounds only of one Night, made by Me and my Lanthorn, the Reader may think I have been somewhat remiss in executing the main Part of my Office. It is necessary therefore, that I should remove any Prejudice of this Kind, which I do not doubt but your dark-minded Sort of People will be industrious enough to propagate. Let such know, that tho' I have in Tenderness lock'd up all the Remainder of my *Journal*, it has been very regularly kept ever since I enter'd upon Duty; and that many Persons, who seem not to suspect any such Thing, have been minuted down more than once in the *Left-hand* Pages of it. If they take care not to let me catch them again, perhaps I may continue to suppress their Names. In the mean Time, that no great Offender may have room to complain that I did not give him fair Warning, I shall publish here a few general Characteristicks and Remarks, by which even some very close Sinners will perceive, that I have look'd thro' them.

It is a Complaint of great Antiquity, that those solemn Seasons which the Wisdom of the Church or State has set apart for the most sacred, are often perverted to the most unhallowed Purposes. We need not a more flagrant Example of this, than in the Abuse annually made of the three great Festivals of our Religion, instituted in Commemoration of the Nativity and Resurrection of its blessed Author, and the first Instance of his divine pastoral Care, manifested at the Feast of

*Pentecost.*

*Pentecost.* As there could not be a more meritorious Work than the Reformation of so evil a Custom, I resolv'd to set about it the first Opportunity; and accordingly have been very watchful this Year, among People of all Ranks, to see in what Manner they spent their *Christmases*. I knew that a little Mending-Work, effectually begun within the Compass of my Beat, would very soon have a happy Influence over all the Nation.

Late on *Christmas Eve* I sat out on my Rounds, equipp'd with my Cap and Lanthorn. As I knew what Impressions a voluptuous or lascivious Appetite is susceptible of, upon the near Approach of its imagin'd Happiness, that is, inordinate Gratification; I determin'd this Night to make my Observations on those only who were fast asleep, without giving any one the least Disturbance. With this View I pass'd invisible from Chamber to Chamber, and examin'd above two hundred *Dreams*; besides fifty more for which I had no Occasion to pull out my Lanthorn, the Dreamers being so deeply engaged in them, as to express their Subjects aloud. Most of these latter I observ'd were of the amorous Kind, among the Unmarried of both Sexes: The rest were expressive of Jealousy, and commonly two of them in the same Bed. The silent Dreams were very miscellaneous; but not above five of them regarded the Solemnity of the next Day; and four of these were in quite young Heads, that had little else to think of. I did not wonder that a Glutton should dream of his Dinner, while he was snoring off the Fumes of Satiety; that a Miser should dream of Rents and Interest, and remember that the Morrow was Quarter-Day; that a Sharper should dream of Cards, and invent in his Sleep some new Shuffle or Cut for the Holidays; that a married Gallant should dream of his wedded Mistress, or she of him, when the Family Visits of the Season would bring them together, without the Suspicion of Husband or Wife: But to see all these Dreams dispersed among Persons of profess'd Sanctity and high Character, whose Thoughts should have been more peculiarly taken up with divine Meditations, and the Means of making the sacred Festival advantageous to those

those under their Care, did, I must confess, a little startle me; tho' at the same Time it gave me a better Reason than I before knew, of the Perversion of this, and many more religious Institutions, from their primitive Design.

One *Dreamer*, whose Thoughts, sleeping or waking, should be wholly employ'd for the Good of his Country (at least, if his Care of her ought to bear any Proportion to what he has got by her) seemed to have his Imagination at work only for himself. \* He was contriving how to pack his Cards so as to play a sure Game at the next *Assembly*, when some stanch Players had threaten'd to maul him for his former Tricks. His Ideas were very confus'd, and shew'd him to be half in Despair. He foresaw that, in Case of Detection, he should be kick'd out of the Room; and therefore computed what it would cost him to bribe some of the Standers-by, to give their Judgment in his Favour, right or wrong.

Having thus learned, from the Expectations, Hopes, and Desires rais'd by the near Approach of *Christmas*, what would be the several Pursuits of the Persons I had visited, during the Holidays; which of them it was necessary I should have a strict Eye over, and which I might venture to leave more to themselves: I went home and took a Nap till Day-light, that I might be in no Danger of giving an ill Example, by discovering a Drowsiness at Church. I take this Method every *Sunday* Morning, by Way of Precaution, notwithstanding my Talent of Watchfulness. But indeed it was doubly necessary on this Occasion, when so much Business was like to fall on my Hands. My Presence was necessary in so many Places, such a Multitude and Succession of *Christmas* Scenes did I meet with, that from the Time I set out, just after Dinner, I had not a Wink of Rest for above forty Hours.

I shall not pretend to enumerate the various Instances of Lewdness and Intemperance, that occur'd in the first four Days, among those whose Necessities oblig'd them

\* This alludes to the Holiday Vacation in a certain great Assembly, which was expected to end, as it actually did, in the Deposition of the Minister.

afterwards



afterwards to desist, till they had laid in a fresh Supply for the next Carnival. It is enough to say in general, that the Weakness or Depravity of Mankind could not be more conspicuous, than in their employing their Time and little Acquisitions to such Purposes, as disabled them then, and perhaps a long while after, to perform those Duties, which a slight Remembrance of the Occasion of this Suspension of Business must have made them more assiduously pursue.

But when I reflected upon the Employment of those in higher Life, with whom, according to the Proverb, it is *Holiday all the Year*; it shock'd me to think they should take this Opportunity of being most superlatively wicked, and as much over-act the Vices of the Vulgar at this Season, as they usually do in their common Conduct. When the Glutton dream'd of his Dinner, I did not think of a great Epicure that hop'd to dine upon the Vitals of his Country: When the Miser dream'd of his Revenue, the Grand Impropiator never once came into my Head: When the Sharper projected his Game, I never consider'd there was One who could play it waking against the Liberties of his Fellow-Subjects: When the Adulterer in Idea enjoy'd his Lady, I had forgot the Possibility of debauching a public Constitution: Much less did I suspect, when I saw all these Vices together, that there was a Man who could think of acting them, during the Holidays, in their most destructive and unnatural Sense. But my Lanthorn has convinc'd me how easy it is to mistake, and that there is nothing a Man will not attempt when possess'd of Power, and at a Pinch how to preserve it.

If from these Hints it should be concluded, that I had been officiating at my Stand in a certain suspected Corner; I acknowledge I had so, and that I never fail'd of being there twice a Week for near a Month together. But at the same Time that the Sorcerer who lives there, like *Circé* in the Fable, omitted no Arts to allure Passengers into his infectious Cell, it gave me Pleasure to find there were many *Ulysses's*, who could withstand all the Charms he had recourse to. Those who fell into the Snare, could not pretend it was for Want of Light, since  
not

not one came by me to whom I did not hold up my Lanthorn, and dart into his Breast so powerful a Ray, that must make him very uneasy if he proceeded. By this Means I sav'd two or three from imminent Danger, just as they seem'd determin'd to swallow the Bait: And tho' I was not equally successful with all, I know that very little public Virtue was this Year sacrificed to Holiday Fare. Nay, I am informed that he who prepar'd it will in a short Time be call'd to an Account, for having attempted to empoison the good People of *England*; and that some who refused the specious Treat, will appear in Evidence against him. As to those who accepted it, tho' they may be yet living, they are allowed to be in a dangerous Way by the best Physicians, who all agree that the Entertainment was unwholsome. I shall not mention who they were: But the Remorse that shot thro' them just as I held up my Lanthorn, and which for the present slacken'd their Resolution, must make them remember where I stood, and reflect on their own Danger of being stigmatized. Nor can they deny that when they came back, at the same Place, the presumptive Consequences of what they had done appeared to them in the strongest Light, and made them, in Apprehension for their Posterity, wish that their Endeavours might not succeed.

These are some of the public Services that I have lately performed. Those of a private Nature are so numerous, that I shall not presume to give a Catalogue of them. Out of fourteen *unequal Matches*, that were resolved upon within the twelve Days, I actually set aside five, by shewing the Parties clearly to each other. The three Ladies may know themselves by these Distinctions. One of them, a Maiden, was to run away with the Footman; till she consider'd, the Evening before, the Scandal and Danger of what she had promis'd, and so kept her Window close all Night. The second, a Widow, Mother of three Children, and Mistress of an extensive Trade, was to bind herself to her own Apprentice; but remember'd, just at the Crisis, that he had no Fortune, and had sent away pregnant two of her Maids. The last, for whose Virginity or Widow-

hood

hood I will not swear, being got in a fair Way of retrieving that Character she had formerly lost, and procuring a Will in her Favour from a rich childless old Uncle, was going to throw herself away upon a common Sharper; but luckily reflected that his Calling was precarious, and that she had better wait a little longer for what she was not utterly a Stranger to. If I tell the two Men who escap'd the same Disaster, that the first was to marry his Landlord's Housekeeper, the other a mighty fine Lady, they cannot forget that the Improbability of a Gentleman's forgiving two Years Rent upon no Consideration, and the Risk a Tradesman runs in being ty'd to an expensive Wife, were the very Reasons that made them break off their respective Matches: And consequently they will know to whom they were oblig'd. The other seven, six Women and one Man, had as good Hints given them, but were all obstinately bent upon their own Ruin.

I could tell one Lady of considerable Rank, and great Reputation for Virtue, the very Moment wherein I sav'd her Honour, which I now dare prophecy will be inviolable to the End of her Days. Another I could severely reproach for having sacrificed hers, after it had cost me more Pains than I found it was worth. Several Frauds, fallacious Contracts, and open Violations of Justice have I prevented, by displaying the Consequences of them in all their Colours of Shame and Punishment. Not to mention the reclaiming of two Gamblers, (no easy Task) three Pickpockets, and half a Dozen *honest* Attornies. These may all know themselves by this Account, being the Whole of their several Professions that have grown better these twelve Months. But I do not desire any public Acknowledgment under their Hands.

The most successful Physician however may sometimes fail; and this has been my Case, with regard to ONE, whom of all Mankind I should have wish'd to reclaim. Tho' his Soul is at the same Time writh'd within him, the *impenetrable Knight* can look at my Lanthorn with a steady Countenance, and deny all those Effects of it which are obvious to every one else. In order to his  
*Conviction,*

*Conviction*, which I despair of ever effecting Myself, I shall endeavour to *convince* those about him; and for that Purpose will lend my *Lanthorn*, at the proper Time and Place (for I shall certainly be in waiting) to any Gentleman, who may desire with his own Eyes to inspect the Breast of this doughty Hero. His Head I shall say nothing of, having tried it both before and behind to no Purpose; unless it should ever happen (as who can tell?) to be laid open *below*. B.



Numb. 12. *Saturday, February 13, 1741-2.*

*Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos. VIRG.  
Fiat Justitia, ruat Cælum.*

I Am very much concern'd to find, from some Letters I have lately receiv'd, how difficult a Province it is to calculate my *Lucubrations* to every Body's Humour. A Subject which hits the Fancy of one, seems insipid to that of another; while some want particular Subjects to be treated on according to their particular Inclinations, or Circumstances of Affairs. *Arabella* tells me, I am a queer old Fellow for never saying any thing about *Love*: *Eusebes* wishes I had less *Politics*, and more *Religion*: *Will Freeman* desires me to beat my Rounds oftner: *Jack Dapper* rallies me on the ill use I make of my *Lanthorn*: A Correspondent, who lik'd *Rhadamanthus*, asks when I will go again to *Hell*: Another hints, he should be glad of some more Intelligence from the *Man in the Moon*. As a general Answer, I assure my Readers and Correspondents I shall endeavour to please them all, if they will but suspend their Impatience. But particular Times and Seasons are most proper for particular Subjects. As *Spring* advances, *Arabella* will find I am not insensible of its Effects; nay, I don't know but I might be her *Valentine*, if I knew where

where she liv'd, and whether she was black or fair, an old Maid or a Widow. *Eusebes*, after *Shrove-Tuesday*, may find I am neither an Infidel nor an Enthusiast. At this *Crisis* of Time I cannot but think the following Letter from an honest Correspondent worthy the immediate Consideration of every *Englishman*. Let this plead my Excuse for laying aside a Subject of Humour, to do that Duty which every *Independent Author* owes his Country.

To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

S I R,

THE Government of every Society depends on this one Maxim, the *Protection* of Innocence, and the *Punishment* of Guilt. For this Society began; and for this only the greatest Part of Mankind have subjected themselves to the Rule and Dominion of a Few, who have not naturally any Right of Superiority over them. Hence thousands and thousands employ their Time, exercise their Industry, and contribute their Fortune, that a few *Great Men* may live, at their Charge, in all the Pomp of Grandeur and Magnificence.

These Persons who are elevated to the *Helm* of Government, however they may pride themselves in their Wealth and Dignities, however they may esteem the One as the Acquisition of Wisdom, or the Other as the Reward of Merit, are highly deceiv'd if they think their Riches and Honour belong not, in a great Measure, to the Public, as they flow'd from it. If a *Statesman* grows immensely rich in a few Years, and raises a scanty Fortune to a *Princely Revenue*, all know it must be at the *public Expence*; and the poorest of his Fellow-Subjects have felt Cold and Hunger, the pinching Wants of Food and Raiment, to make him *fare sumptuously every Day*. If a *Minister* of the State is dignify'd with *Titles* and *Honours*, the Honours he receives are Honours due to the *Public*, to encourage public Virtue; for when *Kings* bestow Honours, they are always *suppos'd* to be the Reward of Virtue. Other-



wise it is all a false Pageantry of *Titles* and *Ribbands*; which claim no Regard, no Respect, but as they are the distinguishing Marks of Virtue and Merit. Since therefore Wealth and Dignities are the *Wages* which the People in general pay to *Ministers of State*, for the necessary Administration of national Affairs; it is their Right, nay, it is their *Duty* to enquire how they have exercised their *Power*; how they have accumulated their *Wealth*; how they have serv'd their *Country*.

The Power of any one Great Officer of State is very extensive, sufficient for any Subject to be entrusted with; and to exercise it justly is thought Trouble enough for one Person: But should a Minister of State engross *all Power*, What great *Abilities* and great *Integrity* ought he to be endow'd with? To distinguish Men of Merit, and employ them in all the various Branches of the Government: To fill the Boards of Treasury, Admiralty, and Trade, with Persons the best vers'd in national Accounts, Maritime Affairs, and Commerce: To promote only the most pious and learned Divines to Episcopal Sees, for the Excellency of their Preaching, and Orthodoxy of their Writing: To select proper Genius's for proper Courts: To give foreign Nations an Idea of the Wisdom and Greatness of his own, by the noble Rank of the Embassadors he sends them: In short, to exercise all *Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical Power*, by giving, directing, or denying all Kind of Promotions; by governing all Things at Home and Abroad: I say, to claim and exercise all this Power with *Honour* and *Integrity*, a Minister must be one of the greatest and best Men the World ever saw:—*A Glory to his King; a Blessing to his Country.*

On the other Hand; Should a Minister change the Use of such a Power to the *Abuse* of it: To make *Servility* to his *Will* the Characteristic of *Merit*: To fill the Treasury with Men of *Pleasure* instead of *Business*: To let Them preside over Fleets who scarce ever saw a Ship; and Those over the Plantations who ought to be sent to them: To promote R—— R——d Fathers for pamphleteering in his Favour: To give foreign Courts the worst Idea of our own, by a Sort of Emb——rs without

without Genius, Address, or Distinction: In short, to abuse all Power, by giving, directing, or denying all Promotions, just as they contribute to support the Iniquity of his Measures, and the Blunders and Ignorance of his Administration: I say, to claim and exercise all this Abuse of Power with *Triumph* and *Defiance*, requires one of the boldest, wickedest Mortals that ever infested a Nation.—*A Disgrace to his Prince; a Curse to his Country.*

If any Prince or any Country should ever have a Minister charg'd with such Mal-Administration; rapacious in accumulating Wealth to himself; profuse in squandering away that of the Public; with other numerous Articles of enormous Misconduct; What is the *Duty* of the *Prince* to the *People*? What the *Duty* of the *People* to their *King*?—The People are not to charge the Servant (perhaps a favourite Servant) of their Prince with high Crimes and Misdemeanours, without *maintaining* that Charge\*, and proving it was not the Effect of *Envy*, *Malice*, or *Uncharitableness*; but of *Truth*, of *Necessity*, of *Loyalty*; for the King's *Honour*, for the Nation's *Good*. It is their Duty to convince their Prince of the Guilt of his Servant by more than a private Accusation; lest he should some Time be induced to think he had given up a good Servant to the Prevalency of a Faction against him. It is their Duty to bring him to a public Trial, and make him a public Example.—As there is a Duty from a Father to his Children, so there is from a King to his *People*. He is a *Father* of their *Rights*, a *Guardian* of their *Liberty*, and *Defender* of their *Honour*. Whoever invades or injures any of these, let him be who he will, is an Enemy to the King's Subjects; and therefore forfeits all Claim of the King's Protection. His Crimes are not distinct, but complicated. He is an *Enemy* to the *King*, as an *Enemy* to the *People*; as an *Enemy* to the *People*, he is an *Enemy* to *both*. The King may forgive the personal Injuries to *Himself*, but cannot the general Injuries to his *People*. Here his *Duty* must prevail over his *good Nature*, and *Affection* give Way to *Justice*.

\* The famous Enquiry was now coming on.

At this *Crisis* of Time, these Arguments may to some seem too rigid, and beyond the Moderation of an unbiass'd *Englishman*. If they are just, they are not too rigid; for all that an *Englishman* holds dear depends upon them; the Preservation of our *Constitution* at Home, and Recovery of our *Credit* Abroad. The first has been sapp'd by domestic Corruption, and the latter lost by our neighbouring Nations knowing the Prevalency of that Corruption.

To what End has the Nation vigorously exerted their Freedom, and made so noble a Stand against the Torrent of Venality; to what Purpose have they exclaim'd against iniquitous Measures, if they are to be passed over with a Compromisory League? \* This would be adding Evil to Evil, and laying a Foundation for future wicked Great Men to escape with Impunity. But I cannot think such a League can be form'd; it is sure contradictory to the Sentiments and Wishes of those whom the People look on as Enemies to Corruption, and Preservers of their Freedom. Shall a poor Pick-pocket swing for stealing a few Pence, and Wholesale Thieves, who rob a Nation, be esteem'd and honour'd? Can Villany be sanctify'd by *Greatness*, and *Impunity* purchas'd for deserving the greatest *Punishment*?—The Crimes of *private Rogues* terminate in the Death of single Persons; but *public Ones* ruin Millions, subvert the Constitution of Nations, create Discontents, Insurrections, and sometimes Civil Wars at Home; sometimes make them a Prey to watchful Enemies Abroad. The Man who has created any of these Evils in a Nation, by Corruption, or by persevering in the worst Measures, is guilty of Crimes which affect the Public; and therefore it is of the utmost Importance to the Security and Happiness of a Kingdom, in an *exemplary Manner* to punish such a *Criminal*.—To think,—to have the least Conception that such a Man should make a safe Retreat behind a *Throne*, and place his Prince before him as a *screen*, would be so scandalous a Reflection on the

\* Such a Thing was already talked of, tho' the Victory was so recent and honourable; and it soon appeared that the Report was not without Foundation.

*Prince*, that none but his Enemies would propagate.—Some *Princes* have indeed been made such Tools of; but then they were very weak, or very positive; and suffer'd for their Folly and Obstinacy.—Kings may and ought to shew *Mercy*; but then they must temper it with *Justice*.—*Lenity* in a Legislature is commendable, but then it must not be inconsistent with *Equity*. Without punishing public Crimes committed against a *Nation*, no *King* can be long *happy*, no *Nation* can be long *free*.

L. L.

BRUTUS Junior.



Numb. 13. Saturday, February 20, 174 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*From my own Apartment.*

I Find my Correspondence is like to be much more general than I at first expected. Three Weeks ago I gave my Readers a Letter from the *Man in the Moon*, and this Week I have received one from the other Side of *Styx*. It came to me by the Penny-Post: *Mercury*, I suppose, put it into some Office, in his late Excursions to *Downing-street*. It would be unpolite not to oblige even the Shade of a Lady, who was many Years a reigning Toast, and once stood a fair Chance of being Queen of *England*.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

**R**Hadamanthus, *Æacus*, *Minos*, and even *Pluto* himself, were so pleased with the honourable Mention you lately made of the Justice of these Regions, that I easily obtained Leave, upon *Mercury's* coming to *London*, to write one Letter on a very extraordinary Occasion, provided I would suffer it to be convey'd thro' your Paper to the Person it concerns. It is the only Favour of this Kind that has been granted for

E 3

some

some Years: But if you keep in with our old Dons here, I do not doubt but you will receive many Pacquets from Inhabitants of this World, who once made ne small Figure in yours.

*I am, &c.*

\* HORTENSIA, *Duchess of MAZARINE, to Lady*  
MARIA W——E.

*Madame,*

I gave me inexpressible Pleasure, upon Receipt of the last Advices from your Parts, to hear that your F——r has retreated with the same Dignity as my Uncle died. Not only to receive, but to confer Honours at the very Expiration of Power, is a Glory peculiar to Cardinal Mazarine and Sir R—— W——. Give me Leave to congratulate you on this Triumph over Birth, Family, and Merit. In Proportion as it enobles you, it degrades others, and will be an everlasting Mortification to all who boast of Antiquity or Blood. Nobility, whatever Notions some may entertain of it, is but the Shadow of Authority, and exists without it rather in Idea than in Reality. I am well informed that Knighthood, for some Years past, has been esquired by the most Lordly among you; and in my Uncle's Days a Priest was more than a Prince. The Cardinal dead, and the Knight departed, I was a *Duchess*, and you are a L——y. Well, it confirms the old *English* Proverb, which *St Evremont* has often repeated to me, that *Wh—es have Fortune, and B——ds have Luck.* — And who can say more than We ?

There is so much Similitude, *Madame*, in our Fortunes, as well as in the Characters of the Authors of them, that I could not omit this Opportunity of laughing with you, before those of your own *Quality* will condescend to it. Your *Ladyship* is not honoured with an empty Title, and Gold will dignify the meanest Blood. Our *Parents* had read with Understanding that

\* The conferring a certain high Rank on the Daughter of a hated Subject, when she had not a Claim to Leg-t-m-cy, will be easily known for the Foundation of this Letter.

Text



Text of Scripture, which enjoins every Man to *care for his own House*. How abundantly *mine* did it, the History of *France*, and some Millions of yearly Revenue among the Descendants of *Us* his Nieces, will abundantly testify. How amply yours has done it, let *H—ght—n—H—ll*, the *Ex—r*, the *Tr—y*, the *Plant—ns*, the —, the —, the —, and your *moderate* Fortune be Witnesses.

That idle Opinion, that the Good of his Country should be the chief Pursuit of a *M—r* of *St—c*, has been fully refuted by these two *Great Men*. Tho' the one was eighteen, and the other above twenty Years in full Possession of Power, it does not appear that such a Conceit came ever once into their Heads. They had both Families to provide for; came indigent into Business, and went out of it immensely opulent. Their *own Blood*, and their *own Clan*, made up the whole Community for which they cared, and a lucrative Place, especially if for Life, was an undoubted Characteristic of the Minister's *Relation*, or the Minister's *Tool*. Here was full Compensation for that universal Odium, with which the *Frenchman* died, and the *Englishman* withdrew.

We, *Madame*, at least, are in the Right to think so. What are to Us the *Pangs* of Conscience, the *Terrors* of a present or future Judgment, that are said to attend on the *last Moments* of ill-gotten or ill-employ'd Power? All the *Remorse* ends with Them, and the *Enjoyment* descends to Us. If a *thousand* Backs have been fleec'd to cloath *one*, does the Garment become less warm to the *Wearer*, who had no Hand in the Sheep-sheering? Can he, should he, in Prudence, return to each Sufferer its *own Share* of the Wool? No, my Dear; I hope you and I, tho' *Ladies*, are better Casuists. If our Ancestors knew how to *get*, I'll warrant we know how to *keep*, and that with a safe Conscience.

But I am inform'd, that, like all of *Us*, you do not entirely depend on your *own* Conduct, and are going to put yourself under Guardianship to the *other Sex* \*. I heartily wish you Joy of the Change; but think that

\* This was occasioned by a Report that was then current.

you, or whoever made it, are much too modest in the Choice of a Subject. The Daughter of a *Primier*, and but a C——s at last! Oh monstrous! My Uncle and I should not have thought of any thing but Blood R——l, or Ducal at least. He had six of us to provide for, and behold in what Manner he did it! One, a *Martinozzi*, he gave to his Highness of *Conti*, second Prince of the House of *Bourbon*; another to the Duke of *Mercœur*, likewise of Royal Descent; a third to the hereditary Prince of *Modena*. My Sister *Olympia*, after having been long below'd by *Lewis XIV*, fell to the Portion of *Eugene-Maurice* of *Savoy*, Count of *Soissons*, and was Mother of the famous Prince *Eugene*. She had the Honour of *pleasing* the Grand Monarch many Years after, when a *Widow*. *Mary*, our second Sister, the homliest of the whole Family, succeeded to the King's Affection, who *roar'd* and *blubber'd* for her like a great Calf, and had certainly married her but for his Mother, whose *Spanish* Pride would not submit to the Match: Her Niece, the Infanta, had like to have lost a Husband at the very Brink of Matrimony, and the Peace of the *Pyrenees*, after near a thirty Years War, to have been broken before Ratification, to make Room for *La Mancini* on the Throne of *France*. My Uncle, who would have been glad of the Honour, did not *dare* to accept it, and so huddled up a Match for her with the Constable *Colonna*. I was the youngest; but, tho' I say it, not the least a *Beauty*. Your *Charles II*, when a Fugitive abroad, demanded me of his Eminence, who boggled at the Alliance till that Prince was restored. Then indeed he would have accepted it, and offered with me some Millions of *Livres*: But it was too late, and I was thrown away upon *De la Porte*, Master of the Ordnance, who, for my Sake, was created Duke of *Mazarine*. This, all together, was somewhat like a *Family Establishment*: But an only Daughter, and no more than a C——s! Fie upon his *Honour*! Well, I should hardly forgive him.

Not but that I think you have, already, *enough* on your Hands for the present. I have known what it is to *begin to be Great*; and can sympathize with you under

der your Afflictions. My *Uncle*, powerful as himself was, when he had first *imported us* from *Italy*, was very cautious of shewing us in public. Tho' we were pretty *tractable Girls*, he knew it was impossible for us to become *Ladies* all at once: And to trip at the setting out he foresaw would expose both *Him* and *Us* to Contempt. What does he then, but get it whisper'd throughout the Palace, that he expected *We* should be look'd upon as *his* Children, and that the only Way to *his* Favour was by making Court to *Us*. He then instructed us what *Airs* to put on, and of whom to *take Place*; commanding us never to give up a Tittle we could once gain. He order'd us to *consider* ourselves in the same Character in which he was resolv'd to have us *consider'd*. We seem'd to do so in public, but had many a good Laugh among ourselves, where *Your Ladyship* for some Months was a standing Joke. At last however the Farce became serious, and when we saw that by *brazening* it out, and his Creatures *bullying* for us, we could pass for *real Ladies*, by mutual Consent we treated the World with more Respect.

Here, *Madame*, give me Leave to observe, *his late Honour* has been very impolitic. To defer your *Dignity* to the Expiration of his *Power*, will make it much more difficult for you to *put on*. Other *Ladies* will find Fault with the *Cut* of it, and say you wear it in an awkward Manner. *Her Gr—e* by Creation, a Twelve-Month ago, had sat easier than *Her L—p* by Courtesy now. Tho' many, even then, might have honestly criticis'd the *Garb*, there had been Sycophants enough to praise *it*, and to keep *You* in Countenance. Now I fear they are all fallen off, and You must trust to your *Front* and your *Protector*.

Having mentioned the Death of *his Honour's Power*, methinks I see great Affinity between that and the natural Death of *his Eminence*, whose Authority ended but with Life. Let us consider them both then as legally defunct, and take a little survey of them in their last Moments.

The Cardinal my Uncle, either really or seemingly touch'd with Compunction at his numerous Rapines,

when told by his Physicians he could no longer continue them, sent to the King a *most dutiful* Message, desiring his Majesty to take Possession of *all* that immense Wealth, which he owed *entirely* to his Royal Bounty. This last Act of Adulation melted the Monarch, and made him not only refuse the Offer, but give the expiring Minister a plenary Power of filling up that instant all the *vacant Posts*, and disposing of even the Reversion of all his *own* Abbies and Governments. This gave him the Opportunity of adding to our Fortunes, already more than princely, the vast Sums he collected by setting every Thing to *Sale*, or by devising to *Us*, or *our Husbands*, the Places themselves. By this single *Feint*, in a few Days, he acquired to *Us* more than the Revenue of Years. The Experiment, I must own, was somewhat dangerous to make; for had the King *accepted* the Donation, we had only been twice as rich as any other *Ladies*. But his Eminence, who knew his own Mastery, trusted to his good Fortune, and this last Card he ever play'd turn'd up a *Trump*.

I do not hear that *his late Honour*, in his *dying Moments*, made any Tender back to the Crown of what he had *levied* on that and the People: But the *sawning* Part of the Cardinal's Exit he seems to have exactly copied, at least if we may judge of the *Cause* from the *Effects*. The many Vacancies fill'd up between his *threaten'd* and *real* Demission, with the Names of the Persons who fill them, sufficiently indicate *who* had the Ascendancy during that Period, and to *what* that Ascendancy was owing. At last the formidable Knight *expired* in the E—l, and his Authority was no more. It was said in *France* that *Lewis XIV* succeeded Cardinal *Mazarine*, and we long to hear who will be the Successor of S— R— W—.

*I am, Madame,*

*From the Apartments of Queen  
Proserpine, whom I have  
the Honour to serve in the  
Quality of Necessary Woman.*

*N.B. We observe no Dates.*

*Your Ladyship's  
most obedient  
and most humble Servant,*

*MAZARINE.*

*P. S.*

P. S. Though you hold it wrong to speak ill of the Dead, I cannot help saying, that I think *His Honour* acted very imprudently, both for you and himself, in not fixing you early at Court. My Sisters, *Olympia* and *Mary*, are Instances of the Power that Women sometimes have there; and my Uncle, with all his *own Merit*, owed his Support not a little to the Passion they inspired. I suppose *your Ladyship* handsome, and if I can give any guess at your *Temper*, there is *nothing* you would not have done for the Sake of so good a F——r. B.

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The following Essay towards a Character which some already have attempted to draw, and which the Nation expects will be severely enquired into, I hope will at this Time be acceptable to my Readers; and that the Author of it will excuse the Liberties I have taken with a few Passages.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

IF Bonfires, Illuminations, Healths, Wishes of Success to a new M——y, are allow'd to be Demonstrations of the Sense of the People, we may affirm there never was a more general Joy than that which appear'd even upon the Rumour of a late Resignation or Dismission. This Event, we have Reason to think, will greatly conduce to the Good of *Great Britain*, and of all *Europe*; give a favourable Turn to the Affairs in *Germany*; embarrass *France*; and confound the Cardinal's Scheme for universal Slavery.

It requires great Delicacy to touch the Character of the Man no longer in Power. There is a Contrast of good and bad Qualities; a Kind of *Chiara-Oscuro* in the Composition of his *late Honour*. I will venture, after others, at a few Out-lines.

In private Life he is very amiable; in public detestable:—Without Pride as a Gentleman; excessively vain as a Minister.



He understands the Finances ; knows nothing of Trade :—Is informed of Domestic Affairs ; unacquainted with Foreign :—Artful in certain Contracts at Home ; impos'd upon in all Treaties Abroad.—

He came into the A———n with many Advantages, and might have done a great Deal of Good. Not one favourable Opportunity did he ever improve, and has been the Author of much Mischief.

He found the Nation flourishing ; he has brought it into Distress.—His Rise was owing to his Address, in insinuating himself into the Confidence of those above him ; his Disgrace may partly be imputed to his Weakness, in the Choice of those who have acted under him. He has trusted the Management of the A———y to unequal Hands, and fixed the Odium of an ill-conducted War upon himself. [To apply Cardinal Richelieu's Maxim, that a *Prime-Minister is best serv'd by Persons of inferior Abilities*, Cardinal Richelieu's Judgment is necessary.] Whereas by putting others to the Helm better qualify'd, the Merchants had been protected, and the *Spaniards* more vigorously push'd ; and, notwithstanding the many false Steps in his pacific Reign, by carrying on the War with Spirit, the Enemy had been forced to a Compliance with our just Demands. This Merit alone had inclined a generous good-natur'd People to forgive all former Errors : He might have retired without any Apprehensions, and enjoy'd a Title with Dignity.—

We praise his Affability, and condemn his Vanity, as the Cause of our Calamities. He has ever been the Dupe of Flatterers ; and tho' at present it may not be proper to name Persons incapable of their Employments, who have, to the great Prejudice and Dishonour of the Nation, stöle in upon his blind Side ; we may give one notorious Instance of this Foible injurious to Himself. It is in every one's Mouth \* that he has kept in extravagant Pay a Set of the vilest Scribblers that ever dipp'd their Pens in Politics, or fawn'd upon a M——r ; and the stupid Apologies of his Advocates in the *Gazetteer*

\* This was afterwards confirmed in the Report.

have, perhaps, done him more Harm than the witty  
Invectives of the *Craftsman* or *Common Sense*.

This is but a Sketch: You, or some other, may pre-  
sent the Public with a finish'd Picture. *I am, &c.*



Numb. 14. Saturday, February 27, 1741-2.

*Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.* Juv.

**A**lthough I do not inherit the great Qualities of the  
first Author of this miscellaneous Kind of Writing,  
the *Spectator*, yet there is an odd Cast of Humour in  
my Temper, for which he also was very remarkable.  
As I am no less inclin'd to Taciturnity, I often take a  
*Review* of Mankind, and enter the most public Meet-  
ings unobserved and unregarded. I hear their Opi-  
nions, discover their Passions, smile at their Particulari-  
ties, without laying open my own, which might per-  
haps seem to others as ridiculous as theirs seem to me.  
When I am in this Humour of taking a *Review*, I  
make a Tour from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, 'till I  
have fully indulg'd it: For in every one of these  
Places I am sure to find ample Subject of Amusement,  
according to their different Situation; the Sentiments  
varying according to the Places and Streets the Persons  
inhabit. The Gentlemen of the *Inns of Court* neither talk  
nor think like those of the *Tilt-Yard* and *Charing-Cross*.  
An *Evening Politician* at the *Smyrna* in *Pall-Mall*, is a  
quite different Character to a *Six-o-Clock-in-the-Morn-  
ing Statesman* at *Grigsby's* behind the Exchange; and  
you may as well compare the Inhabitants of *Great Bri-  
tain* and *Grand Cairo*, as those of *Westminster* and *Wap-  
ping*. When this Metropolis affords such Variety of  
Characters, he who walks through a third Part of it to  
make his Observations, must find Singularities enough  
to amuse him. The other Day I made one of these  
Tours, a Kind of Journal of which I here give my  
Readers,

Readers. Most of them I believe will think this modern Picture is just in the Design, though it may not be highly finish'd. All I shall say is, the Characters are *Originals*, and drawn from *Nature*.

A JOURNAL of some of the TRAVELS of  
THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq; With Remarks, Political, Philosophical, and Medicinal.

ON Saturday, February 20, 1742, about Seven in the Morning, I set out from my Lodgings in *Spring-Gardens* for *Slaughter's* in *St Martin's Lane*: The Couriers had brought in all their Mails, which were perusing with the greatest Attention, by the neighbouring Tradesmen who meet there early for their Dish of Chocolate and Dish of Politics. I observ'd in them all a violent Impatience to get the Start of half a Minute's Intelligence of another. However, I observ'd their Genius's for Intelligence differ'd, and some were chiefly attach'd to *Foreign Affairs*, while others read only the *Domestic*. As I was thoughtfully supping my Coffee, a little old Gentleman scream'd in my Ear, — *Rare News, i' faith. — I always said, at the long Run, it wou'd be so. — Mr What-d'ye-call'em, The Queen of Hungary's Forces have beat the French and Bavarians.* — On this he launch'd out into Praises of that Princess, and, with great Heat, vow'd how zealously he was attach'd to her Interest; which, no Doubt, must be of great Service to her, as this most potent Friend and Ally dealt in *Hungary Water*, at a little Shop the Corner of a neighbouring Court. — A Man on my other Side was no less anxious about the Articles of *Home News*, to find out, on the Change of the Ministry, who were to have Places, and who were to lose them. After he had ask'd me several Questions of whether I heard such and such Gentlemen were to be continued or not, to all which I could give no satisfactory Answer, — *Pray, Sir,* says I to him, *are these Gentlemen your Friends, that you seem so concern'd for them?* — *Friends!* No, replies he, shaking his Head, *they are no Friends.* — *You must know, Sir, that I am a Coachmaker:*  
I trusted

*I trusted them for Landaus and Chariots, and was to be paid out of their Salaries and P—ns—ns, with an Allowance of Five per Cent, for waiting three Years for my Money.—I shall now never receive a Farthing of my Money, and besides have all my Landaus and Chariots return'd on my Hands. — I am the most unfortunate Dog that ever liv'd.—But, whisper'd I, as some lay down their Equipages on this Occasion, will not others for the same Reason set theirs up? Why that, cry'd he, I thought of, and look every Day to see who is promoted; but, Plague on it, I can find none but Gentlemen of great Rank and Fortune, who kept Equipages before.—Cou'd I again find some petty Clerks of Offices made Commissioners, or some obscure Persons nominated Envoys and Plenipotentiaries, I might be in some hopes; but all those Things are over now.—Then in a Pet he flung the Paper on the Table, and march'd off.—I could not help smiling, to find my Coachmaker as much interested in the Change of the British Ministry, as my little Hungary Water Merchant was about the Success of her Hungarian Majesty.*

I was reflecting on the Zeal of One, and the Disappointment of the Other, when I was alarm'd with the Noise of two Persons in a loud Debate. On looking round, I perceived the first Set of Statesmen were retired, and a new had succeeded. I saw most of the Company draw near the Men in Debate, and attentively listen to them. Curiosity led me to the same Quarter, where I found an old Frenchman and a Welch Gentleman sputtering at one another (as Witwou'd in the Play says) like two roasting Apples. — The Cambro-Briton had it seems very boldly advanced, that if fifteen thousand English Forces were sent into Flanders, it would overthrow all the Cardinal's Politics; and, in one Campaign, reduce the Power of France to the same Ebb it was at the End of the last War.—*Monfieur*, who had the Honour of France and the Grand Monarch at Heart, had laugh'd at the Assertion; and, with a long Detail of Politics, of Campaigns, of Sieges, of Barrier-Towns, of Marches and Counter-marches, endeavour'd to prove that beating the French was not so easy a Matter;

Readers. Most of them I believe will think this modern Picture is just in the Design, though it may not be highly finish'd. All I shall say is, the Characters are *Originals*, and drawn from *Nature*.

A JOURNAL of some of the TRAVELS of  
THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq; With Remarks, Political, Philosophical, and Medicinal.

ON Saturday, February 20, 1742, about Seven in the Morning, I set out from my Lodgings in *Spring-Gardens* for *Slaughter's* in *St Martin's Lane*: The Couriers had brought in all their Mails, which were perusing with the greatest Attention, by the neighbouring Tradesmen, who meet there early for their Dish of Chocolate and Dish of Politics. I observ'd in them all a violent Impatience to get the Start of half a Minute's Intelligence of another. However, I observ'd their Genius's for Intelligence differ'd, and some were chiefly attach'd to *Foreign Affairs*, while others read only the *Domestic*. As I was thoughtfully supping my Coffee, a little old Gentleman scream'd in my Ear, — *Rare News, i' faith.* — *I always said, at the long Run, it wou'd be so.* — Mr What-d'ye-call'em, *The Queen of Hungary's Forces have beat the French and Bavarians.* — On this he launch'd out into Praises of that Princess, and, with great Heat, vow'd how zealously he was attach'd to her Interest; which, no Doubt, must be of great Service to her, as this most potent Friend and Ally dealt in *Hungary Water*, at a little Shop the Corner of a neighbouring Court. — A Man on my other Side was no less anxious about the Articles of *Home News*, to find out, on the Change of the Ministry, who were to have Places, and who were to lose them. After he had ask'd me several Questions of whether I heard such and such Gentlemen were to be continued or not, to all which I could give no satisfactory Answer, — *Pray, Sir,* says I to him, *are these Gentlemen your Friends, that you seem so concern'd for them?* — *Friends!* No, replies he, shaking his Head, *they are no Friends.* — *You must know, Sir, that I am a Coachmaker:*  
*I trusted*



*I trusted them for Landaus and Chariots, and was to be paid out of their Salaries and P—ns—ns, with an Allowance of Five per Cent, for waiting three Years for my Money.—I shall now never receive a Farthing of my Money, and besides have all my Landaus and Chariots return'd on my Hands. — I am the most unfortunate Dog that ever liv'd:—*But, whisper'd I, as some lay down their Equipages on this Occasion, will not others for the same Reason set theirs up? *Why that,* cry'd he, *I thought of, and look every Day to see who is promoted; but, Plague on it, I can find none but Gentlemen of great Rank and Fortune, who kept Equipages before.—Cou'd I again find some petty Clerks of Offices made Commissioners, or some obscure Persons nominated Envoys and Plenipotentiaries, I might be in some hopes; but all those Things are over now.—*Then in a Pet he flung the Paper on the Table, and march'd off.—I could not help smiling, to find my Coachmaker as much interested in the Change of the *British* Ministry, as my little *Hungary Water Merchant* was about the Success of her *Hungarian Majesty*.

I was reflecting on the Zeal of One, and the Disappointment of the Other, when I was alarm'd with the Noise of two Persons in a loud Debate. On looking round, I perceived the first Set of *Statesmen* were retired, and a new had succeeded. I saw most of the Company draw near the Men in Debate, and attentively listen to them. Curiosity led me to the same Quarter, where I found an old *Frenchman* and a *Welsh Gentleman* sputtering at one another (as *Witwou'd* in the Play says) like two roasting Apples. — The *Cambro-Briton* had it seems very boldly advanced, that if fifteen thousand *English* Forces were sent into *Flanders*, it would overthrow all the *Cardinal's* Politics; and, in one Campaign, reduce the Power of *France* to the same Ebb it was at the End of the last War.—*Monsieur*, who had the Honour of *France* and the Grand Monarch at Heart, had laugh'd at the Assertion; and, with a long Detail of Politics, of Campaigns, of Sieges, of Barrier-Towns, of Marches and Counter-marches, endeavour'd to prove that beating the *French* was not so easy a Matter;

ter; and, with a Sneer, ask'd, *What could fifteen thousand English, join'd by fifteen thousand other Troops, do against three score thousand French?*—The Descendant of *Cadwallader*, enrag'd at this, in great Wrath and Dudgeon reply'd,—*That as one Briton could beat five Frenchmen, fifteen thousand English were a Match for seventy-five thousand French.*—Immediately they drew their Armies into the Field: *Monsieur* gave the Command of his to the Marshal *de Maillebois*; his Antagonist confer'd the Command of his on the D—— of *A——le*. Battles were fought; Towns were taken; Sieges were rais'd; in five Minutes the *British* Hero had made his Army Masters of *Flanders*, and was in full March to the Gates of *Paris*.—On the contrary, *Monsieur*, like his Countrymen in the last War, denied every Victory that his Enemy claim'd, and sung *Io Triumphe* at every Defeat.—When the *Frenchman* had spent almost all his Ammunition of broken *English*, and the *Briton* spilt almost all his Chocolate by throwing down his Cup with his Elbow, as he was marking out the Lines for a new Camp, a Cessation of Arms was agreed on, with this Stipulation, that if the D—— of *A——le* beat *Maillebois*, or *Maillebois* the D——, on or before the last Day of next *June*, *Monsieur le Grand* was to pay to Mr *Davy Morgan*, or Mr *Morgan* to *Monsieur le Grand*,—one Dish of Coffee.—As the Company were dissipating, a tall meagre Man, in a shabby black Coat, pulls me by the Sleeve, and whispers me,—*What two Fools are these, to set two great Generals together by the Ears, when, to my certain Knowledge, the Duke of——* [Here he whisper'd me so low I could not hear him] *is gone over to sign a Peace!*—*But there is a Set of Puppies who pretend to be in all Secrets, and are in none*—'Tis very true, says I, laying down my Two-pence at the Bar, and left my Secret monger with the News-mongers, to settle the Affairs of *Europe* as they thought proper.

From Nine to Eleven I dropt into several other Coffee-houses, and still found the Topic was political. The Humour in general was not much changed from what I met with before: All were varying a System of

*Mra-*

*Measures with the Men.*—The Queen of Hungary was successful; the *Ballance of Power* restored; and Great Britain could curb the Ambition of France. — I own myself so much an *Englishman*, that the most im- political Assertions of this Nature gave me Pleasure. I was highly indulging at ———'s at *Temple-Bar*, in the heroic Speech of a *Kentish* Man, who had all the noble Spirit of Mr *David Morgan*, when an old, pale, wither'd Skeleton of a Man, the Picture of *Despair*, sat down by me. He wink'd at me several Times, and jogg'd me by the Elbow (while my Man of *Kent* was giving Insurance against all Vicissitudes of Fortune, and presag'd nothing but Victories and Trophies)—as much as to say, He is out in his *Politics*.—When he had the first Opportunity to put in a Word, he cry'd, *Ab! Gentlemen* (shrugging up his Shoulders) *our Affairs, say what you will, have but an ill Aspect. We are not sure of the Victories ascrib'd to the Queen of Hungary:—We are sure the French are dangerous Enemies:—Their Fleet is combin'd with Spain:—Ad—! H——— dar'd not attack them:—They may make an Invasion!—'Tis possible:—Lord defend us from a Popish Pretender!*—I immediately found he was one of those Politicians of *Don Dismallo Thickskullo de Halfwitto's* Family, who dealt in nothing but sad News, and was very proud of proving his Country was in a fair Way of being ruin'd. I was at a loss to account for such a Humour, till a Bookseller who sat by me, on asking the Reason, answer'd me softly,—*That Man, Sir, was one of Sir R—— W———'s Running Puffs.*—*As he is now (as he styles it) out of the Ministry, he would as stupidly insinuate Falsities against the Present, as maintain them for the Last.*

Wearry of Politics, I dropt into *Child's* a little after Twelve, where I expected to hear much Erudition from the Gentlemen of the College of Physicians, and Fellows of the Royal Society, who frequent it. Two very grave Men—(no matter for describing them where they are all grave) sat down by me, and talk'd of forming some new Process.—As I knew something of Physic, I gave my Attention.—Says the first Doctor,—

*I in-*

*I intend to practice in a new Way; and by Transfusion of Spirits, so transfer the Product of one Man's Brain, as it shall have the same Qualities on that of another.—*Exemp. gratiâ.—*Would I give the Patient an Opiate, I prescribe a Decoction of some dull Fellow's Brains, which he has scatter'd on Paper. — Parson Whitefield's Journals have done Wonders.—A Page and a half, or at most two Pages, is equal to half a Drachm of Laudanum.—In the same Manner I prepare Purgatives and Emetics, &c. In short, proper Extractions from Men's Books and Speeches answer the whole Materia Medica.*

So new a Kind of Philosophy and Pharmacy made me break through my Taciturnity. With great Complaisance I desir'd they would excuse my Impertinence; but as they did not seem to make what they talk'd on a Secret, I should be glad to hear something more of this new System of Physic.—Sir, says the Inventor of it, *I make it no Secret: I am not like some of the Faculty: I am communicative:—Here is a Copy of the principal Receipts I have prescribed:—They all had a—Probatum est.—Here, Sir, (giving me a Paper out of his Pocket-Book) here they are. A tolerable Judgment in your Literary Simples and Oratory Compounds may make you as good a Physician as myself. I cannot stay, being oblig'd to wait on the Earl of O—d, to prepare a strong Opiate, he not having had any Rest these six Weeks.* L. L.



Numb. 15. Saturday, March 6, 1741-2.

— *Ingenuas didicisse subtiliter Artes*  
Emollit Mores. ——— OVID.

The following Essay is from the same Hand who oblig'd us with that on *Politeness* in our fourth Paper, and

and we make no Question will be equally acceptable to our Readers.

THE World is divided between two Sorts of People, the *Men of Wit* and the *Men of Business*, whose Schemes of Life are so very opposite, that they are generally thought to be inconsistent with each other. I know not to what unaccountable Prepossession to impute it, that the greater Part of the World is inclined to believe none but the Dregs and Refuse of Mankind are fit to govern it; and that to be fit for Business, a Man must be incapable of every thing else: But certain it is, that this hopeful Doctrine has many Advocates, and I believe there is scarce a single Person whose private Acquaintance will not furnish him with manifold Instances, to justify the Truth of what I am asserting.

I am led into this Train of Thinking, by a Conversation that I happen'd a few Evenings ago to fall into, where a young Gentleman, with all the Advantages of a good Genius, a modest Deportment, and a Penetration and Soundness of Judgment capable of any Thing, was scarce regarded; while an awkward unmannerly Booby that sat opposite to him, and who had taken up two Hours of our Time in giving us a Genealogy of his Horses, with an Account how he managed them himself, and the Prices of the Grain with which he fed them, obtain'd the Character of a sober young Man, and one that took great Care of his Affairs.

I knew an eminent Tradesman of *London*, who, in the Choice of his Apprentices, would either pick out a Boy who was scarce able to tell the Letters that composed his own Name, or else a Lad of a good Deal of Spirit and Vivacity: All between these two Extremes he carefully avoided; and he was so happy as always to have Servants that minded his Business. His Reasons he would tell me were these; "When, *says he*, I have "a dull thick-headed Boy, his Incapacity for Pleasure, "and an Aversion to Idleness (which, tho' it does not "always appear, is natural to every one) force him to "be busy. He has no other End in what he does "than



" than to avoid Thinking; an insupportable Fatigue!  
 " unless, which is frequently the Case as he grows up,  
 " he is seiz'd with a Passion for Money.—If a Lad  
 " of Genius and Spirit falls to my Share, for the first  
 " Year or two (setting aside a Regard to his Morals and  
 " Behaviour) I leave him to himself, and generally by  
 " that Time his own Good Sense dictates to him the  
 " Necessity of applying to what he has chosen as the  
 " Means of a Livelihood. His good Taste and Viva-  
 " city furnish him with innocent Amusements enough  
 " to prevent his thinking Business a Toil; and which,  
 " as they enable him to return to it with Vigour, I  
 " am seldom against. Soon after he begins to look on  
 " Negligence, and Ignorance of his Profession, as a  
 " Reproach to his Character; and for the Remainder of  
 " his Time I am serv'd with Fidelity and Chearfulness."

The Behaviour of the duller Part of the World would  
 be more tolerable, were it not attended with the great-  
 est Affectation of Wisdom, and Contempt of others; and  
 these they carry so far, as to make even their Defects  
 redound to their Credit. When a Man by Industry  
 (which perhaps has been the Effect only of the most  
 profound Stupidity, and a total Disregard of what the  
 Wise and Judicious esteem) has arriv'd at any conside-  
 rable Employment, or otherwise improved his Circum-  
 stances, he immediately thinks he is beholden for his  
 Success to nothing but his own Wisdom, and treats  
 every one who pursues a different Scheme of Life, and  
 indulges himself in a moderate Enjoyment of its inno-  
 cent Delights, as an indolent and improvident Fel-  
 low, who is of no Service to the Public. If a Man  
 has but the Misfortune to be capable of Pleasure in the  
 Perusal of *Virgil* or *Horace*; if he can be delighted once  
 a Month with spending as much Time of an Evening  
 at a Theatre as might suffice to drive a Bargain, and  
 partaking of the noblest Entertainment that human Na-  
 ture can enjoy; if he knows any other Felicity than  
 that of gratifying a boundless Ambition, or a fordid  
 Avarice; I say, if any of these be his Case, Heaven  
 have Mercy upon him! for he is to all Intents and Pur-  
 poses lost to the Interests of this World.

" For

“ For my Part (says *Hebes*) I am a Stranger to what  
 “ the World means by Genius and Taste, and the po-  
 “ lite Arts; I prefer the looking over my Accounts, and  
 “ computing my Gains from Time to Time, to the  
 “ reading of trumpery Verses, or enquiring what the  
 “ *Greeks and Romans* (who it is impossible I can ever  
 “ get any Thing by) did two or three thousand Years  
 “ ago. What is it to me whether *Homer* or *Milton* be  
 “ the best Poet? Will my Family be e’er the better  
 “ cloath’d for having half a Score paltry Pictures hung  
 “ in my Dining Room? Or will my Word go e’er the  
 “ further for my going a Mile to a Playhouse, and  
 “ there sitting idle two or three Houres, while a Num-  
 “ ber of Men and Women, extravagantly dress’d, are  
 “ talking to one another in a Dialect which I can nei-  
 “ ther relish nor understand?”

I should be glad to be informed now what Degree  
 of real Wisdom a Person of this Temper can be sup-  
 posed to possess? Is it owing to the great Command he  
 has of himself, that he is thus unattentive to the Allure-  
 ments of Pleasure? Does he, by the Assistance of Rea-  
 son and Philosophy, endeavour to preserve an equal  
 Temper in his Soul? or are his Views more exalted  
 than those of other Men? Does he despise the Enjoy-  
 ments of this Life only that he may prepare himself  
 for those of another?—And yet, forsooth, all this Gra-  
 vity, this Stupidity and Dullness of Imagination are to  
 be palm’d upon us for the most consummate Prudence.  
 In short, he who has lost the Use of his Limbs is as  
 much intitled to Praise for not rambling abroad; and  
 he that, having pall’d his Stomach, entertains a Dis-  
 relish for the most delicate Food, deserves as much to  
 be commended for his Abstinence, as a Man of this Tem-  
 per for his Neglect of the Pleasures I am speaking of.

I would not be understood to level my Invectives at  
 an honest Industry, or to ridicule that Labour and Care  
 by which Families are maintain’d and Cities flourish. I  
 am only exposing the grave plodding Coxcomb, who  
 pursues Business he knows not why; and who, because  
 he can taste no Pleasure himself that is not connected  
 with an immediate Gain, despises those that can. I am  
 an

an Enemy to Debauchery, Extravagance, and Idleness, and am an Advocate for only a moderate Use of those innocent Delights that God has put into our Power, and which it is not beneath the Dignity of even a Philosopher to take ; and if He has, to alleviate the Cares and Fatigues of Life, adapted Pleasures to each of the different Organs of Sense ; if He has given us the Arts of Poetry, Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, Music, &c, to delight the Imagination and charm the Soul, Why should we make a Merit of our Incapacity to taste them ? Or why, when we have an elegant Entertainment set before us, should we not only sullenly refuse to eat ourselves, but call others Fools for not doing so too ?

He only (with regard to the present Case) deserves the Epithet of Wise, who, having a good Genius, and a Soul susceptible of these Pleasures, is so much the Master of his Inclination, as not to neglect the more important Concerns of Life for them ; who is capable of pursuing Business with Vigour, and of relishing the most refin'd Enjoyments. There is a certain natural Sagacity and Quickness of Sense inseparable from such Men, which is of infinite Service in transacting the Affairs of the World ; and is as much superior to that second-hand Discretion which the Vulgar mistake for Wisdom, as the Faculties of Mankind are to that Instinct whereby Brutes are actuated : And I dare be confident, whatever the Severe and Morose may think, that were we to examine the Histories of private Families, or those of Kingdoms and Empires, we should find that most of the great Fortunes acquir'd by the One, and of the important Events brought about by the Other, were owing to the superior Abilities of this Kind of Men. The Life of *Henry the Fourth of France* affords us a remarkable Instance of this Solidity and Gaiety in the same Person. It was the Characteristic of that King, that he was the wisest Prince, the bravest Soldier, and the finest Gentleman in *Europe*. During a Reign almost wholly taken up with the Fatigues of War, he cherish'd and cultivated the Arts of Peace ; and so little did the Defence of his Crown, and the Liberties of his Subjects break in upon the natural Calmness and Sere-

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nity of his Mind, that he would be seen dancing at a Ball at Midnight, and at the Head of his Army by Day-break. A Man of such a narrow Soul as *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, who was so far mistaken in his Notions of real Greatness, as to believe it consisted in the destroying his Fellow-Creatures, and who thought no Man could be brave that had any Thing of soft and humane in his Breast, might perhaps have censured this as light, and beneath the Dignity of a King and a General; and yet *Henry*, before his Death, had been at the Siege of above two hundred Places; was engaged in seven different Wars, in which he had, at Times, fifty five Armies upon him; and always obtain'd a complete Victory, or some considerable Advantage. He had formed a Scheme for reducing the *Turks*, so as to spread Terror thro' the whole Empire; and was so good a Manager of the public Revenues, that besides punctually discharging his Debts, which amounted to upwards of fifty Millions\*, he left behind him almost double that Sum, and his People in a Condition to furnish as much more, without imposing any new Taxes on them.

I could (were I disposed to be tedious) produce several Instances among the Ancients, both *Greeks* and *Romans*, of Persons who have acquired, besides an immortal Fame for their Excellence in the fine Arts, a Reputation for the greatest Wisdom and Integrity in the Management of public Affairs; but I flatter myself that by this Time it may be sufficient to mention, that of our own Nation *Sir Philip Sidney*, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, *Milton*, the Earl of *Clarendon*, *Dr Sprat*, *Mr Cowley*, the Lord Chancellors *Somers* and *Cowper*, the Earls of *Dorset* and *Halifax*, and others whom the Reader may easily recollect, are convincing Proofs that dull Men are not the only Persons capable of Business, and that Wit and Genius are not such despicable Things as the World imagines.

J. H.

\* Of Livres.

Numb.



Numb. 16. Saturday, March 13, 1741-2.

*Curæ non ipsâ in Morte relinquat.* VIRG.

THE Dialogues of *Lucian* have been universally esteem'd excellent Pieces of Humour; but few have consider'd them as historical Satires on the Men and Times he wrote in. Tho' he lays his visionary Scenes among the *Elysian Shades*, or on the Banks of the *Styx*, and the Characters who speak are the Ghosts of dead Men; yet I believe his Cotemporaries were very well acquainted with every Character they drew.

There is one Dialogue, which has given me as much Pleasure as any, where *Lucian* introduces his Characters, just after Death, being led up by *Mercury* to *Charon's* Ferry-Boat, with all their worldly *Affections*, *Dresses*, &c. which they possessed when living. Here is a real Picture of Life; you see all the Characters as they are: Here they are to be strip'd of all their darling Vanities and Amusements, before they enter into *Charon's* Boat, being oblig'd to pass naked into the other World, and leave behind them all they most valued and esteemed on Earth. The odd Perplexity and Distress which foolish Mortals shew on such an Occasion, is with a great deal of *Pleasantry* and *Satire* described; and, at the same Time, a very instructive Moral is conveyed. A Thought of this Kind, so capable of giving new Hints and new Characters, may not be unentertaining to my Readers, if pursued without keeping strictly to the Plan of the Original. I recommend therefore to them, that they would co-operate with me in *Imagination*; and, for a while, exercise a *visionary Power*, which the Mind can do sometimes in a lively Manner, when Fancy represents the imaginary Scene to View, and we see before us every Object described.

Suppose



Suppose then we see the River *Styx*, and *Charon*, with his Boat, transporting over the *Souls* into another World. All are pressing forward for a Passage, and he keeping them off with a Pole, calling out to *Mercury*, who brought them down, to keep them in Order, and take Care they brought nothing which was contraband. On the opening such a Scene, a Dialogue in the following Manner may not seem unnatural.

A DIALOGUE after the Manner of LUCIAN.

CHARON, MERCURY, and—*Ghosts of every Occupation.*

CHARON. **K**EEP back,—keep back, there.—Where are you all coming with your Bag and Baggages, when you know you are to carry nothing but yourselves?—So ho! *Mercury!* what are you about?—You are a pretty Fellow to keep Peace and Decorum: Why don't you come and examine these People, that I may know who and what to take in?—Stand off, Women:—Bless me, what a Crowd of you! all laden with Trunks, Band-boxes, and Bundles of Cloaths!—Pride and Vanity to the last.—Hollo! *Mercury!* you are mightily engag'd with that smirking Damsel.

MERCURY. Patience, good *Charon*; you shall have your Freight immediately.—Gentlemen and Ladies, stand off: You shall all have a Passage, never fear; but I must take a Survey and Examination of you first.

CHARON. Begin then with that very fine Lady you hold in your Hand. You seem so fond of her, you are unwilling to part with her: But fine as she is, she'll make but an odd Figure when disrob'd of those Airs and Trinkets she has put on.

GHOST of a LADY.—Impudent Fellow!—I hope Mr *Mercury*, you will pay that *Davoir* to me, as is due to a Woman of my Rank!

MERCURY. Your Rank, my Lady, gives no more Distinction here, than some other Qualities which you have always set a high Value on; and your Affectation of Title seems as ridiculous to me, as your Affectation of Beauty and Virtue.

GHOST of LADY. Why, Sir, are either of them to be call'd in question now? Has not the World always allow'd me the Character of a fine Woman; and who ever impeach'd my Honour?

MERCURY. Come, Madam, lay aside your fine Birth-day Cloaths.—Nay, no Hesitation; off with them.—Now that fine Necklace, Solitaire, and Earrings.—Where now are all those *fine Airs* you used to give yourself in the Side-Boxes and Assemblies?—Not one of them to shew.—What is that little Box you have conceal'd in your Hand?—I must have it.—Ha! ha! ha!—Your Ladyship's *Complexion*.—With this, fair Lady, you must divest yourself of your *false Charms*.—Now where's your *Beauty*?

CHARON. Bless me! what a Change! From twenty-five to five and forty. They are such an odd Part of Mortality, there is no knowing what they are made of. The Men must have a glorious Time with them, when they are living.

MERCURY. So you'd say, *Charon*, if you knew all; for neither their Persons nor their Tempers are the same many Hours together, as their poor Husbands wofully experience.—Hold, Madam, there's your *Virtue*.

CHARON. Oh! you may let her take that with her; it will not over-burden my Boat.

MERCURY. Those *demure Looks* have long enough pass'd for *Modesty*; that Tongue has talk'd enough of *Honour*. Let's peep into your Heart.—What's here?—An *Assignment* made last *Masquerade* with my Lord *Rattle*.—Here, here, take this very fine Lady and stow her among the other modern fine Ladies, who look on all the Sex with Contempt, and are the most contemptible Part of it themselves.—Hold, Madam; Where are you going?

2d GHOST. Sure, Sir, I may pass: I have only a *Hoop* on.

CHARON. Wounds! *Mercury*, what are you about? That monstrous Thing, fourteen Yards in Circumference, will fill up my Boat, and I shall be at a Loss how to stow any other Passengers.

2d GHOST. Indeed, Master *Charon*, I can manage it  
so

so that it shall take but little Room : I can turn it up over my Head on each Side, as I us'd to do in my Chariot.—I'll step in :—You shall see.

CHARON. Why you have turn'd it over the Heads of half a Dozen Men at once.—I don't understand such Doings. I'll have none such here, whatever you have in your Coaches and Chariots at *London*.

MERCURY. You must pull it off, Madam : You must not carry even the Appearance of Indecency to the other Side *Styx*. Now you are out of the World, you need not value being out of the Fashion.

3d GHOST. Pray, Mr Mercury, as I have parted with every thing in the World, Husband and Children, without much Compunction, give me Leave to carry poor *Psyche*, my little Lap-Dog.—'Tis worse than Death to part with her.

4th GHOST. And pray let me have only my new Watch and Equipage.

5th GHOST. And me this Pack of Cards, Several together —And me.—And me.—And me.—

MERCURY. Silence, Ladies. I would be as complaisant as possible ; but you set your Hearts on such Trifles, as I am asham'd to see you attach'd to them any longer.—These have been the chief Engagements of your whole Lives.—If any *Maid* would carry with her the dearest Treasure of a Virgin ; with all my Heart. If any *Wife* retains a Love and Affection for her Husband and Children ;—let her retain it.—If any *Widow* bears about her the least Desire of seeing her former Spouse ; I will not deprive her of it.—In short, Ladies, I give you leave to transport all your *Virtues*.

CHARON. Ay, ay, that you may ; for I can stow them all in a small Compass. Come, step in, Ladies, step in.—Umph ! —Not much Luggage I find.—What, old Grandmother, are you hugging up there ?—

GHOST. Grandmother !—Marry come up, Mr Sancebox.—What I was hugging up was the dearest Treasure of a *Virgin*.

CHARON. A Virgin of fourscore,—ha ! ha ! ha !

MERCURY. She was never ask'd the Question, *Charon* : She is as handsome now as she was at Eighteen.

CHARON. Thou Mirrour of Chastity step in.

GHOST. What, *Mercury*, is all your Time to be taken up with these Impertinents? Pray clear the Way, that I may step in.

MERCURY. You speak with an Air of Importance. Pray who are you?

GHOST. One, Sir, who, though I never was here before, have sent some thousands hither in my Life.

MERCURY. What are you? A Statesman who has delighted in War, or a General who has commanded Armies?

GHOST. No, Sir, a *Physician*.—You must have heard of *Doctor*—

MERCURY. We hear of so many *Doctors*, we can't remember Names. There is scarce a Ghost comes down but mentions some *Doctor* or other; and not greatly to their Credit, I assure you.

GHOST. But, Sir, few know my Name: Though I had some hundreds of Patients, my Practice was, for the Good of Mankind, in Secret. I dispersed my *Nostrums* and *Specificks* by the Hands of others, and publish'd to the World where they might to be had.

MERCURY. Your Servant, Mr *Doctor*.—What? You are the *advertizing Physician*, who fill'd half the Newspapers to tell where your Pills, Bolus's, and Electuaries were to be had all the Town over, from the Gentlewoman's in *Haydon-yard*, to the *Tay-shop* at *St Clement's*.—But let me strike these *Panacea's*, *Tinctura Mirifica's*, &c, out of those Advertisements you have in your Hand, and then pass on.

GHOST. What are you doing: You strike out all my Learning: I am nothing without those hard Words: I'm ruin'd; I'm undone, This was all I had to shew I had ever been a Physician.

CHARON. You Dog, I have a good Mind to crack your Sconce for you.—

MERCURY. Hey-day! What is the Matter *Charon*?

CHARON. This Fellow comes up slyly to me; tips me the Wink; shakes me by the Hand; and slipping these two yellow Pieces into it, went, at the same Time, to slip into the Boat.

MERCURY.

MERCURY. Who are you, Sir, that dare attempt introducing *Bribery* and *Corruption* into these Parts?—Methinks I shou'd know you too.—Have not I seen you at a certain late Great Man's *Levee*?—Ay, ay.—You are the Man that was a great *Election Jobber*; that was so valued by your Patron for *touching* cleverly.—What immense Sums did he lavish away? and I think did not succeed neither.

GHOST. No, Sir. We lost it by about *sixteen*.—Those curs'd Things, call'd *public Spirit* and *Independency*, render'd all our Pains ineffectual. *Bribery* and the Patron of *Bribery* have lost their Power.—Upon which, as I had no *Patent Place* for Life, I went out of Business.—When my *Pension* ceased, my Heart broke.

MERCURY. And yet, I find, you had no bad Job of it; for I see those Papers in your Hand are *Bank Bills*.—Let me see them.—A *hundred thousand Pounds*!—Break thy Heart, Fellow, with a hundred thousand Pounds in thy Possession!

GHOST. Alas! Sir, they are not *mine*.—In my last Moments my *old Master* put them into my Hand, and bid me employ them as well as I cou'd with *Rhadamanthus*; for he expected soon to follow me.—*These*, cries he, with a sorrowful Countenance, \* *will do me no Service with my Judges in this World*; try, good Mr Bribe-well, if you can touch *those* in the next.

MERCURY. You may freely part with them. They will not pass in the Country to which you are bound:—So farewell good Mr Bribe-well. I shall send the Bills to the *Ex—q—r*, to help supply the many hundred thousands he has taken from it.—Who are those you are bowing to so respectfully?

GHOST. Gentlemen of the A—y, Ad—r—y, Tr—y, Ex—e, C—ms, En—ys, E—b—ff—rs, &c, who were under my Patron's Influence.

MERCURY. 'Tis very well.—Come, Gentlemen, off with your Disguises; they cannot stand you in stead any longer. On the Touch of my *Caduceus* let all Things appear as they really are.

\* It is thought the Ghost, or his Amanuensis, was a little mistaken in this Place.



CHARON. Ho! ho! ho! What a Metamorphosis is here! G—r—ls are turn'd *Boys*, and Ad—r—ls *old Women*; C—ff—rs are degraded into *Money-droppers*, and En—ys and Pl-n-p-t-nt---s into *Jack-puddings*. —Hip! *Mercury*; a Word in your Ear.—Who is that Man in a black Vestment with white Sleeves, and a four-corner'd Cap on. He seems *devout* on his *Knees*. Those Papers, I warrant, are all holy Prayers, or good Writings. Can there be any Change in him?

MERCURY. We'll see, *Charon*.—I'll touch him.—No: His Knees are not bent to an offended God, but a justly-offended Mortal.—Hark what he says.

GHOST. *I am a very Rascal, Sir, and injur'd you basely. I have fallen down before the Golden Calf, and worshipped it.—My Transgressions are manifold. Forgive my Trespasses; and through thy great Mercy let my Iniquities be done away.\**

Another GHOST. *I am as much ashamed, my L—d, at your Manner of asking Pardon, as for your having Occasion to do it.—Out of Regard to your Character and Profession—Repent and be forgiven.*

CHARON. Bless me! Who would expect such a Scene? What cou'd he have done?

MERCURY. You see those *Letters*. Perhaps you may think they are *Pastoral* ones.—Let's try.—No: They are all illegal political ones to influence an Election.—But here he comes. L. L.

\* The Fact here alluded to was much talked of at the Time. Those who remember the Denbigh Election, and that Denbigh is in the Diocese of *St Asaph*, will not be at a Loss to recollect it.



Numb 17. Saturday, March 20, 1741-2,

From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem—Ligneum.

Valeat Res Ludicra—

THAT all the World is a Stage-Play, and all Men are merely Players, is a Reflection as just as

as it is common. The Similitude may be carried farther, by comparing it to a *Farce*, in which the Scenes have more of the *Ridiculous*; and, I think, yet farther, if we fall in with the Sentiments of my following Correspondent, who sent me a Scene of a *Puppet-Shew*.— I can say no more of *where* it was perform'd, or *who* are the *Dramatis Personæ*, than Mr Gay explains of the Secret History of the *What-d'ye-call-it*.

*There is a Meaning in it, \* and no Doubt  
You All have Sense enough to find it out.*

## POLITICKS in MINIATURE.

### SCENE I.

MASTER of the *Puppet-Shew* and PUNCH.

Master. **V**AT, Master Punch, make you in such Passion?

Punch. Z—ns! all the Puppets are in Confederacy against me.—There are Plots;—Plots in the State, Sir.

Master. Plots! Vat you call Plots, Master Punch?

Punch. I'll tell you what I call Plots.—You know I have been the *Hero* of the *Stage* for twenty Years: I have acted all the principal Parts: I have diverted the Public with several ingenious Pranks; made heroic and witty Speeches; knock'd down those Puppets that affronted me; kick'd those off the Stage that contradicted me; introduc'd those that complimented me. Thus have I reign'd, with distinguish'd Lustre, at the Head of your Company of *Wooden Politicians*.

Master. Vary vell, Master Punch: But vere be dis grand Plot? You have often talk'd of de Plot, and de Plot; but vere be dis Plot?

Punch. There are Parties form'd against *Me*; and some of the Puppets have been bold enough to say that I should not be at the Head of the Company any longer.

Master. Be dis de Plot! —Dis is only 'gainst *You*. I tought against *Me* dat it was laid by mine Puppets.

Punch. Why, have I not told you an hundred Times, that is the very same Thing. Witness ye Gods! that

\* That the Town was pleased to think so at the Time it was published is manifest from the Reception it met with, not in the Journal only, but afterwards in a Pamphlet.

through my Sides they strike at you: They look on all my Actions as yours: They know I move and have my Being from You; and whatever Part I play, it is with your Consent.

*Master.* Vary true. But if I command you to *say dis*, or do *dat*, shall rascally damn'd Puppets contradict me? Don't dey know dat I hold de Strings dat move dem about on de Stage? Dat it is I speak what you squeak out? Dat——

*Punch.* But, Sir, They say that they have felt a new Kind of *Inspiration*; and that some *God* or other has indued them with new *Faculties* and *Powers*; and that they can speak and act upon new *Principles*. Therefore, in the Scenes they now play, you are to look on them not as mere Pieces of Wood, but as real Characters.

*Master.* Oh! ho!—Den dat—(vat you call!—dat *Inspiration* be de *Plot*. And all my Puppets in dis Plot?

*Punch.* No, no: I have a strong Party, as you will see soon. If you will sit down here behind the *Screen*, you shall see such Scenes among your Puppets, as will be an arrant *Droll*.

*Master.* And who move de *Strings* all dis Time?

*Punch.* You are not to imagine them wooden Figures. Be a Spectator of real Representation, and I will begin the Farce.—Whenever you think proper of *speaking* with us, it must be behind the *Screen*.— [Exit.

*Master.* ——Vary vell!—Mine Show House is full of Spectators; de Curtain draws up; and—ha! ha! enter *Master Punch* for de *Prologue*.

Enter PUNCH.

*Punch.* Britons attend;—nor haughtily disdain  
To view the Actions of our mimic Scene;  
A Group of various Characters it brings,  
All Statesmen, and all mov'd by secret Springs.  
In Fiction's Guise we real Truths rehearse;  
The World, and the World's Rulers prove a Farce:  
Nor Statesmen dare our Statesmen here despise;  
As you they're honest, and as you they're wise.

But, laying tragic Rants aside, you see  
The comic Hero of the Show in Me.

*In Me behold him who ne'er had his Fellow,  
Enobled by the Title PUNCHINELLO.  
Long o'er the Stage I've born tyrannic Sway,  
And made the Puppet Herd my Pow'r obey;  
I bluster'd, laugh'd, swore, swagger'd, kick'd,—and  
then,*

*In humblest Mood I took some Kicks agen.  
But now behold me in an odder Station,  
Playing the Farce of Statesman's Resignation,  
A Scene I still shall do less Good than Hurt in;  
Then bid you kiss my —, and drop the Curtain.*

[Exit Punch.]

*Master. O rare Punch; Dat vas admirably vell  
spoke.——Now de Scene opens with Punch's Puppets.  
Dere be de Cockade Puppets, de Blue, de Green, de  
Red, de Black and Vite.——Vat you call dis Scene  
Master Punch?*

*Scene discovers Punch at his Lewee of Puppets.*

*Punch. This is the Lewee.——Tho' there is thought  
to be much Art requir'd to play this Scene, it is no  
more than a Woman of common Beauty does every Day  
in the Drawing Room.*

### S O N G.

*The Coquette, encircled all round,  
With the Fops she deigns to wound,  
Shews the Wisdom of the Fair,  
Smiling here, and ogling there;  
Raising Hope by kindly glancing;  
Seeming Favours now advancing;  
All in Turns expect the Blessing;  
All insur'd of the Possessing;  
But the sly Maid, at Love's true Call,  
To some fond Creature of her Heart,  
Who most she thinks can Love impart,  
Glad gives her Hand, and jilts them all..*

*Like the Art of the Coquette,  
Is our Condu:t in the State;  
Circled by a hundred round,  
Hundred little Arts are found;  
Here by bowing, there assuring;  
Here by whisp'ring, there alluring;*

*All expect the Favour granted:  
 All sure of the Place they wanted:  
 But find, mistaken in their Friend,  
 The Statesman never Favour gave,  
 But like the Woman, to the Slave  
 Who best he thought could serve his End.*

This has been my Maxim from my coming into Power, and I will retain it to my going out. Among all these there may not be five but may wish me hang'd, if it was not their Interest to have me at the Head of them: And that I can't be long; therefore I must manage them with all the Art I am Master of.

*Punch comes from the Side Scene towards the Puppets, bowing very low to them, and they all with many Cringes return the Compliment.*

*Punch to a Red Puppet.* I don't remember, Sir, ever to have seen you *here* before.

*Puppet.* No, Sir, my Command in the Army prevented me: As I was a Lieutenant-Colonel of a Regiment, I thought it was my *Duty* to be with it, while my *Colonel* was attending your Honour, and the Business of *P—rl—t*,

*Punch.* I suppose then, *Good Sir*, you have now a *Seat* in the *House*, and have left the Command to the Major, or senior Captain, or second Captain,—or—  
 or—somebody or other.

*Puppet.* No, Sir, I have *no Seat* in the *House*: My *Affair* is this. My *Colonel* is dead: I have been *Lieutenant-Colonel* above *Thirty Years*, and in the *Service* near *Fifty*: I am come to solicit for this vacant Regiment, as my *long* and *faithful Services* to my *King* and *Country* may plead in my Favour.

*Punch.* *Services* to you? *King* and *Country*, Sir?—  
 What *Services*, Sir?—Why you have *No Seat* in the *House*, Sir:—I thought you might have had a *Seat* in the *House*. I can't do any Thing in your *Affair*, Sir.—  
 Nay, I don't know but the Regiment is dispos'd  
 [Turns on his Heel from him.] Ask for a Regiment, and no Member: The Fellow's mad sure! [to a Ducal Puppet at his Elbow.]

*The Red Puppet retiring.*) This is just as I was told.

Hence



*Hence vile Reproach sullies the Soldier's Fame,*

*And as Corruption's Minion brands his Name :*

*Rough, and experienc'd in War's honour'd Art,*

*Their Tongue unguileful, and unstain'd their Heart,*

*Our Fathers serv'd their Country and their King ;*

*But modern G—n'r—ls modern Talents bring :*

*Hence Vice our honest Soldier's Fame destroys,*

*Ensigns are Senators, and G—N'R—LS Boys. [Exit.*

*Punch to a Puppet with a Star on his Breast. And does your Grace really think of going into the Army?*

*Puppet M. I am determin'd on it.—I will be a Soldier.*

*Punch. A Soldier ! No, no, your Grace shall be no Soldier.—You shall be a General.—There is a Regiment luckily just vacant.—I have been sollicit'd for it ; but—I am glad I have an Opportunity to offer it your Grace.*

*Puppet. I am your Honour's most humble, and most obedient Servant.—I shall endeavour to return the Favour.*

*Punch. I don't doubt it. [To another Puppet,] O ! Your Servant Mr Staunch.—A Word with you.—I don't know what to do about what you requested of me—for—*

*Puppet. For what ? I am surpriz'd at any Demurs : I never ask'd any thing for myself.—I could not have thought after the Services I have done you that such a Trifle—*

*Punch. Don't mistake me : I recommended your Son to the Board for a Fifty-gun-Ship, but was answer'd he had not been a Lieutenant above a Year :—What cou'd I say ?*

*Puppet. What you wou'd have said had you had a Mind it shou'd be done.*

*Punch. Well, Mr Staunch, I would not have you out of Humour : Your Son shall be commission'd as you desire : You shall be convinc'd of it now. [Calls a Puppet. ] Chevalier Carolo, Mr Staunch's Son is I hear a very pretty Fellow in the Navy : Is there any Fifty-Gun Ship vacant ?*

*Puppet Carolo. Not at present ; but we shall commis-*

sion some next Week for that *Secret Expedition* you talk'd of,

*Punch.* Oh! Very well, give Mr *Staunch* the first Fifty-Gun Ship you name.

*Puppet Carolo.* It shall be done.

*Staunch.* I thank your Honour: I knew your Honour's Power, if you would exert it.

*Punch.* You'll be at the House, *Staunch*, we shall have warm Work.

*Staunch.* Never doubt me. Your Honour's Servant.

*Punch.* Plague on't, here comes a *Right R—ur—and Dun*, which of all Court Duns is the most troublesome and insatiable.

*Puppet Lawn.* I beg your Honour's Pardon for not waiting on you as soon as I came from my Diocese; but I have been laid up with a Fit of the *Gout*.

*Punch.* *French Wine* and *Champaign*, my Lord, have strange Effects, Ho! ho! ho!

*Puppet Lawn.* Your Honour pleases to be merry: But in Truth this *Election* Affair did compel me to exceed a little: I love, if I serve my Friend, to serve him with *Spirit* and *Truth*.

*Punch.* Then you serve your *Friend* better than you serve your G—. [*Afide.*] I hear, my Lord, that you remarkably distinguish'd yourself by your Zeal.

*Puppet Lawn.* Sir, I exercised my *pastoral Authority* over my Flock, and dispers'd Circular Letters to order them how they should vote: I have been threaten'd by the *Faction* on this Account; but I esteem myself safe enough under your Honour's Protection.

*Punch.* My Lord, you have not much to apprehend: Some silly Fellows may indeed say, That you did not act becoming a *Father* of the Church; that you were one of my *Tools*; and that you were a *mercenary Priest*; and that your Robes ought to be strip'd over your Ears: Perhaps too you may be oblig'd to ask Somebody's Pardon on your Knees: But what's all this? When 'tis over you may bid them kiss your A—.

*Puppet Lawn.* Ha! ha! ha! Your Honour's witty.

—But, please your Honour, I have News to tell you.

—My Lord of —, who, you know, was of the  
other

other Party, was given over this Morning by his Physicians. I am sorry for my Brother of ———: He was a good sort of a Man; but had not a right Way of Thinking in Politics.

*Punch.* And pray what honest Fellow do you know of to succeed him?

*Puppet Lawn.* Why,—umph!—Why,—Ha! ha! ha! ———Your Honour knows that See is Two Thousand a Year more than mine.—If your Honour thinks Me a tolerable *honest Fellow*,—ha! ha! ha! ———I know your Honour likes a Joke.

*Punch.* I'll tell you, my Lord, whoever has that B——ck must make a Free-will-Offering of Five Thousand Pounds to a certain *Female Saint*. If your Lordship's Orthodoxy can allow of this Saint Worship, I shall think you an *honest Fellow* enough.

*Puppet Lawn, to himself.* Five Thousand for Two Thousand a Year:—Two Years and a Half pays the Purchase-Money. I am Forty-six;—may live twenty or thirty Years longer.—Say Seventy:—That's Twenty-four:—That's Forty-eight Thousand Pounds for Five.—Please your Honour, your Saint may be assured of my Devotion and Offering.

*Punch.* And you of the B——k. Well, this will buy Polly a Pair of Ear-rings. [*Aside.*] Oh! your Servant, Mr Freeman; I did not see you before: Have you been with Mr P——xt——n?

*Puppet Freeman.* Yes, please your Honour.

*Punch.* And he has given you those Papers of Hints and Instructions?

*Puppet Freeman.* Yes, Sir.

*Punch.* Pray take care and write *stronger*: Lash those factious tumultuous Set of Fellows, the Citizens of L——n: Lay about as if you were in *earnest*.

*Puppet Freeman.* I shall obey your Honour's Commands.

*Punch.* I have given P——xt——n a Draught of Fifteen Hundred Pounds for you: But out of it you must give the Fellow a Hundred, who wrote the *Letter* to a *Member* of Parliament.

*Puppet Freeman.* I will, Sir.—Damn your Temper.—  
Even

Even in your Extravagance you can't forbear your old Trick of *Quartering*. [*Aside.*]

*Punch.* Have you any Business with me, Sir? Or is this only a Visit of Compliment?

*Puppet.* Sir, my Name is MERIT.

*Punch.* Merit! Merit!—I don't know you.

*Puppet.* I was recommended to you by Doctor Galen.

*Punch.* Oh! You are the Cambridge Man that is going to print some learned expensive Work.

*Puppet.* Which I hope to have the Honour to inscribe to your Patronage.

*Punch.* Sir, these Works of Learning are of no Use to Me: I must be excused: You may find a more proper Patron; but, as I love to encourage learned Men, there's a Guinea for you. [*Turns from him, and goes on followed by the other Puppets.*]

*Puppet MERIT, solus.*

A Guinea!—A single Guinea!—What a Wretch—  
*From these curst Walls with Terror I will fly,  
 Where Arts and Science never will come nigh;  
 Where the mean Sycophant and venal Slave,  
 Rival the Honest, and supplant the Brave.  
 To the low'd Banks of Cam, the Muses' Seat,  
 Of Learning and of Science the Retreat,  
 Will I retire; and, blest in my low Sphere,  
 Leave Vice and Folly still to triumph here.* [Exit.]

*Punch.* Now for my Senatorial Puppets: [*Goes forward, and a Circle is formed.*] Your Servant, Gentlemen.—We sat late last Night.—

*Puppet Winni.* Had we carried your Honour's Point, we should not have grudg'd the Hardship of the Service. You find we are staunch: Not Death can affright us: The Sick, the Lame forget their Diseases. Poor Mr *W—l—rs* came beswaddled up in Blankets; yet all would not do: We lost the Question.

*Puppet H—ce.* Ay, that damn'd *W—st—r Election* has done our Business. Three or four thousand Pounds, well laid out last Summer, would have done more than three or fourscore thousand can now.

*Punch.* Brother, Brother, that is the severest Stroke we

we have felt : Such another will compel me to quit the Stage.

*Puppet H—ce.* Quit the Stage ! What will become of me then ?

*Punch.* Never fear : I have a Way to bring you off safe, as well as myself.

*Puppet H—ce.* The Devil you have.—I am then one of the happiest Dogs in *England*. What ! no Account for my *American* Transactions ? No Enquiry ? no Re-funding ?

*Enter PUPPET Y—— in a Hurry.*

*Puppet Y——.* Where, where's his Honour ?

*Punch.* Why in such a Hurry Mr *Secretary* ? What News from the Army ?

*Puppet Y——.* There is a Desertion in your *Corps de Reserve*. The *Welch* Forces have openly revolted ; — but as for your *Northern*, I can give no certain Account of them.

*Punch.* They may try what Forage they can get ; but they will come back to their Colours.

*Puppet Y——.* I have been making fine, smooth, oratorically affecting Speeches to them, and all to no Purpose : You must hasten into the Field of Battle yourself, and try if you can rally your Forces before you are intirely beat out of it.

*Punch.* A most metaphorical Description of having lost the *Majority*. Well, Gentlemen, all go and do your Duty : This is the last public Effort we can make : I have some important Affairs which I must first transact in another Place ; but I will meet you at *Philippi*.

[*Exeunt Punch and his Gang separately.*

*Scene changes.*

*Enter three Puppets in private Conference.*

*Capt Caledon.* Look ye, Gentlemen, I am against your Proposal : I will not hear of a *Screen*.

*Mr English.* Nor can I approve of your *Latitudinarian* Principles of taking All into play.

*Worcester.* I am against carrying Things to Extremity.—I hate *Punch* as much as any of you ; but if he will voluntarily go off the Stage, then his Scene of Action ends.

*Capt*



*Capt Caledon.* I don't know that: We have Characters which often speak from behind the Scenes. In short, we do nothing, if, after we have turn'd him out from being an *Astor*, we make him *Prompter*.—The principal Characters will get into his blundering Way, from the blundering Cues he will give them.

*Mr English.* Though you may cast yourselves what Parts you please; you may play the General, and you the Cashier; yet you know the Master cannot bear the Name of the old-fashion'd, high-buskin'd Puppets, which he calls the *Tory-Rories*.

*Capt Caledon.* Without an absolute Coalition of all the Company, and expelling *Punch* even from behind the Scenes, I am determin'd not to act, but will only come on the Stage, as *Cato* did into the Theatre, to go out again.

*Worcester.* The Business of the Stage must not stand still; and I would rather play any tolerable Part, than have it worse performed.

*Capt Caledon.* I find *Punch* has more Interest than I imagin'd, and is pressing a Sequel Interlude behind the Scenes, while we are busy on the Stage.

*Mr English.* Which he will call the *Mock-Resignation*

*Capt Caledon.* And which will be damn'd, with every Astor in it.—The Moment therefore I see the Rehearsal of it begin, I will leave the Company.—You know my Sentiments. Adieu.

[Exit.

*Mr English.* This Difference of Opinion bodes no Good. I know not what to think of it.

*Worcester.* I must think of playing the Part I have undertaken as well as I can; and though I appear in *Punch's* Place, I must not talk in the same Tone.

*Mr English.* Nor act in the same Manner, unless you would meet with the Fate *Capt Caledon* prognosticated.

*Worcester.* Bless me! What means this Change? I am no longer free: Some secret String pulls back my Arm: Another moves my Tongue: I am an errant Puppet.

*Mr English.* Something has made a little Alteration in me. I don't move as vigorous as before. Some one behind the Curtain has got playing Tricks with the Strings.

*Worcester.*

*Worcester.* Hey Day! here are half the Puppets come on with new Motions and new Faces.

*Punch behind the Scenes.*

Now, Sirs, you shall see what you shall see.—Observe that Puppet that storms, and raves, and calls Names.—With this little Touch he is dumb.—D'ye see Him that stands by the Scene, and won't come on?—*Presto*—I dispatch this Embassador to him: He takes him By the Hand, and he is in Action immediately.—What's that Fellow talking of War?—Here, Sir, pull this little String, and he turns about. Now hark —

*A Puppet squeaks.*—Negociations, if honourable, and Treaties of N—tr—y, may sometimes be allow'd.

*Mastr.* But, *Punch*, dat vas you dat did squeak de Negociation.

*Punch.* But that is not seen by any Body but you; and therefore in the Playing this whole Scene the Joke lies in making them squeak my Words in their own Voice.

*Mastr.* Ver good *Shoke*.

*Punch.* But you shall see a better between me and two or three Puppets.

[*Goes and confers with Puppets at the Side of the Stage.*]

*Mastr.* Oh! dose be mine *Tr—f—y* Puppets.—Vell, and vare be de *Shoke* in giving dem Pieces of Sticks?

*Punch.* Why truly that may be no Joke to *You*, but it's a very good one to *Me*: That very Joke is worth Fifty Thousand Pounds.

*Mastr.* I can't find it out.

*Punch.* Oh! that may be; but I have made many such a Joke without your finding it out.—Now, Master, *You* shall make a *Joke*, and that will crown the whole Farce.

*Mastr.* Ha! ha! ha! Me make *Shoke*, *Punch*? —  
Ha! ha! ha!

*Punch.* [*Leading up three Puppets.*] You shall see.—Here is my old Friend *Will* and his *Wife*, and here is your old Friend *Punch* and his *Daughter*.

*Mastr.* And vat den?

*Punch.* Pull that Master-string, and try.

*Mastr.* Ha! ha! ha! Good *Shoke* indeed! — *Punch* and *Will* turn to just as *Lords*, and dere *Wife* and *Shild*:  
just

just as Ladies.—Ha! ha! How dey strut, and de young Wench and de old Womans flaunt it.

Punch. Polly, my Dear, you must now remember your Rank.

Puppet Pol. I warrant you, Papa.——

## S O N G.

Miss Polly.

*As a Lady of Qual'  
I'll flaunt in the Mall,  
While 'tis said as I trip it along :  
With no Title Miss  
A new Lady is,  
Old Lords and their Ladies among.  
Tho' People of Rep'  
Blame Papa's false Step,  
In ennobling the Wench of his Wh— :  
All his Power must own,  
For in this he has done  
What was done by no Subject before.*

Punch.

*O Poll! should a Duke  
Thy Lineage rebuke,  
On his own bid him ponder well rather :  
If true what Fame's told,  
Some Nobles—so old—  
A Scoundrel have had for a Father.*

Puppet Will's

Wife.

*O Polly, my Dear,  
The Titles we'll bear,  
Your Papa and my Spouse have got us :  
The Honours We claim,  
Thro' Their Loss of Fame,  
On them lies the Censure, and not us.*

[Punch assembles all the Puppets round him.]

Punch.

*Ye Patriots of late,  
Now Courtiers so great,  
Of my Places you've my RESIGNATION :  
Now Courtiers true Blue,  
Play your Parts all to Cue,  
What a Farce will ye shew to the Nation.*

Grand

Grand Chorus.

*All Courtiers true Blas,  
We'll play to your Cue,  
And a Farce we will shew to the Nation.  
Curtain Drops.*

*Enter before it MASTER and PUNCH.*

*Maſt.* Vell, dis end vid very good Shoke: But vat you come now for?

*Punch.* Oh! Sir, always an Epilogue to ſo grand a Performance is expected; and I am come to ſpeak it in Form.

EPILOGUE.

*Good People all, ſtrange Things we do  
In this our burleſque Puppet-Show:  
But ſtrange as they appear to You,  
They are not ſtranger than they're true.*

*Some Critics of deep Penetration  
May damn our mimic Reſignation,  
And ſay "that our Cataſtrophe*

*"Does not with Puppet Rules agree:*

*"Vengeance for Punch's Crimes ſhould catch him,*

*"And at the laſt the Devil fetch him."*

*We have not brought this Scene to View,*

*But yet the Devil may have his Due.*

L. L.



Numb. 19. Saturday, April 3, 1741-2.

*Fidus ad Limina Custos. VIRG.*

THE peoetical Fable of *Momus*, who wiſh'd for a Window in the Breſt of every Mortal, that his Principles of Action might be as conſpicuous as the Actions themſelves, is, in my Opinion, ſo far from aſſuming an ill-natur'd Character on that imaginary Deity, that I think, it gives us only the Idea of a very honeſt blunt Fellow, who thought it hard that the cloſe Craft

*Craft* of one Man should have an Advantage over the *unguarded Openness* of another.

It has ever been to Me, who am a great Lover of *Light*, a melancholy Reflection that so many *dark Minds* should have the same *outward Lustre* as those which are most illuminated. Nay, that they have often more of it, by affecting the *Semblance* of what they really *want*; while the Others avoid making a *Parade* of what they are conscious they *possess*.

This being the Case, there could not be a more excellent Utensil than my *Lanthorn*, whose Qualities I describ'd in my first Paper. It answers indeed, to Me, all the Purposes that *Momus* desired from his *Windows*: But then I never give either *that*, or my *Staff*, out of my *own Hands*, because my avow'd Intention is not to *expose*, but to *reform* my Fellow-Citizens.

I doubt not but that my Readers wonder; that I have never yet given them any Description of this *Staff* of mine; whereas I have been so very particular on my *Lanthorn*. But this I deferred till I thought proper to bring it into *Use*, which I did not at my first *setting out*. I was oblig'd to introduce it, however, very soon, to defend myself against half a Dozen *sad Fellows*, Dependents on his late Honour, who had formed a Combination to take my *Lanthorn* from me; not to make Use of it to any *good Purpose*, but only to *break* it, that I might never try the Virtue of it on *Them* or their *Master*. I have even been inform'd that his Honour Himself set them on; a Meanness below what I would willingly suspect him of. But I shall take the first Opportunity to observe his Inclinations towards Me and my *Lanthorn*; and, as I find him *affected* with regard to Us, I shall judge of his Success in the *Enquiry* now coming on, to which, I assure him, I shall lend all the Light in my Power.

As to my *Staff*, it is of true *English Oak*, a *Ground Plant*, and was cut by one of my Father's Ancestors in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*. It is somewhat *longer*, as well as *thicker*, than those which your pretty Fellows used to *beave along* before them; but very plain at both Ends, a great Enemy to all *Blackmoor* and *Old Men's*



*Men's Heads*, and to the Heads of those who carry them. Tho' it has not all the Virtues of *Ithuriel's* Spear, it has a remarkable Gravitation, whenever I lift it up, towards the Head and Shoulders of a *Scoundrel*. Several who have lately felt it, without knowing who hurt them, may remember that they had been about some *dirty Work*, when they receiv'd a Knock in the Dark. But I never *strike* without much Provocation, the Province of the *Club* being what I have no Inclination to execute.

With this *Staff*, my *Lantern*, and my *Cap* to use on Occasion, I have every Night gone my *Rounds*, since the late *memorable Adjournment*\*, and every Day made a Visit to all the chief Places of Business, whether public or private. The Entertainment in the latter has been so great and various, that the Reader will excuse my meddling with any thing else; and in *this* I must confine myself to a few Particulars.

It was on the memorable Night of the *Chippenham* Defeat, when, after having attended the *House* all Day, and produced my *Lantern* more than once in the *darkest* Part of the Evening, to the no small Benefit of *several Gentlemen*, I went *incog*' into his *Honour's* Chamber, and attended by his Bed-side till (I was going to say, he *waked*, but I well remember he did not *sleep*) till he *rose*, and went to St *J——s's*. To describe the Rage, Horror, and Despair, that agoniz'd him during this whole Time, would require the Pencil of a *Le Brun*, or the Pen of an *Addison*. Hurried away with a Mixture of the most violent Passions, the Product of *disappointed Ambition*, and *defeated Prodigality* of the public Money, he was lost in the utmost Confusion, and scarce was *Master* enough of himself, after two Hours Tossing in Bed, to utter the following incoherent Soliloquy.

"Curse on the Genius of *Br——n*, I thought I had  
"laid the Ghost of her for ever; and behold! she  
"rises again to haunt me. — Avaunt *Spectre*! — Now

\* Upon the Resignation of the late *M-----r* there was an *Adjournment* for a Fortnight, during which Time it is thought the Edge of *Resentment* was pretty much blunted.

" she

" the shews me a *Halter*. No, if I must *fall*, it shall  
 " be in a *more honourable Way*.—I'll be an \*\*\*\*,  
 " Devil, I will, and my Daughter *MOLLY* shall be a  
 " \*\*\*\*.—Besides, I'll get a Grant of *Impunity*, and  
 " then *You*, and those *pert young Fellows*, your Pupils,  
 " may do your *worst*.—

" Obstinate young Puppies, their Predecessors knew  
 " *better*: Some of them would have done it for *half*  
 " what I have offered *These*.—I am now an *old Man*,  
 " and, by the Course of Nature, could not have liv'd  
 " many Years: Why then will they send me down to  
 " the *Grave* with *Infamy*? My *Name*, I always knew,  
 " would *sink* in the Nostrils of *Posterity*: But my  
 " *Money*, my poor *Carcass*! Oh!—

" Again, see there! She shews me a List of my  
 " Crimes.—Yes, I did—I did—And what then?  
 " Has not every *P—e M—* done the same? Did  
 " *Wolfey, Carr, Villiers, Strafford, Danby*, serve their  
 " Country for *Nothing*?—I have *Money enough*, and  
 " a Fortnight's *Respite* is allow'd me. Try thy Strength,  
 " poor Innocent, against the Power of *This*.—I have  
 " always been *too many* for Thee in every Struggle,  
 " and will *carry my Point* in spite of Thee, *Imp*!—  
 " But she is gone out, and I fear to my Destruction.

" O *Corruption*, my Right Hand, is thy Strength  
 " departed from my *Me*? No wonder then that *Disfi-*  
 " *mulation*, my Left, which I always made a clumsy  
 " Use of, can *stand me in no Stead*."

[Here he made a Pause, and then, having rung the  
 Bell, address'd himself thus to his Man.]

" John, fetch *C—rt—v—lle* this Minute. Bid *Y—ge*  
 " and *H—ce* come as soon as possible. I'll try if I can  
 " doze a little.——

" Alas! 'tis impossible.—O, here comes *C—rt—v—lle*.

" Well, Sir, be sure you get together your *whole*  
 " Force for this Fortnight, and let the *Quintessence* of  
 " all your Heads be clubb'd in every Paper.—How  
 " sheepishly the Fellow looks,—as if he had *nothing* to  
 " say either for *Me* or *Himself*!—Have not I *paid you*,  
 " Sirrah, for all you have done, at least twenty Times  
 " more than it was *worth*?—But my Br-th-r and

“ Mr S-cr-t-ry are coming : Withdraw, and mind what I say.

“ O, Sir *W*——, how is the *Power of Eloquence* lost among us, even of *Eloquence* back'd with *Gold*? Surely in my Life I never *spoke better* than last Night, nor did ever You more *floridly* second me. *H—ce* too did the *best* he was able.——Well, if he cannot *spe*ak so well as others, he knows how to *apply that* which hath hitherto *spoken for Us All*. You must both do your *utmost* every Day : For if an *Eng—y* should be made, an *Imp—chm-nt* will certainly follow, and what will follow *that* you need not be told, because you *both know* what we ALL THREE *deserve*.”

Here the two Friends left him, after engaging their Faith to be earnest and indefatigable. His Honour rose, and I followed him (as near as I am permitted by my Contract with the *Cock and Geyer*) to the true Seat of that *Homage*, which he had hitherto half diverted on Himself, or discouraged the public Profession of. When He disappeared, it returned with double Lustre, and whatever was *noble, gay, brilliant, or loyal*, I saw pass by my *Stand*.

One Event, which immediately followed the *Defeat* of this *Antæus*, I should gladly have been a Spectator of, had not Duty to the *illustrious Personages* hindered me from intruding on so *tender* a Scene. I need not mention *what* this Event was, when I tell the Reader that it was equally *wish'd for* and *rejoic'd at*, by the whole *British Nation* \*. If *nothing else* could be charg'd upon the great Author of our Calamities, than that he had *long* been the Means of *retarding* so desirable and happy a *Re-union*, this alone would be sufficient to bring on him the Odium of all true Lovers of their Country.

But, so far was He from taking Shame to himself, at *this* or any *other* Thing he was reproach'd with, that in his whole Conduct since (and I have follow'd him pretty closely) he has, tho' *conscious* of his Guilt, affected to behave rather like a Man that was *retiring*

\* Alluding to the Reconciliation of the R---l F-----y.

from Power with *Dignity* and *Reputation*, than like one who was *driven* from it as an *Enemy* to his *Country*. Such an Indignity offered to a *whole People*, and in particular to their *Representatives*, I must, as a *Briton*, think deserving of the most severe Animadversion.

Whether it was a Confidence in the *Remains* of his *own Influence*, an insolent Neglect of the *legislative Power*, or a cowardly Resolution to *elude* the Hand of *Justice*, in case it should seem to threaten him nearly, that made him sneak from *Richmond* to *Houghton* just as an *Eng*—y against him was to be promoted, I will not venture to determine, nor am I in the least solicitous to know. I have Pleasure enough in acquainting my Readers, that, in the whole Compass of my *Beat*, I know not one *Person* inclinable to abandon the *Interest* of his *Country*, in order to take on himself the *Patronage* of *Guilt* and *Self-Conviction*†. On the contrary, I have great Hopes of many, who, having inadvertently fallen in with the Tide of the Times, are glad to take the first Opportunity of reclaiming from their Error, and seem to have *Virtue* enough to prevent their relapsing into it again.

P. S. I shall give my Attendance *incog* at the *S*—cr—t *C*—mm—ee Door, every Day while it sits, and hope the H—ble G—men who compose it will remember I have made this Declaration. B.

† Mr Touchit's Light here seems a little to have fail'd him, or his Joy prevented his looking closely.



Numb. 20. Saturday, April 10, 1742.

Whatever may be now thought of the Scheme in this Paper, which perhaps is too extensive, at the Time when it was written every Body looked upon that to be the critical Juncture for assisting effectually the Queen of Hungary, and restoring the Balance of Power by a sudden and vigorous Push against France. As this was a long Time neglected, Circumstances changed, and France had both Opportunity and Pretence for beginning the War against us to Advantage.

Divide

*Divide & impera.* ADAG. GALL.

THE Supply granted last Week, by the Commons of *Great Britain*, to the distressed Heir of the once powerful House of *Austria*, as it was heard of with Pleasure by every true *Englishman*, so it cannot, if timely and properly apply'd, but have a happy Influence on the Affairs of that Princess, and of *Europe* in general. It may possibly shew *France* that *Great Britain*, when she pleases to exert herself, can, not only singly maintain a War against the *second* Branch of the House of *Bourbon*, supported underhand by the *First*, but at the same Time assist her Allies, defeat the Projects of that ambitious and enterprising Court, and render ineffectual all that Profusion of Money and Promises, by which She thought to compass quietly, what *Lewis XIV* miss'd of, after sixty Campaigns.

But neither the Interests of the House of *Austria*, nor the Distresses of a particular Sovereign, even a Fair Sovereign, young, beautiful, and resolute, should be of any Weight in Comparison with the Interests of *Europe*, the Preservation of a *Balance of Power*, the Leaving a Prince at the Head of the Empire who may be a formidable, as he must in Time be a natural, Enemy of *France*. This then should be the main Point contended for; not only to secure to the Queen of *Hungary* all her hereditary Dominions, but to set the Imperial Crown on the Head of her Consort, with as much Addition of Power and Territory as can possibly be procured him at the Conclusion of a War. This, and this only, is the Way to demolish all that *France* has been building, to raise her up a potent Rival just as she has exhausted her own Bowels, and is least able to withstand him.

It is not for the Elector of *Bavaria*, but against the Empire, against the Liberties of *Europe*, that *France* is now at War. As the Elector of *Bavaria* is preferr'd to a Prince more potent, so a petty Prince of *Anhalt*, or any little *Swabian* Count, would have been preferr'd to Him, had there been any Probability of getting such an one elected. That equitable Neighbour, for her Part, would be glad to see such an Emperor as the *Germanic* Constitutions suppose; not possess'd of a Foot of Terri-



tory, and having only the little Town of *Bamberg* allotted him to live in. The first Sovereign in *Europe*, in that Situation, She well knows would have but little real Power, little Authority in the Imperial Diet; his Mandates and Circular Letters would be little regarded, and the Quotas of every Prince, on the most momentous Occasion, would be just what they respectively pleased. *French Policy*, in this respect, very much resembles *French Cookery*: It deals in minc'd Meats and Ragouts; divides and subdivides the States around her, and then swallows them Bit by Bit. Her *Throat* is but narrow, at least She pretends so; but then She has the D—l and all of a *Wem*.

To pursue the Metaphor a little farther: It is the Interest of *Great Britain* (and She alone can do it) to keep *Monsieur le Cardinal Cuisinier* from this mangling Method; to give him a hearty Rap on the Fingers whenever he attempts it, and not let him go thro' with the Operation. Then we should have every Thing stand whole on the Table, and any other Sovereign would know how to help himself as well as his Most Christian Majesty.

These Reflections, however ludicrous, are but too seriously well founded. It was the Project of Cardinal *Richelieu*, and his Successors have pursued it for now an hundred Years without Intermission, to divide the *Germanic* Body, which would otherwise, even at this Day, be much too heavy for *France*. The long War, which preceded the Peace of *Westphalia*, was professedly undertaken in Defence of the Empire against the Emperor *Ferdinand III*, who, it was pretended, had formed the Design of making himself absolute Master of *Germany*. Ever since the Reign of *Charles V*, the House of *Austria* had indeed been look'd upon as equally potent and aspiring; and this, together with the Protection of the *Protestants*, engag'd the great *Gustavus Adolphus*, by the Advice of his Chancellor *Oxenstiern*, to second the Views of *France*, and attack the Emperor on the North, as the *French* did on the South. A War so specious, and at the same Time equally successful, transferred, by the Treaties of *Osnabrug* and *Munster*, the Superiority of  
Power

Power from the House of *Austria* to that of *Bourbon*; and *Lewis XIV*, the Tyrant and Persecutor of his own Subjects, became in *Germany* the Protector of *Liberty*, and of the *Protestant Religion*. In all future Wars with the Emperors, the Guarantee of these Treaties was made the capital Pretence. Even in 1688, but three Years after he had revoked the Edict of *Nantz*, and oblig'd half a Million of his own *Protestant* Subjects to seek their Bread in foreign Countries, this pious Monarch surnamed himself the *Protector* of the *German Protestants*, and promised them a Restitution of those Rights that had been taken from them. By this Means he weaken'd the Hands of *Leopold*, and over-balan'd his real Power, by turning against him some of his natural Vassals.

*No Partition*, then, of the *Austrian Dominions*! *No transferring* of the *Imperial Crown* to a Prince unable to bear the Weight of it! should be the Outcry of all who wish well to the Liberties of *Europe*. If the Queen of *Hungary* be supported in her Rights, the common Interest of the Empire should set her Confort at the Head of it, since He only will be able to fill the Place with Dignity, Authority, and Reputation. *Charles VI* could barely do this: What then may we expect from a *Charles VII*, a *Charles* of *Lewis XV*'s own raising?

But the Elector of *Bavaria*, some one will say, was fairly chosen and crowned. He was chosen *unanimously*, and therefore *legally*: Consequently he cannot be *deposed*.—I deny it. Unanimity, in a Body of Men overaw'd by an *Army*, is no Proof of Legality. That the E——rs here were so, or influenc'd by some less justifiable Motive, I believe a few Words will make apparent.

The most powerful of the three Spiritual Electors, the Archbishop of *Cologn*, is Brother to the Elector of *Bavaria*. Besides his Electorate, he is possess'd of the Bishopricks of *Munster*, *Paderborn*, and *Osnabrug*, which make a very large Part of the Circle of *Westphalia*; and has likewise the Bishoprick of *Hildesheim*, lying in the Midst of the Dominions of *Brunswick-Lunenburg*.

*nenburgh*. Such near Consanguinity, and so much Power, preclude all other Reasons for the Party he espoused.

The Elector of *Mentz*, tho' first in Honour of the whole College, is well known to want all the Means of making a considerable Opposition in the Assembly where he presides. He is open to Invasions on every Side, and could not, in the present Case, have hoped to be a Month possess'd of his own Dominions, if he had taken any other Part than that of *France*.

His Electoral Highness of *Treves* is yet more exposed. His Dominions lie upon the *Moselle*, contiguous to *Lorraine*, from whence he might have been invaded in forty-eight Hours.

Of the Temporal Electors, two are intirely out of the Question: The Vote of *Bohemia* was suppress'd, and the Duke of *Bavaria* was the Prince elected. We have only four Voices then to account for, the Elector *Palatine*, the King of *Poland* as Duke of *Saxony*, the King of *Prussia* as Marquis of *Brandenburgh*, and the King of *Great Britain* as Duke of *Brunswick-Lunenburgh*, and Elector of *Hanover*.

The *Palatine* is exceedingly old, and can be supposed to have no other Ambition than that of providing for his Heir, the young Prince of *Sultzbach*. He had long been labouring to get the Duchies of *Juliers* and *Berg*, the finest Part of his Dominions, guaranteed to this Successor, in Opposition to the Claims of his *Prussian* Majesty. Perhaps he might never have succeeded, had not this Opportunity occured of making himself necessary, and of obtaining all he desired by a private Treaty. Besides, his Country was not less in Danger than that of *Treves*, nor he very able to defend himself.

As to their Majesties of *Poland* and *Prussia*, the Siezure of *Silesia*, and the Attempts made on *Moravia*, sufficiently explain the Motives of their Conduct. A rich Spoil was divided in Idea, and each in the imaginary Possession of his Allotment.

Our Sovereign acted upon Views very different from either of these; Views quite disinterested with regard to *Himself*, and exactly conformable to his Alliances. In support of the *Pragmatic Sanction* he repaired to his  
Elec-

Electorate, dispatch'd his Ministers to different Courts, and put his Troops in Motion. The Court of *France* saw his Integrity, his inviolable Faith to Treaties, and dreaded the Consequences of it. Her Legions swarm'd on the Frontiers, and immediately she poured them into the Heart of the Empire. While one Army marched towards *Bavaria*, another suddenly wheel'd off to the North, and the Dominions of *Cologne* open'd them a Passage to the Banks of the *Weser*. All the contracting Parties, but the King of *Great Britain* alone, had either openly renounced, or excused themselves from complying with, the Terms of their Alliance. The Troops of *Cologne* were ready to join those of *France*, and the united Army to commit Hostilities on his Majesty's Subjects. This Violation of solemn Treaties, this Desertion of the common Cause, as it could not be foreseen, so neither could it be guarded against. His Majesty knew the King of *Great Britain* could revenge the Insult offered to the Elector of *Hanover*, and suppressed his Resentment till he could more effectually shew it. He comply'd with the Necessity of the Times, and, in regard to his People, 'tis said, agreed to vote for the Elector of *Bavaria*; as King *William* acknowledged the Duke of *Anjou* for Monarch of *Spain*, that he might afterwards dispute the Validity of what, as it was forcibly and clandestinely done, could not immediately be remedied.

Will any one maintain, after this, that such an Election can be *legal*? that it ought to be *valid*? May it not be *repealed* in a free Meeting of the Electoral College, and a *new one* made? If so, on whom can it so properly fall as the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, who, as Consort to the Queen of *Hungary*, is alone able to fulfil the *Obligations* of it? The Dominions of *Austria*, united, are nearly equal to those of *France*: Since the Humour of Partition therefore prevails; since we live in an Age wherein, at Pleasure,

*We canton States, and fetch and carry Kings,*  
Let us see by what Means they may be made more so, and the House of *Austria* again become formidable to that of *Bourbon*.

The Queen of *Hungary*, in the present War, has acted chiefly on the defensive. It was not till after a very barbarous Invasion of her Dominions, by her pretended Friends, that she sent an Army to penetrate into the Territories of one of them, who claim'd little less than her whole Succession; in order either to make him call home his Troops, or to make Reprisals for the Violences exercised upon her Subjects. Her Arms have succeeded under the great *Khevenhuller*, and she now sees a titular Emperor without Dominion; an Emperor of *Francfort*, instead of *Bamberg*. Seized of a Kingdom to which he had no Right, by the Help of a potent and insidious Ally; is he to be pitied, that not only his new-acquir'd Crown seems dropping from his Head, but his own hereditary Dominions, the Right to which none would ever have disputed with him, are now in the Possession of that Princefs whom he thought to despoil?

On the contrary, was ever Conquest more fair than this, if the Queen be but enabled to maintain it? Let her be vigorously supported then, and let *Bavaria*, the *Upper Palatinate*, the Territories in *Swabia*, and whatever else belongs to his Electoral Majesty, be united to the Dominions of the House of *Austria*, and these preserved entire, as left by the late Emperor.

When I say *these*, I speak of the *German* Dominions only: For as to the *Netherlands*, and the States in *Italy*, I have as much Right to dispose of them as any of my Brother *Journalists*, and perhaps may do it as advantageously to the Common Cause.

The *Austrian Netherlands* then I would bestow on the degraded Emperor, and erect them into a new Electorate, in the room of *Bavaria*, under the old Title of the Duchy of *Burgundy*. The Duke of *Bavaria* has some Claim on these Provinces, which might be made, I believe, more considerable to him than his own hereditary Dominions. At the same Time he might be kept firm to the Interest of the Empire, by putting *Ostend* and *Newport* into the Hands of the *English*, and continuing to the *Dutch* their present *Barrier*, or enlarging it as Occasion may offer. The Mouth of the *Scheld* I would have laid open, for the Exportation of the Inland Manufactures



nufactures and Produce of the Country, and the Importation of foreign Commodities; which might be made chiefly on *English* and *Dutch* Bottoms, to prevent the *Burgundians* from hurting the Trade of these Maritime Powers. The *Flemings*, with a Prince thus residing among them, might again become a rich and powerful People; and their Country, under the Protection of two such potent *Allies*, would be an impregnable Barrier against *France* on the Side of *Picardy* and *Champagne*. And, to remove a possible Enemy out of their own Bowels, the Prince of *Liege* might be prevailed on to resign his Territories, for some Equivalent to be hereafter mentioned. The *Maese*, the *Sambre*, the *Scheld*, and the *Lis*, would be thus in the Hands of the *States* and the *Duke of Burgundy*, for the greatest Part of their Course; and it should be the Aim of the *Allies*, in all future Wars with *France*, to clear them entirely to their Fountain Heads, for the Benefit of his Electorate Highness.

It was not expected, I believe, at my first setting out, that I should make an Ally to us, and an Enemy to *France*, of the Elector of *Bavaria*. But the Enmity and Friendship of Princes are guided by Interest, and if we could throw more of that in his Way, we need not fear of succeeding.

Having block'd up *France* from the Sea to the *Moselle*, let us see what we can do upon this River, and between it and the *Rhine*. Here the Archbishopricks of *Treves* and the Palatinate must be acquired to the Imperial House of *Austria*, in lieu of something to be settled on their respective Princes. If *Mentz* were added, the Acquisition will be yet better, and the Frontier stronger. The other petty Princes along the *Rhine* must be likewise removed upon the same Terms; so that one Side of that River the whole Length of *Alsatia*, and both Sides from thence to the Influx of the *Moselle*; the *Moselle* from above *Treves* to *Coblentz*, and the *Maine* a considerable Part of its Course, would continue the Barrier on to *Switzerland*. The first Opportunity should be afterwards taken to reunite *Alsatia* to the Empire, and the House of *Austria*; and the Emperor, as Duke of *Lorrain*, might soon see himself in a Condition to recover his antient Patrimony, which he

would then be able to defend, and to revenge on *France* the Indignities offered to his Predecessors and Himself.

But where are these Princes to be set down again, that we have taken up, like so many Chefs-Men?—I shall presently find Room for them on the Board, even tho' we should have more Removes.

*Italy* remains yet untouch'd: Some of the little Sovereigns of *Westphalia* may be transported thither, and have Territories assigned them, at least equal to what they now possess, in the Grand *Duchy*, the *Parmesan*, the *Placentin*, and the *Mantuan*. Their Patrimonies, added to the Bishopricks of *Munster*, *Paderborn*, and *Osnabrug*, would make three new Ecclesiastical Electorates, which, with the Archiepiscopal Titles, might be transplanted thither from the *Rhine* and the *Moselle*. The present Electorate of *Cologn*, as it lies in the Heart of the Palatine's other Dominions, I would unite to them, in lieu of what he had quitted above.

Other Portions of the *Italian* Duchies might be allotted to the Prince of *Liege*, and the Sovereigns of *Saxonia* and Lower *Franconia*, whose Dominions, added to those already enumerated, would put all the South and best Part of *Germany* under the Power of the Imperial House of *Austria*. The *Milanese*, if it could be kept entire, or whatever else was left after the Partition in *Italy*, should be given to the King of *Sardinia*, to strengthen his Hands against *France* on the Side of *Provence* and *Dauphiné*. Thus would the *French* be effectually shut up within their proper Limits, and prevented, at least for some Years, from elbowing their Neighbours. Thus would all the petty Sovereigns, who, either aw'd by *French* Power, or bought with *French* Money, have ever been ready to let the Troops of *France* into the Heart of the Empire, be removed out of the Way of doing Harm, and where they may be obliged to do Good in Time of War; while the whole Frontier, both of *Germany* and the *Netherlands*, is left in the Hands of Princes able to defend them.

A Plan of this Sort, if it could be put in Execution, would fully revenge on *France* all her Schemes against the Liberties of *Europe*: And something like this, in  
any

my humble Opinion, is the only Way to be thus revenged.

I repeat again what I began with. The *whole Aim* of *France* is to have a *weak Emperor*, that her own Power may be *uncontrouled*. Our *Aim* should be to get a *powerful one*, that may be a perpetual *Check* upon *French Projects*. Whether *Austria* or *Bavaria* furnish'd him, would be an indifferent Thing, if *Austria* and *Bavaria* were equally *strong*. But, since they are not, as it would be unjust to transfer the *Power* of one to support the *Title* of the other, so there can be no Way so eligible, as to confer that *Title* where there is *Power*, and to *add* to that Power as soon as possible; to *continue* the Imperial Crown in the House of *Austria*, and to *strengthen* and *unite*, by all the Means of good Policy, the *Austrian Dominions*. B.



Numb. 21. Saturday, April 17, 1742.

*Neither this Paper, nor the next, require any Explanation, because from many of the former it will be seen that a new Ministry was come in, and a secret Committee was appointed, to enquire into the Conduct of the old.*

To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

Mr TOUCHIT,

I Have observ'd, with a good deal of Satisfaction, that you have hitherto us'd your *Lanthorn* with great Discretion; and I cannot doubt but it has had a happy Influence on such Minds as were naturally dispos'd to be enlighten'd, and honestly mean the true Service of their King and Country. But the most important, as well as most difficult Task you have undertaken, seems yet to be unfinished; by which I mean the dar-

ting your Rays of Light from such Angles on those who may happen to succeed in Power, as will intimidate and forcibly lead them, in all Cases, to prefer the *public* to their own *private Gain* or *Ambition*, without which we can never hope to be relieved from the past, nor prevent a fresh Irruption of many *public* and *great Evils*.

As *Truth* is the Mother of *Liberty*, we cannot expect to nourish the *Child*, without paying a due Respect and Deference to the *Parent*: So when it happens that a *good* and a *gracious Prince* has been for some Time misled and soothed into *destructive* and *unpopular Measures*, the Changing of *Hands* will be but a poor Recompence to the Public, if those who *succeed* have not the *Courage*, by adhering to *Truth*, to represent Things in so clear and fair a Light, as will immediately and effectually produce that Alteration of *Measures* which is necessary to restore *Credit* and *Popularity* to the *Administration*, without which neither *Prince* nor *Ministers* can ever hope to enjoy that Ease and Happiness, which otherwise they might rightfully claim, and assuredly expect.

To illustrate this with some Particulars:—If a *late Administration* has been charged with prostituting the Honour which *Britain* acquir'd in the two Glorious Reigns of King *William* and Queen *Anne*, by humbling the *exorbitant Power* of *France*, and equally holding the *Ballance of Europe*; Can any Body think it will do Honour to the Men *now in Power*, under a Pretence of groundless Jealousies and chimerical Fears, to sneak to a Rival Nation, and aggrandize their Strength, by giving way to their present insufferable and exorbitant Ambition?

If a *late Administration* be charged with having greatly discouraged *Commerce*, by neglecting to protect the *national Trade* during the Prosecution of a just and necessary War; Can their *Successors* reap any Honour by *delaying* to exert their utmost Force in order to distress the Enemy, and oblige them to comply with our just Demands? And are the *petty Concerns* of any little *foreign State* to be put in Ballance with the needful Maintenance

Maintenance and Support of the *public Interest* and *Glory of Great Britain?*

Although it must be owned we have been grievously taxed above *twenty Years* in Time of *Peace*, and yet remain as much in Debt, if not more than ever; Does it not still appear by *public Addresses* from the City of *London*, as well as from many other trading Parts of the Kingdom, that the People are not weary of a *just War*, but still chearfully willing to contribute whatever is found necessary to bring the present *War* with *Spain* to an honourable Conclusion? Will it then, in such Case, consist with the Honour of the *British Government*, to be bullied or meanly influenced by the Menaces or little Arts of the Court of *France*? To sit down quietly under the Injuries that have been done us; forsake our ancient Allies, and tamely submit to a shameful Peace of their *dictating*?—Surely it cannot. Wherefore, Mr *Touchit*, I would humbly recommend it to you, to use your best Endeavours to watch at some of the Doors of greatest Importance, and place yourself so as that even the too wary sneaking Politician cannot evade its piercing Ray, but must evidently see and be convinced that the *Spirit* of this Nation is at this Time so thoroughly *rouzed*, that all the *Arts* of *Disimulation*, too frequently used in the *Cabinet*, will signify nothing at all, unless it be to bring, sooner or later, certain Destruction on those who are so weak to depend on them; and that *public Virtue* alone is the Path wherein a *Minister of State* can truly honour and successfully serve his *Royal Master*.

I own it cannot be denied that *Luxury*, and its chief Support, *Corruption*, so lately in Fashion, bid fair to banish *Truth* and *Liberty* from among us; insomuch that you can scarce go into Company without hearing one or other complain of that *rigid*, and, as they apprehend, *impracticable Virtue*, which You, Sir, and some other honest Gentlemen, in your weekly Lucubrations, have strenuously endeavour'd to recommend: They very bluntly treat you as *Cynics*, and *Chimerical Directors* of old philosophical and obsolete Notions; under which Pretence their Patrons, to whom the Generality are  
Dupes,



Dupes, slyly endeavour to break down the sacred Fence of *Morality*, that only secure Preservative and Support of Society, in order to introduce, with greater Freedom and Safety, their darling Friend *Corruption*, which magnifies both Self-interest and Pleasure in what Proportion they please, to secure a *Majority* in their Favour.

But notwithstanding all these *detestable Arts*, which perhaps in Time of profound *Peace* may be carried on smoothly, without any remarkable Obstruction; yet when a powerful trading Country comes to be envied, and, in Time, rival'd by some ambitious Neighbour; when unfair and unjustifiable Means are used to interrupt and depress the most substantial Branches of *Commerce*, so that its Manufacturies languish, and Trade every where lessens and decays, to the great Loss and Discouragement of all Ranks among the People; *then* it is that the great Numbers of Poor will become an insupportable Burthen, while the laborious and industrious Man wants Employment and daily Bread; *then* the true Springs and secret Causes of such unhappy and unexpected Events, will, of Necessity, become the Subject of *every one's Enquiry*; for the Unhappy, finding no Access to any Kind of Redress, will naturally fly to that imperfect sort of Consolation, which Fellow-sufferers always seek after, by communicating their Grievances to one another: And thus, without the Existence of *Faction*, or the smallest Aid from any *ambitious Leader*, the *whole Body* of the People, possessed with strong Notions of *Liberty*, may be inflamed and firmly united together for their common Interest and Safety, by the wretched and weak Conduct of their Governors. But altho' from the late *glorious Stand* made by our present most *worthy Representatives*, and the noble Resolutions of *both Houses of Parliament* to support our most *gracious Sovereign* the King, and his *Royal Family*, in all the *just Rights* of the *Crown*, we need not fear being again reduced to such unhappy Circumstances; yet, like cautious *Sailors* who have narrowly escaped Shipwreck on a dangerous Coast, it may be adviseable to keep the *Beacon* in View until the Storm be quite over, and the Waters reduced again to their natural Smoothness

ness and Calm; which, that our *Pilots* may carefully do, and successfully execute the weighty Charge they have voluntarily undertaken, is the *Expectation* and hearty Wish of every honest Briton.

T.

My honest Correspondent has, I dare say, spoke the general Sense of the Nation. Much have they to expect from a *new Ministry*, or what avails the *Opposition* that obtain'd it? It will seem an *Opposition* for *Opposition's Sake*, and that the *Contest* has been about *Places* instead of the *public Welfare*. We are now in the *Honey-Moon* of a *new Ministry*:—But let us not find it soon over, and cry out—*We are but where we were*. —*All Ministers are alike*.—I hope we shall find Gentlemen avoid every Step and Measure they blamed in their *Predecessors*, and act with regard to the *Public* only. As the public Addresses mark out what is *requir'd* from them, and what *ought* to be *expected* from them, I believe \* they will apply with uninterrupted *Diligence* and *Zeal*, to do every Thing in their Power to make *Great Britain* once more *happy at Home*, and *powerful Abroad*. Their *own Interest* will lead them to this; for *honest Ministers* always find their *own true Interest* is blended with that of the *Nation*.

\* *The Author here seems to have had too much Credulity.*



Numb. 22. Saturday, April 24, 1742.

WHEN *Redress of Grievances* is publicly talked of, and the only probable Means of obtaining it set on Foot, the People of *Great Britain*, insulted as they have long been, ought to rely upon the *Justice* and *Impartiality* of Those who are chosen to inspect the Case, and not to anticipate the melancholy Reflections that must attend a *Disappointment*, either wholly or in part.

part. Yet, at the same Time, they have a Right to exhibit their *Complaints* and *Suspensions*, and their *Expectations* founded on the present Conjunction. The *whole* Body undoubtedly have this Right in the highest Degree; and every private Man, as a Member of that Body, ought to give his Opinion of it freely, that the Sense of the *Whole* may be fully and fairly taken. It is on this Presumption that I have ventured to draw up a *few Particulars*, which I have heard echo'd, a hundred Times over, thro' the little Circle of my Acquaintance.

The *People complain* of TAXES, *new Taxes*, *Taxes* that might almost be multiply'd by the Years of the late *blessed* Administration: They violently *suspect* that immense Sums, raised out of the Fruit of their own *Industry*, have not always been applied to their *Benefit*: They *require* to know in what Manner they have been *applied*, that they may judge in what Manner themselves have been *treated*.

The *People complain* that the PUBLIC ACCOUNTS have not, from Year to Year, been *clearly*, *fairly*, and *fully stated*, and laid before their Representatives: They *believe* the Reason of this to be, that such Accounts have not been *clearly*, *fairly*, and *fully kept*, nor capable of being so kept: They *expect* to know the Reason of this, and that the *Debtors* of the Public should now *account* for their former *Unaccountableness*.

The *People complain* that they have been *let out*, either collectively or in Parties, sometimes under one Pretence, sometimes under another, for the most *infamous Tools* to make a Property of under the Title of JOBS: They *believe* this to be *vile*, *oppressive*, *unconstitutional*, and that it could have no other Motive but the Support of an *evil Minister*, by a Faction of his own *forming*, his own *buying*: They *expect* to know *how far* this Iniquity has extended, and *what Ends* have actually been answered by it.

The *People complain* of TREATIES, *numerous*, *unnatural*, *prejudicial* to Great Britain and her *real Allies*, and *beneficial* to the Enemies of both: They *believe* One Man to have been the *Author* of them *All*, and one *Interest*,

*terest*, his own, to have been what they *All* chiefly regarded: They *expect* to know if in this they are not mistaken, and by what *private Expedients* that one *Interest* has been promoted, under the Colour of national Business; or whether *Ignorance* and *Incapacity* are to bear any Share of what they now impute wholly to *Venality*?

The People complain that *TRADE*, *foreign Trade*, the Source of their Riches, has neither been *encourag'd* nor *protected*, and that *Wool* in particular, the Staple Wealth of the Nation, by the Manufacture of which thousands now starving were wont to live, has, notwithstanding all the provisional Laws to the contrary, been *sold unwrought* to our Rivals in Trade, and that a further Redress of this Grievance, from Time to Time, has been *denied*: They *believe* the Neglect of Foreign Trade, and this destructive Exportation, to have been both either by the arbitrary Direction, or treacherous Connivance of *that Man*: They *expect* to know what was the *Advantage* he made by the *Ruin* of his Country, and from *what Quarters* he acquired it.

The People complain of a Multiplicity of *PENAL LAWS*, which have put it in the Power of an *evil Minister* to break their *Spirits*, and punish the most *innocent Actions* in those he *delights to oppress*: They *believe* these Laws were made for no other Purpose, but to *strengthen the Hands* of such a Minister against the People: They *expect* to see such of them repealed as have no Connexion with the *public Tranquility*, or the *Security* of his Majesty's *Person, Family, and Government*.

The People complain of *STANDING ARMIES*, large *Standing Armies* in Time of Peace, as an *Innovation* upon the *British Constitution*, an *Innovation* dangerous to *British Liberty*: They *believe* them to have been continued, by Those in Power, with a View at least to *weaken* that Liberty: They *expect* to see them *reduced* whenever a general Pacification takes Place among our Neighbours, which will make us have nothing to fear among Ourselves.

The People complain that they had long been *INJURED* and *INSULTED*, by an Enemy in no Sense formidable, before

before they could obtain so-much as a peremptory Demand of *Satisfaction*; and that when *His Honour* was *compell'd* to make a *Shew* of such a Demand, they have no Reason to think he did it in *earnest*, or that the Enemy took it in *that Light*: They *believe* he was still willing to *protract* the *Affront*, and *retard* the *Justice*, insisted on by his Countrymen, because, when a War was actually entered on, it seemed calculated rather to *distress* than *relieve* them: They *expect* to have the *Matter* of this Charge fully cleared up, and the *Motive* of it, if justly founded, enquired into.

The *People* complain that expensive NAVAL ARMAMENTS have been made, at the Nation's Charge, and sent into the Service of *foreign Powers*, whom they cannot think we had any Reason to *oblige* in that Manner; particularly *one* to carry *Don Carlos* into *Italy*, in Violation of the Treaties by which we had guaranteed the Dominions there to the House of *Austria*; and *another* to protect the King of *Portugal* against the Menaces of *Spain*: They *believe* that these Fleets ought to have been *paid for* by the Powers they went to *assist*, and they almost suspect that *one* \* of them, at the least, *was so paid for*, tho' never accounted for to the Public: They *expect* therefore to know what became of *all* and *every Part* of such Monies, and that it should instantly be reclaimed for the Use of the *Public*, and apply'd to the Service of the *present War*.

The *People* complain that this War, as it was enter'd on with *Reluctance*, so was it immediately made a Subject of *Insult* to those who had demanded it, by being nick-nam'd the MERCHANT'S WAR, as a Kind of Threat that the whole Force of it should fall on Them; and that the Event has but too fully shewn, how much Some had it in their Power to impoverish and mortify that most opulent Part of the *British* Community: They *believe* this to be the Effect of *Malice*, *diabolical Malice*, against the Men who were most able to make Head against any pernicious Attack on *Liberty*, or other Invasions of the *Constitution*: They *expect* a severe

\* That sent to protect Portugal, under the Command of S-I----- N-----.



Scrutiny into the Origin and Progress of this infernal Design, and the *Means* that have been taken, with the *Instruments* that have been made Use of, to put it in Execution.

The *People complain* of *undue Methods* taken to influence ELECTIONS, and *arbitrary Returns* in Favour of a Majority on the Minister's Side; of the great Number of *Places* and *Pensions* bestow'd among Gentlemen thus elected, and their Friends: They *believe* this to be sapping the very Foundation of our Constitution, by introducing *Corruption* and *Court Dependency* among the very Legislature of the Nation, with a View, by Degrees, to rob all Ranks of Us of our *Honesty* and *Freedom* together: They *expect* to see the *Venom* of this compound Draught of Iniquity effectually purged out of the Blood, and the Sorcerer who mix'd it made to feel the Punishment due to his detestable Practices.

The *People complain* that the HONOUR of the Nation has not been *maintain'd*, and that while we have been *openly* at War with *one Enemy*, we have borne, without Resentment, all the *Expence*, and most of the *Inconveniencies*, of *another Enemy* upon our Hands; that our Admirals have been *bullied* from fighting, and our Ministers have *pocketed up* the Affront, or made no other Use of it than to draw *fresh Supplies* from the People; that *Dunkirk* has been *repaired* and *fortified* before our Eyes, in Violation of the Treaty of *Utrecht*: They *believe* all this to be the mingled Effect of *Pufillanimity*, *Incapacity*, and a *dishonest Avarice* of employing the public Money to more sordid Purposes, the enriching of ONE MAN and his Creatures: They *expect* to see Him and His suffer the Shame they have brought on their Country, while the Honour of Britain revives, indignantly triumphs over those who had almost laid her Head in the Dust, and reclaims all that had been unjustly extorted or detained from her.

The *People complain* that BRITISH FAITH has been brought into *Discredit*, and the Liberties of Europe exposed to the most imminent Danger, by a *Backwardness* to support the declining House of *Austria*, tho' engag'd to it by the most solemn *Treaties*, and tho' four other

other crown'd Heads were actually in Alliance *against Her*; and yet, that foreign Troops have been kept, from Year to Year, in *British* Pay, under no other Pretence than the Maintenance of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, which is now broke thro' on every Side: They ascribe this to a *brutal M——r*, regardless of every Thing but *himself*, to whom it is indifferent what becomes of the *Liberties* of Europe in general, or of his own Country in particular, provided He can preserve his own *Liberty*, and what he unjustly calls his *Property*, till Death: They expect the *Reward* of such deep laid Mischiefs should be adequate to the *Nature* of it, and that as little *Tenderness* should be shewn to *Him* or *His* as He has shewn to all *Mankind*.

These are some of the *Complaints*, *Opinions*, and *Expectations* of such of my Fellow-subjects, as I have the Honour to be acquainted with, and in which they all seem to be *unanimous*. I have only made myself their voluntary Secretary, and leave the Proof of each Particular to such as are best acquainted with it. I shall meddle no farther in the Affair, except I should find any *Poltroon* inclinable to sacrifice the Common Cause, by *siffling that Evidence* in his Power to do *Justice* to his Country. If, by the Help of my *Lanthorn*, I should discover any such Person, I should certainly knock him down with my *Staff*, and *press* him into that Service, which the *Wisdom of the Nation* has thought of so much Importance.

P. S. I am informed that there is newly arrived at his Lodging in *Privy-Garden*, *Whitehall*, a Surgeon of great Skill in the Cure of *political Dumbness*; that he operates upon Men and Women, who have the Misfortune to be *Tongue-tied*, with as much safety as upon young Children; and that Mr Paxton \* will be suddenly brought before him for *Examination*, after which it is thought he will *recover his Speech*.

Note, The Doctor intends to practice chiefly at home,

\* Solicitor of the Exchequer, who, being called before the Secret Committee, refused to answer to the Questions put to him, and was for that Contempt ordered to Newgate.

it being expected that he will have great Business in that Neighbourhood.

B.



Numb. 26, Saturday, May 22, 1742.

From my own Lodgings, Spring-Gardens.

*Of Thief-taking, vulgar and political; the Necessity of now and then saving a few Little R——es, in order to convict a Great One, and of squeezing them when they will not squeak. Written for the Benefit of Nicolas Paxton, Esq; and Col Joseph B-ll. \**

**S**ET one Thief to catch another, is a Proverb of long standing, and I believe intirely of *British* Growth. In most other Countries, the Government have a Power of extorting Confessions from the *Accused*: But with *Us*, no Man is obliged to convict himself.

I own Myself highly pleas'd with a Law, that prevents a Man's being rack'd to Death merely because he is *innocent*, and has nothing to say; or his being oblig'd to assert what he knows nothing of, and make himself obnoxious to a capital future Punishment, to avoid a present intolerable, and perhaps no less fatal, Torture.

But this salutary Guard against any arbitrary Exertion of Power, may be, and doubtless has been, productive of some bad Consequences. It may have screen'd some of the worst of Men; Fellows who, with very

\* The former of these Gentlemen, having been long Solicitor of the Treasury, and Under Jobber to the great Man at the Head of it, was now in Newgate by order of the House of Commons, for refusing to answer such Questions as were put to him by the Secret Committee appointed to enquire into the Minister's Conduct; and the latter, having been Comptroller of the Post-Office, was removed with Ignominy about the same Time, and for somewhat like the same Attachment.--- An Act of Indemnification was talked of, that the Agents of the Minister might accuse him without injuring Themselves.

corrupt

*corrupt Hearts*, had *mean pitiful Souls*, that would infallibly have *squeek'd* as soon as they were *pinch'd*. There can be no Security for *Integrity* against *Villany*, of which the *latter* may not sometimes take the Advantage, and be suffered to come off with *Impunity*, perhaps *Triumph*, for fear of making a *dangerous Precedent*.

A common *High-wayman* or *House-breaker*, who robs by himself, and takes care to be always well *mask'd*, may perhaps *escape* a long while, tho' violently *suspected*, because he is not bound to be his *own Accuser*. He may *repent* too (it is not impossible) and live *honestly* many Years after. To such a Man, provided he had been a *genteel Thief*, even a Sufferer would hardly grudge the Indulgence of the Law. But your great Robbers are usually engag'd in some *Gang*, who mutually support, and are afraid of, one another. If any one goes *back*, the *Fears* of others will bring him to Justice; if *forwards*, he knows his Safety depends only on the Honour of a Knot of *Rogues*. But he that can rise to be *Captain, Treasurer* of the Booty, and *Marshal* of their different Routs, may hold all the rest in a *String*, and stands the best Chance of getting off, without a *Combination* against him, or a Resolution of all the Rest to grow *honest*.

Hence, I take it, arose the laudable Vocation of *Thief-taking*, and the important Office of the ever-memorable *Jonathan Wild*: For these, as well as the Proverb above, are peculiar to our Nation of *Liberty*. The Legislature found it necessary to encourage *Impeachments*, by *indemnifying* one or two of a Gang that would take upon them to *hang* all the Rest. *Jonathan* saw the Possibility of getting all the Business into his own Hands, and playing off the little *Rogues* against one another to his own Profit. He tried the Project with Success, and liv'd many Years not only unpunish'd, but caress'd by the Great.

If a Man in *high Life*, who is capable of doing more Mischief than ten thousand *vulgar Thieves*, should procure an Association among *Underlings* of his own Inclination, and engage to *screen* them, as long as they firmly supported him; to let them share, in Proportion to their

*Merits,*

*Merits*, the Spoils of their Country, while they could keep that Country from revolting against the Yoke; might not such a Man, by a proper Use of his *Tools*, and a plausible Disposition of the *public Plunder*, live in Defiance of *Law*, and the most popular *Complaints*? Suppose he should now and then sacrifice a Creature of little *Weight*, and too tender a *Conscience*, another must immediately supply his Place, and the *Gang* would remain as powerful as ever. What would signify the Accusation of *one Man*, while a *hundred* would *prove* upon Oath, that *Jonathan Wild*, for Example, or *Bob Booty*, was a very *honest Fellow*? Nothing at all; unless the Captain was actually caught in the Fact, by Somebody above being one of his *Acquaintance*.

What then is to be done, in order to bring such a Criminal to *Justice*? I know of no other Means but finding a *Thief-catcher* of some Consideration, one that has been *privy* to all the Villanies of his *Superior*, and who, upon having *Security* for himself, will openly avow *all* that he knows, and corroborate, from real Facts, the received Opinion.

*Jonathan Wild* was always *suspected*, and often *complained* of by the inferior ones of his own Gang. But what could the poor Fellows do? They could not *affirm* him to be the *Captain of Thieves*, without *confessing* they had been Thieves *themselves*; and if they had once gone upon this Work, they stood a fair Chance of being *hang'd* for their *own Crimes*, before they could *legally* prove that *Jonathan* *deserv'd* to be *hang'd* for his. He had always Evidence enough ready, *true-bred Cocks*, that would *stand by the Stuff*, to the last. It was a Point of *Honour*, as well as *Interest* to secure the *Neck* of him who had the Disposal of *all theirs*, and in all Likelihood would have been too *quick* for them. Thus it was a servile Fear in his *Agents* that preserv'd *Jonathan*, till he foolishly laid himself open to *honest* Evidence.

But his *Reign* might have been much shorter, and the Public must have been greatly benefited, if such Encouragement had been given to a *Blueskin*, a *Shepherd*, or any other of like *Rank*, as might have tempted them,



them, consistently with their *own Safety*, to bring him to Justice. The *Reputation* of these Men would have given *Weight* to their Evidence, and nothing they could have sworn would have been thought *beyond* what they were *Themselves* capable of doing, under the Conduct of so accomplish'd a *Chief*. And certainly it would have been worth while, for the Sake of convicting so *notorious an Offender*, who had been the Destruction of *Hundreds*, to have saved one or two of his *principal Agents*, who deserv'd *only to be hang'd*, and of whom there might have been some *Hopes*, after their Leader was *remov'd*.

In like Manner, tho' the mercenary Drudges of an evil Prime Minister may themselves deserve the Gallows, they are at most but *Understrappers* in Roguery, petty *Retailers* in Corruption, that might possibly have been honest if they had fallen into good Hands, and that may *reform* when once they can follow the Dictates of their own Conscience. If, by forgiving two or three of these *little State Larcenies* by them committed in their Sub-agency, we can come at the *Source* of all our Calamities, and find out the *Grand Felon*, directing and actuating the whole Confederacy, methinks *Justice* herself might dispense with the Lenity, and even *Tyburn* excuse the having been defrauded of its Due. *Thou art worth ten Thousand of Us*, said the *Israelites* to *David*, when they withheld him from going forth against *Abjalom* his Son. *Thou art worth ten thousand of Them*, would *B——ns* say to *His Honour*, if they could once see him in the Room of *P——n* and *B——ll*, his two Lacquies.

As to Futurity, we need be under no great Apprehensions of Danger from letting these *low Creatures* escape, because, if they were still inclin'd to be as bad as ever, we might be sure they would never be trusted under a *righteous Adm——n*, after having been branded for their *dirty Servility* under a *wicked one*. We should immediately conclude there would be the same *Work*, if we saw the same *Tools* again taken in Hand: It would therefore be no less *imprudent* than *iniquitous* in a future *M——r*, if he was even resolved to pursue the same Measures as the *worst* of his Predecessors,

cessors, to have any thing to do with these *cast-off Conveniences*. I am afraid our *Morals* are not so far mended, nor like so to mend in the present Age, and that the Spirit of *Patriotism*, notwithstanding the glorious Appearance it has lately made, does not so *universally* prevail among us, but that any *new Minister* may have a Set of *new Implements*, that will be just as *pliant* as he pleases. As for the *old ones*, possibly some of them, for want of *other Employment*, may take it in their Heads to reflect seriously on their past Conduct, and grow *honest* because they cannot live by *R-g—ry*. I think it highly necessary for all such People to have at least the Opportunity of doing this, that they may obtain *Forgiveness* for what they can never make *Atonement*. A bad *Solicitor of the T—y*, may make a tolerable good one in a Case of *Assault and Battery*; and there cannot be half so much Harm done at the Head of a *peaceful Regiment*, as in the *Comptr--l* of a *public Office*.

But if it be sometimes *proper, necessary, and safe*, to encourage the Practice of *Thief-catching*, there ought always to be good Security for the *Fidelity* of those who are employ'd, and severe *Punishment* for their *Prevarication*, or *Suppression* of material Facts. Had *Shepherd* or *Blue-skin* obtain'd *Indemnity* upon the sole Condition of their giving *Evidence* against *Jonathan*, and afterwards fallaciously proved *Jonathan* innocent, they would have deserved on *their own Heads*, all that they shielded from *his*. At least, the Tying of the two *Thumbs*, and afterwards the *Press*, might, I think, be used here with full as much Justice as in the Case they are provided for. He that prevents the *Trial* of another, is certainly as *culpable* as he that refuses to put himself upon *his own Trial*; and much less *excusable*, because he cannot, like this latter, urge the Principle of *Self-Preservation* in his own Behalf.

If this be true, with respect to a *vulgar Thief*, how much more is it so with respect to a *State Depredator*? What Punishment do not they deserve, who stifle *Evidence* in Behalf of the whole *Community*, after they are secure that such Evidence shall no Way affect *themselves*? All the presumed Crimes of the *Accused* do, in some Measure,

Measure, light on them, because they put themselves between *Him* and the Justice of their *Country*.

Will *Friendship*, *Gratitude*, *solemn Engagements*, or any other more powerful Motive, be mentioned on this Occasion?—The Answer is very short. *Friendship* to *whom*? *Gratitude* for *what*? *Engagements* *how* *form'd*?—Can *Friendship* to *that Man*, who is notoriously suspected to be the *Enemy* of his *Country*, be admitted upon any System, moral, religious, or civil?—Is *Gratitude* due for *Largeesses* bestowed with corrupt Views, drawn from the Veins of the *People*, and given as the Price of *Integrity*, *Love to Mankind*, and every *social Virtue*?—Are *Engagements* binding in a *Conspiracy*, a *Conspiracy* of the blackest Sort, against the *Trade*, the *Wealth*, the *Honour*, the *Power*, the *Liberties* of our native *Country*?—On the contrary, What Way remains there to expiate the Guilt of having contracted *such* a *Friendship*, fallen under *such* Obligations, enter'd into *such* *Engagements*; what, but that of *renouncing* them *all*, and laying the *Iniquity* of them *open*?

There can be no other!—Let *Them* consider then (*THEM*, I say, whom it concerns) what will be the Consequence of their *Obstinacy*, should it continue. *Detestation* and *Contempt* is the least they can *expect*, and what they must never hope to *avoid*. Their own Part in the *Black Journal* will be thought worse than perhaps it really is, so bad that even *Shame* restrains them from showing it, when *Terror* can do it no longer: And yet their *Patron* will not be *justified*, nor the Charge against him the least *extenuated*, thro' a Deficiency of *legal Proof*. The *People* have *Senses*, and they will use them: Their *Complaints* have flow'd from what they have *seen* and *felt*; they are *unanimous* in them, and cannot be persuaded they have *All* been *asleep* these *twenty Years*.

And is *HE* too such a Coward, *HE HIMSELF*, who has *bullied* a whole Nation all this Time, as, under this Load of *Suspicion*, more than ever lay upon Man before, to chuse rather the mean Part of *sneaking* off the Stage with a *Character* in some Respects *doubtful*, than bravely

bravely to stand the Test of a *fair Criticism*, and have his *Vices* and *Virtues*, or the *Semblances* he wore of the latter, transmitted impartially to Posterity? I cannot think him worse in *Reality* than in the general *Opinion*, and believe he might even *gain* something by a *generous Behaviour* in this last Scene of public Life. But not one *disadvantageous Imputation* will now ever quit his *Name* or *Memory*. People hereafter will conclude, from the Suppression of *Proof* in *some Particulars*, that it really existed with regard to *all* the Articles of their Charge. They will even imagine *secret Guilt*, more than ever they had an *Idea* of, and think nothing so *bad* that may not be *added* to the Character of S—  
R— W—.

It can be no Insult upon any Man living, to be an *Advocate* against him for the *Nation*; *public Justice* being of more Importance than any other *Virtue* of *Society*. But at the same Time that I say this, I solemnly protest I would not wish to see that Justice in the least Degree *strained*; and, tho' I write with some Warmth, should be glad that all Proceedings, against any *Criminal* whatsoever, might be carried on with *Temperance*. May I presume to say, I make no question but they will be so in the *Case now before us*, and that nothing will be wanting to give full *Satisfaction* to the Public, to both *Friends* and *Enemies* of the late *Adm—n*, unless it be wanting in *legal Evidence*, without which no *Pains* can be inflicted, or *Censure* passed.

B.



Numb. 27. Saturday, May 29, 1742.

\* From my Lodgings in Spring-Gardens.

*Quod votis optastis, adest, perfringere dextrâ :  
In manibus Mars ipse, Viri : nunc conjugis esto  
Quisque suæ, testique memor : Nunc magna referto  
Facta, patrum laudes.* VIRG.

THE Occurrences of *private Life* often furnish us with Reflections as generous and entertaining, as those which have relation to *public Transactions*. Our Sentiments on the various Circumstances of Persons in a middle Rank, affect us rather more than those of the Rulers of the World ; for we become more interested about Characters, which the Generality of Mankind must be acquainted with, than those whose Dignity requires the Pens of Poets and Historians to describe.— This Reflection is a *Prologue* to my Readers, to excuse my laying aside, this Week, Considerations on the Affairs of the Princes of *Europe*, the *Partition of Kingdoms*, and the *Fate of Empires*, that I may give them a little *Domestic History*, which at this Time may be thought seasonable, I hope entertaining.

Among the several *Humours* that are peculiar to *Englishmen*, I have often observed a very commendable one, which is, that which they shew in relation to our *Army*. The Reason why I call it commendable, is, because, from the best Motive, a *Love* of their *Country*, they are both *pleased* and *displeased* at it. As justly as they have complained of keeping up a large *Military Force*, I never saw a *Review*, but a *Military Genius* rose in the *Spectators*, and they only wish'd such a

\* This Paper was writ when our Troops were first embarking to Flanders, as Auxiliaries to the Queen of Hungary.

brave



*brave* Body of their Countrymen were employ'd in the *Service* of their *Country*.——I must ingenuously confess, I never saw a *Battalion* of our *Troops* drawn up in the *Field*, but I felt some secret Emotions of *Pleasure*: *Blenheim* occur'd to my Remembrance, and the *Glory* of the *British Arms*. In the *Soldier* I lost the *Politician*, and imagin'd them rang'd against their *Enemy*, not as being a *Burthen* to their *Country*.——The *Time* is come, when our *Soldiery*, so long complain'd of, may be truly *necessary* to the *Nation*, and revive that *Honour* in the *Field* we have lost in the *Cabinet*. The *Forces* we are now sending to *Flanders* are universally allow'd to be as well disciplin'd, and as choice a *Corps* of *Men* as ever were sent abroad; and I am so much an *Englishman* to believe they are as *brave*. If the *Genius* of our *Nation* has seem'd to droop, it will soon revive, and *two Campaigns* in *Flanders* blot out the *Infamy* of *twenty Years Negotiations* at *Paris*.

I may seem to speak with some Confidence, nor do I wonder if I do; for on this Subject I had, the other *Morning*, all the strong Reflections that could possibly arise in the Breast of a *true Briton*. I have an intimate Acquaintance with some Officers in the *Guards*, who are ordered abroad: This, with my natural *Curiosity*, induced me to see them pass in *Review* before his Majesty. The fine Appearance they made gave that Flow to my *Spirits* which is easier to conceive than describe. All the common *Men* look'd *cheerful* and *stout*, and all the *Officers* *gallant* and *valiant*. The martial Disposition of our *Country* seem'd well described by their Appearance: *Bravery* without *Boastfulness*, *Calmness* without *Fear*. But with all my *military Spirit*, I could not lay aside the *Philosopher*: I grew concerned when I thought all these brave Fellow were going to leave their *native Land*, their *Wives* and *Families*, the greatest Part perhaps never to see either of them again. *Soldiers* are indeed, by their Profession, to be prepar'd against all Events of this Kind; but then *Soldiers* are *Men*, and must feel the Dictates of *Nature* and *Affection* as strong as others. The *Courage* of the *Soul* takes not away its other *Faculties*. On the

contrary, it is observed, that the most *Brave* are most susceptible of *Tendernefs*. — If therefore, on these Occasions, there seems an *unconcerned Intrepidity* in the Commanders, or a *careless Insensibility* among the common Men, it is not because they do not *feel* a Regard for their Wives and Children, but because they think the *Duty* they owe their *King* and *Country* should surmount every other Concern in Life.

As I was making to myself a Meditation of this Nature, Colonel *Heartwell*, an old *Flanderkin*, and an old Acquaintance, came up to me with a Chearfulness natural to him, and wonder'd at seeing me so early in the Field: But when I had satisfied him what induced me to it, *Well*, says he, *and how do you like us? Here are some Hundreds of stout intrepid Fellows, I assure you.* I told him I thought they were, but the seeing them had rais'd a Pity in me, as perhaps half of them might be knock'd o'th' Head before the Summer was over. The Colonel smiling reply'd, "Your Speculation is just, as you are not a *Soldier*; but *We Soldiers* never form any of those Kind of Apprehensions. The Trade of War would be too dreadful, if we were continually placing all the horrid Ideas of it before our Eyes. Of all those Fellows, I dare say there is scarce one who thinks that He shall be knock'd o'th' Head: All know they share a common Chance with their Comrades; and *Hope* has a stronger Prevalency over their Passions than *Fear*."

The Reflections which I had made before on a Soldier's leaving his Family, I here mention'd to my old Friend. — He answer'd, "You have now really touch'd the Cause: The Man who says he does not feel many a severe Pang on leaving his Wife and Family, is a *Liar* or a *Brute*. Nor is it our own Reflections we arm against: The *moving Lamentations*, the *imaginary Fears*, the *tender Caresses*, and the *last Farewells* of a loving Wife and beloved Children, are Shocks the most determin'd Heart cannot stand against. We conceal, as much as possible, how much we are affected, by an Air of Gallantry; but that, directed to all our Reason, is not sufficient to hide the

“ Dictates of Nature; and I assure you, tho’ I have  
 “ left Mrs *Heartwell* nine Times, to make Cam-  
 “ paigns in *Flanders*, or Expeditions to *Spain*, it is  
 “ now as it ever was before, that from the Time we  
 “ receive Orders to be ready to *march*, till we have  
 “ *march’d* off, every Day has given me a thousand  
 “ Times more Concern than I ever felt in the Day of  
 “ *Battle*.——But enough of this serious Affair.——I  
 “ have some Friends to dine with me To-day: You  
 “ shall make one of the Number, and drink to our *Suc-*  
 “ *cess* in *Flanders*, and *Prosperity* to his Majesty’s Arms.”  
 ———So hearty and friendly a Proposal I could not re-  
 fuse, and when the Business of the Field was over at-  
 tended him home.

Mrs *Heartwell* is a Lady of excellent Sense and Con-  
 duct: She was married to the Colonel when he was an  
*Ensign*, and has experienc’d all the Agonies of Hope  
 and Fear which attend a Soldier’s Wife; but I found  
 these Experiences had rais’d her Sorrows. As soon as  
 she came into the Parlour where the Company were;  
 Grief was evidently imprinted on her Face; her Eyes  
 were swoln with crying; and she spoke with that dejected  
 Air as attends the deepest Melancholy.——The  
 Colonel step’d up to her with Gaiety, and kissing her,  
 said,——“ *Suky*, my Dear, for shame don’t make  
 “ yourself so uneasy at a Trip to *Flanders*.——You are an  
 “ old Soldier’s Wife!—You behave as foolishly as the  
 “ very first Campaign I made.”——“ My Dear, an-  
 “ swer’d she, do you think the Years we have liv’d  
 “ together have decreas’d my Affection? or that your  
 “ having escap’d numerous Dangers, can make me ap-  
 “ prehend that in a Campaign you are not liable to  
 “ more?—No. Time and our Children have made our  
 “ Happiness more refin’d, and our mutual Affection  
 “ more endearing; and my Apprehensions of the Dan-  
 “ gers in War, are more heighten’d from what you  
 “ have recounted to me of them in Time of Peace.  
 “ Wonder not at my Affliction, but wonder that I can  
 “ bear it.”——Colonel *Heartwell*, leading her to her  
 Chair, told her, *She was always a little Fool; and that*  
*as the last Time he returned home at the Head of a Com-*  
*pany,*

pany, *he might the next Time at the Head of a Regiment.*—After which he turn'd the Conversation on different Subjects, in the Course of which, a Gentleman ask'd if it was true that Colonel *Homelove* had *resign'd.*  
 —“ Yes, reply'd Colonel *Heartwell*; his Lady has  
 “ persuaded him: She cannot live without him. Pray,  
 “ *Suky*, adds he, with a Smile, would you have me re-  
 “ *sign*!—No, Sir, answers the Lady, with some Emo-  
 “ tion: As I love *You*, I love your *Honour*. I lov'd you  
 “ first because you was a Soldier, and have since lov'd  
 “ you because you have ever maintain'd that Character  
 “ with Reputation. I wish it had been your Fate to have  
 “ staid at home: As you go abroad I must be *resign'd.*  
 “ That *Providence* which has as yet protected you,  
 “ may still be your Guardian. *My Prayers*, and those  
 “ of your *Children*, which shall be daily and nightly  
 “ offer'd up for you, may be heard. As a prudent Man  
 “ you have settled your private Affairs; as an honest  
 “ Man you are going to do your public Duty; and as a  
 “ good one you are prepared to die.—Heaven pre-  
 “ serve your Life!”—Here she cou'd utter no more,  
 but burst into a Flood of Tears. The Colonel's Pas-  
 sions were no longer to be restrain'd: The Spirit of  
 her Soul, and the Affection of her Love, made him,  
 with Tears in his Eyes, clasp her in his Arms; and,  
 raising her from her Chair, he led her into another Ap-  
 partment.

This Scene had a strong Effect on the Company, who could not help sharing in their Friend's Grief. On this Occasion I mention'd a Passage in *Orway*, the Lines of which were thought properly quoted. It is in *Caius Marius*, where, on parting, *Lavinia* thus says to her Lover:

————— *We ought to summon all  
 The Spirit of soft Passion up, to chear  
 Our Hearts, thus lab'ring with the Pangs of Parting:  
 Oh! my poor Marius!*

Mar. *Ah! my kind Lavinia!*

Lav. *But dost thou think we ne'er shall meet again?*

Mar. *I doubt it not; and all these Woes shall serve  
 For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.*

The

The Colonel enter'd as I spoke the last Lines, and a Gentleman telling him he hoped I had been inspir'd with Prophecy, I was oblig'd to repeat the Passage over again.—The Colonel smil'd, and told me I had given him an excellent Hint what to say when they took the *farewell Kiss*.—After some chearful Discourse, and some Healths for his safe Return, and Prosperity to the Expedition, we took our Leaves, and left him to prepare his Affairs for *Embarkation*.

When I came home, the Scenery of the Day had struck such an Impression on me, that it threw me into several Reflections on a *Soldier's Life*.—When I thought of the *indolent Life* they live in *Peace*, I look'd on them as unnecessary *Drones*, which the *laborious Bees* in *Trade* toil to support.—When on the *Eve* of a War, I consider'd them as a select Number of stout *warlike Englishmen*; I esteem'd them the *Supporters* of our *national Honour*, and *Guardians* of our *Liberties*.—When I recollected their *twenty Years Ease* in making *Hounslow Campaigns*, or mounting a *St James's Guard*, I thought their Life was spent in *Parties of Pleasure*.—But when I set before my Eyes the *Parting* with *Wives, Children, Friends*, and *all they held dear*, to undergo innumerable *Fatigues*, run in the Face of *Danger*, and lose either *Limbs* or *Life*, I thought this last Article ballanc'd the former.—In short, I found it might be politically said of an *Army* as of *two Elements*: *That they were excellent Servants, but bad Masters*.—This of *Soldiery*, in general.—But speaking of particular Characters of the Officers in the Army, we nowhere find Men of more open and free Address, in whom often center all the Accomplishments of the Scholar and the Gentleman.—Some few are Exceptions; but then they are look'd on with Contempt, and as a Disgrace to the Cloth. *Morality* and *Humanity* are so far from being inconsistent with the *Military Profession*, that one of the best Generals of his Time said, *He can never be a good Soldier, who is not a good Man*.

The *Gentlemen* of the *Army* who may read this Paper, will not, I believe, be offended at any Thing I have said in it. I honour their *Profession* as far as it is con-



sistent with the Liberties of my Country. As brave *Servants* of the Nation, every *true Briton* does the same. The Love of Valour is inherent to the Nature of an *Englishman*; nor is there an *Englishman* in the Kingdom but will pledge my Toast at Colonel *Heartwell's*:

SUCCESS TO OUR TROOPS IN FLANDERS,  
PROSPERITY TO HIS MAJESTY'S ARMS,

*And to the*

REVIVAL AND MAINTENANCE OF THE BRITISH  
GLORY.

L. L.



Numb. 28, 30. Saturday, June 5, 19, 1742.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

**A**S I understand, from some of your late Performances, that you have made *Physic* a Part of your Study, I take the Liberty to send you the following *Case*, in hopes that you will not only publish it, but add to it a few of your own *Remarks*. I can assure you the *Piece* is genuine, and what was put into my Hands by a Gentleman of the *Faculty*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

and constant Reader,

PHILO-ALBION.

\* The deplorable Case of Madam ALBION, &c.

**T**HIS Lady, who is now far advanced in Years, is of a very ancient and exceeding good *Family*. She has a fine fertile *Estate* in the *West*, moated all round, which enables her to live in her Mansion, called *The White House*, more securely than any of her

■ We apprehend this Allegory will need no Explanation.

Neighbours.

Neighbours. She has been several Times married, first into a Saxon, then into a Danish, next into a Norman, then into a Scotish, and lastly into a Saxon Family again: But such is the peculiar Tenure of her Estate and Person, that no Husband whatever is allowed to lord it over either; she having a Right, by her sole Authority, in such Case to put him away: Which Right she actually executed, about half a Century ago, upon the Scot, who attempted, against her Will, to alter some of the Customs of the Manor.

This Female Prerogative, so different from what prevails in all other Nuptial Contracts, has occasioned great Heart-burnings in all her Consorts; tho' as they knew their own Establishments depended upon her good Graces, they have complimented her upon her Pre-eminence, and pretended they did not wish to have the least Alteration made in their own Favour. And it is very remarkable that, where these Professions have been accompanied with the least Appearance of Sincerity, Madam has been altogether as indulgent and submissive as if she had no Power to be otherwise: But when they began to claim the same Things authoritatively, she let them know they were mistaken.

It has been shrewdly suspected however, that a Set of Fellows, called Dispensators, or Stewards, have always been in Conspiracy against their Mistress, and have now and then drawn their Master into the Secret. They knew that their own Authority would be increased by lessening that of their Mistress, as they could make themselves necessary for carrying on the Work they had once begun. Most of the Misunderstandings of the Family have indeed, with great Justice, been charged on these Men, without whose Insinuations the Consorts might all have been very happy in Madam's Affection.

Many are the Ways that have been taken, at different Times, and according to the different Capacities of the Projectors, to bring about the evil Purpose of dispossessing the Lady of her Power. The Chaplain, the Lawyer who is Clerk of the Manor, the principal Tenants, have all tried their utmost, and she has maintain'd her Ground against them all. But Medicine had

like to have accomplish'd what *Divinity* and *Law* fail'd of, and what even *Numbers* could not effect. Let us see in what Manner they severally proceeded, that the *superior Abilities* of BOB SCAMMONY may the more eminently appear. And for this we need go no farther back than the *Scot's Courtship*, which contains an Epitome of *Madam's* whole History.

Mrs *Albion's Scotch Spouse* had an exceeding good Opinion of himself, and was no sooner admitted into the *Bed-chamber*, but he immediately thought to be *a-top of the House*. When the *Chaplain* read the *Marriage Service*, it was observed that he pronounced the Words *Honour and Obeys* with peculiar Emphasis; and when he came to the *Exhortation*, he assumed a Tone of Authority at asserting the *Husband's Superiority* over the *Wife*. The *Wedding Sermon* run all in the same Strain, and he never preach'd, for a long Time afterwards, without something of this Doctrine.

Now as most of *Madam's Tenants*, especially the Chief of them, went always to *Chapel*, it came to pass by Degrees, that the *Chaplain*, who was a very *subtle*, as well as a *positive* Man, perswaded many of them to be of his Opinion: Whence it followed that the good Lady came to be *sighted*, and all the Reverence was transferred from *Her* to *her Spouse*; who plum'd himself upon the *Conquest*, and did not doubt of keeping up a Party sufficient to *maintain* it.—But as he was not well acquainted with the Estate, he did not know how many of *Madam's* old Friends had their *private Meetings*, and how many of those who heard the *Chaplain* would declare against his *Doctrine*, whenever she gave them Encouragement. She did so at last: A deal of *ill Blood*, and a great Number of Quarrels were the Consequence, while the *Chaplain* did all in his Power to *widen the Breach*. Once upon a Time he took it in his Head to cry out that the *Chapel was falling*; when every Body knew it was in *better Repair*, and more *strongly buttress'd* than ever it had been since it was *rebuilt*: Yet this had great Effect upon the *Chaplain's* Friends, who, for a long Time, kept up the *Alarm*: But Reason at last prevailed; *Madam's Title* was acknowledged.

knowledg'd, and the *Chaplain*, unless he can do it *privately*, never since asserts the *Superiority* of the *Landlord-Consort*.

The *Lawyer*, brib'd by his ambitious Master, dealt largely in *foreign Precedents*, and *ancient Authorities*, in order to invalidate those *authentic Deeds*, upon which his *Mistress* holds her *Estate*. But all this has been to no Purpose, since he has not been able to bring even a *Suspicion of Forgery* upon these *Writings*; and since it farther appears, that many *foreign Tenures* were formerly of the same Kind, and either complaisantly given up by, or extorted by Force from, the lawful *Inheritresses*. — As to the Part the *Tenants* have taken in this Dispute, it has been usually as they were influenc'd by one or other of these *Domesticks*.

It was not till after Madam's last *Marriage* that *Bob Scammony* was entirely taken into the Family. He had been indeed a Sort of *Hanger-on* during the latter Years of the *Scot*, till he was detected in a little *pilfering Trick*, and sent to *Bridewell*: But having regain'd his Liberty before the last Husband came to the *Mansion*, he got in with the good old *Gentleman* (who did not know his Character, nor much of the *Manor Affairs*) and slander'd all the other People of the Family, even the Lady herself, telling him they were sick of a grievous *plethoric Distemper*, call'd *Wealth*. Among other Things, he told his Worship, that the only Way to bring Madam to Submission, was to lower her *Constitution*; for it was her *high Living* that made her so *suppish*. Let Me, said he, have the Management of her Body, and I'll warrant we shall subdue her Mind.

The Fellow had been at *School* in his younger Days, and had just acquired Skill enough in *Phyfic* to make an itinerant Quack. By the new Master's Interest, whom he found Means to cure of a *Leucophlegmatic Disorder*, he was enroll'd *Physician in Ordinary* to the whole Family, and *Head Steward*. In both these Capacities he play'd the Devil and all with those about him: But his most barbarous Practice was on poor Madam, whom, in a few Years, by his cursed *Cathartics*

and *Emetics*, he reduced to a mere *Skeleton*, from a very plump jolly Lady.

It was not that she was insensible of his *diabolical Dealing*, but because she found it impossible to get out of his Hands, that she continued above *twenty Years* in this *languishing Way*, growing worse and worse every Winter. *Bob* introduced a *Set of Fellows*, all of his own Stamp, and would suffer none of the honest old *Servants* to stay in the House. These new Men beset her Ladyship from Morning till Night, talking of nothing but the great Merit of the *Steward-Doctor*, who would, by and by, perform such a Cure upon her, that she should be *better in Health* than ever. All this while her Strength decay'd, her Spirits wasted, and her Husband, who was himself actually deceived, *echo'd* over what he heard from the Confederacy. What signify'd her *groaning* and *complaining*, and *calling out* for Help? No Body was suffered to *hear* her, or no Body that *mind'd* what she said.

The Province of *Steward* was as ill supplied as that of *Physician*, or *Constitution-mender*. He rack'd the Tenants all to Death; left half the *Tradesmen* unpaid, and yet brought less to *Account* than any of his Predecessors. As to the *old Gentleman*, who had now pretty much the *Ascendancy* over his feeble Consort, *Bob* took Care always to let him have enough for his *Expences*, both at *home* and *abroad*. He had a little *Estate* of his own, with a very pretty *House*, that lay not far distant. When Madam complain'd how *bad she found herself*, he would cry out she was *peevish*, and leave her for *Months* together, retiring to this *Estate*.

There was indeed but too much Room to imagine, all Things consider'd, that the 'Squire's *best Affections* were at this *paternal Seat*, notwithstanding his frequent Professions of *conjugal Love*; and that it contributed much to old Madam's Disorder, to see herself, as she thought, *slighted* for the Sake of a *young upstart Hussey*, who was half maintain'd out of her Fortune. And certainly it had no *good Look*, to see almost as many *Livery Servants* here as at the *White House*, which had to be sure above *ten Times* as much to support it.

However



However that might be, every Body allow'd that the old Gentleman was much more excusable than *Bob Scammony*, whose Business it was to have *advised* him better, and to have put *Madam Albion's* good Qualities (which he very well knew) in the most *amiable* Light: Whereas, on the contrary, he represented all her kind Remonstrances as the Effects of *Ill-nature* and Want of *Love*, and took Advantage of that *meagre Habit*, and *pallid Complexion*, which he by his *Evacuations* had induced upon her, to make her appear as *disagreeable* as possible, that the *honest Man* might be in no Solitude about her *Health*, nor have the least Affection for her *Person*.

Two of *Bob's* chief Associates in this horrid Plot, were *Will Redstring* and *Horace Hoistbreeches*, the first *Surgeon*, and the other *Apothecary* to the Family, tho' neither of them understood the Business he profess'd, nor was ever bred to it. *Will* knew no more how to *open* a Vein with Skill, than *Bob* knew how to *time* the Operation. Tho' he was furnish'd with good *Instruments*, and paid for keeping them *bright*, yet his *Lancets* were always *rusty*, and some Symptoms of a *Gangrene* still follow'd his Hand. He never bled any Body in his Life but his *poor Mistress*, who, for her Part, would much rather have had him operate upon some of her *Neighbours*. They all the while laugh'd to see her treated in such a *bungling* Manner, and at the same Time put to so much *Expence*.

As for the *Apothecary*, his only Recommendation was his *Relation* to *Scammony*; for he had not the least Knowledge of *Pharmacy*. All his Art lay in getting a great Stock of *Drugs*, under Pretence of the Family Service; none of which he ever dispensed, except a few strong *Purgatives*, reserving all the *Balsamics* and *Cordials* for the Use of Himself and Company.

*Bob's* Office of Steward enabled him not only to stop his own *Fees*, but to pay all the exorbitant *Bills* of the other two *Leeches*, and the many Underlings they employ'd. These three Articles have some Years risen to more than half the Revenue of *Madam's* whole Estate; and yet her *Constitution* was so far from being mended, that

that it grew *worse*, in Proportion as the Charge was enhanced.

The Method of this Junto was, to shew no Difference in the *Procedure* whatever was the Matter, or if nothing was the Matter at all. *Bleed, purge, or vomit*, was every Week's Prescription, and all who were admitted into the Family declared it every Time to be *right*. Madam had a Quarrel with a *neighbouring Gentleman*, whose Tenants had made several Encroachments upon hers, and it was thought necessary for her to go to Law for Satisfaction. What did the *Leeches* do but redouble their Evacuations, for fear her *Choler* should rise too high; at the same Time ordering the Attorney not to enter his *Action*. The good Lady saw how much she was abused, and struggled hard to get out of their Hands: Whereupon Bob, in Conjunction with the *Defendant's Apothecary*, made up a great *Narcotic Bolus*, calling it by the soft *latiniz'd* Name of *Conventio*, and very decently forced it down her Throat. It happen'd, by good Luck, that her Stomach would not retain it; otherwise he had stupified her *Senses* for ever, and quite deprived her of all *Resentment*.

One Thing, in which the Doctor was successful above all others, was his frequently throwing Madam into *Frights*, and then working her well by Way of *Precaution*. There was a great, loud, fluttering Cock upon the next Estate, which would often strut along his own Side of the *Moat*, and crow ready to split one's Head. *Scammony* represented this Cock as a most formidable Creature, and pretended the utmost Apprehensions for fear he should fly over: Of which however there was no Danger, because his *Wings* had been close pluck'd some Years before by Madam's Mastiff. Yet never was this Creature heard but the Junto went to work, and less'n'd the Quantity of her Ladyship's *Blood and Spirits*.

There was a young Gentleman liv'd at some Distance, a Relation of her *Scotish* Husband, and who had formerly made Pretensions to Madam *Albion*. Here was another terrible Bugbear. The Man, it is true, was thoroughly nettled at his Disappointment, and had sworn to ravish her Ladyship the first Opportunity:

But

But of such Opportunity there was no Danger, as he had *no Way* to get over the *Moat*. If you ask'd *Bob* indeed how he was to come, the Quack would sometimes mysteriously shake his Head, and at others insinuate, however absurdly, that he was to be brought over upon the *Cock's Back*. And this poor Pretence, when others were wanting, had occasioned several *preventive Evacuations*.

All these evil Practices growing more and more notorious, and the good Lady being manifestly in a *Consumption*, some of her faithful *old Servants* had a Meeting together, in which they resolved to rescue her out of the Hands of *Bob* and his Accomplices, and to resume their several Places near her Person. The only Way to do this, was to convince the 'Squire of *Bob's* Villany, who took all possible Care to preclude them from the *Speech* of him. By Stratagem they obtain'd Admission, when his Worship was amaz'd at the *long List* of Crimes they had *drawn up*, and were ready to *prove*, if Justice might have Course. He told them at last, that, tho' he could not believe any Thing of the Matter, he was willing to submit Madam's Case to a *Consultation* of the *College*, and would in the mean Time *suspend* the Accused from the Exercise of all his Functions. \* \* \* \* \*

[Here my Correspondent informs me how *Bob* was frightened, and how his Master pitied him; how the College met, and chose a Committee out of their own Body to examine the Lady, and inspect all the Files and Drugs in Possession of the Junto; but breaks off without telling me the Result of their Consultation, which makes me think they had not brought in their Opinion when he wrote. The following short Dialogue, which he assures me really passed in the Hall, between the *Triumviri* above-mentioned, and *Scammony's* Man, *P-x-t-n*, upon hearing that they were like to be detected, is abruptly enough added at the End of his Letter.]

*Scamm.* Fool that I was! to be so long about it.—  
But I was in Hopes, by destroying her *gradually*, to do it

it the more *safely*, and put the 'Squire into *absolute Possession* without any ones perceiving what I was *driving* at. — We had all then been snug for Life, and even *P-xt-n* should have been advanc'd, for his — *great Fidelity*.

*P-xt-n*. And now, Sir, I suppose he must be hang'd, for his — *mean Servility*. — Well, I have been your *Poison-Carrier* in Ordinary, that's true.

*Scamm*. Blockhead! *hold thy Tongue*; thou'lt hang both Thyself and Me else. — Observe that, Sirrah, *hold thy Tongue*, let them ask what they will, and I have still Interest enough to bring us all off, even tho' the *Dregs* should be discover'd.

*P-xt-n*. I am all Silence.

*Redf.* But is it too late now, Doctor? — The *Livery Servants*, you know, are under my Direction: — Shall we make them stand by us, and give the *Coup de Grace* at once? — It is but opening an *Artery*.

*Scamm*. We are not sure of our Men, if we should run to such Extremities. Besides, the 'Squire would hardly consent: We should be all thought *Accessaries*, and the Tenants would be apt to *rise upon us*.

*Hoiſt.* Let me then give the final Dose, and send Death through all her Members in a *gilded Potion*. — Under your Instruction, good Doctor, I have learn'd the Art of *poisoning* to some Perfection.

*Scamm*. That must not be neither; the *Convulsions* would be too violent, and the *Marks* too visible — We had already made some Progress, especially on the *noble Parts*, and even the *Members* began to be affected. — But since our *Doings* are to be enquired into, we had best desist, and suffer her, if possible, to be *restored*. — Perhaps the *Gentlemen* may compound with us for what Mischief we have done, if we seem not to endeavour at more. — Not that I have any *Scruple of Conscience*; far be it from me; but only I fear we are now too narrowly *watch'd*. — If I get off, Gentlemen, you are all safe: Only stand by me the best you can, and I'll-warrant to *make some Friends* in the College. —

\* \* , you know, I am sure of.

B

A



Nun

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quiry

## A S I M I L E.

*On the Queen of HUNGARY.*

**I**F in the *Thames* a Man should drop,  
 Whose Fortune is not to be drown'd,  
 You'll straightway see him rise a-top,  
 And all the Boats come crouding round.

But in some Eddy let one fall,  
 Who, luckless, know not how to swim,  
 In vain for Help the Wretch may call:  
 For who will risk their Lives for him?

O Shade of *Charles*! thy great Allies  
 Thus guarantee thy Royal Daughter;  
 Before they croud in their Supplies,  
 They see her Head above the Water.

The *Prussian*, *Saxon*, and *Bavar*,  
 Push'd on, enforc'd by *Gallie* Honour;  
 Her utmost Ruin seem'd not far;  
 We saw the Waves pour in upon her.

But Heav'n upheld her tott'ring Throne;  
 The wond'ring Princes saw it stand;  
 And now her rightful Cause they own,  
 While *Prussia* turns to lend a Hand.

Thy ancient House, not yet to sink,  
 Again to Empire may advance,  
 May rise august from Ruin's Brink,  
 And blast th' ambitious Hopes of *France*.



Numb. 31. Saturday, June 26, 1742.

It began now to be publickly talked, that the En-  
 quiry would come to nothing.

From



From my own Lodgings, Spring-Gardens.

*The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,  
Upon whose Magic Skirts a thousand Devils,  
In chryſtal Forms, ſit tempting Innocence,  
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.* LEE.

**A**FTER having given my voluntary Service for near half a Year together, to watch over the Rights and Liberties of my dear Country, it was an agreeable Relief to me, about two Months ago, when I heard there was a select Number of more able Watchmen appointed by Authority to the ſame Purpose; that they had a real Power, equal to what I had assumed in Idea only, which extended to the Examination of past Facts, and might be made useful to all Futurity, by shewing that bad Measures will not be concealed, nor bad Men protected, while a Spirit of Independency animates the State of Great Britain. I thought this a favourable Opportunity of indulging myself in a whole Night's Rest, presuming that no Man would dare to act contrary to the Interest of the Community, just as he was alarm'd with a national Enquiry into a Series of such Actions. However, I resolved not to make a Practice of this Indulgence, because I knew too well the Honesty of some Men, to believe it could last them four and twenty Hours without good looking after. The Event has in some Measure justified my Suspicion; one or two of my Masters, of whom their Fellow-Citizens had the best Opinion, having of a sudden abandon'd the City, and removed within the Verge of the Court. As they are now out of the Limits of my Beat, I can only recommend the Care of them to my Brother the Cock and Crier; tho' I am afraid that will signify little, because he too, by being within the Circle, is, I am inform'd, from a very honest Fellow, become an arrant supple Courtier.

But this by Way of Digression only; for I am sure my Readers, now I have told them I went to sleep, expect of Course that I ought to dream. I did so, and the following Scene was presented to my Imagination.

Methought I was walking, with my invisible Cap on my

my Head, upon the customary Duty of my Office, when suddenly I was surprized by a *fine Inscription* in Letters of Gold, upon the Door of a House that I had never before observed to have any *Distinction*. The Words of it were, as near as I remember: REPETUNDARUM ET PECULATUS EXPLORANDI CAUSA; by which I understood, that this Place was set apart for *inquiring into the corrupt Application and Embezzlement of Public Money*. A Sight so extraordinary and unexpected raised my *Curiosity* even in *Sleep*, and made me instantly *glide unseen* into the inmost Recess of the Edifice, which seem'd to be guarded with uncommon *Precaution*.

The Gentlemen appointed for this great Work were all *sitting* when I came in, and I observed in most of them an *open Sincerity*, that gave me the utmost Pleasure. But I had not been long there, before I discovered great *Dissatisfaction* in all their Faces, which was more or less hearty, in Proportion as they were zealous for the Cause they had *undertaken*. They look'd wishfully at one another, and then at the Door: they sent *Message* after *Message*: All the *Answers* they received were very *civil*, but very *short* of what they *expected*. I could learn nothing more, than that SOMEBODY was certainly a great R——; but they were afraid they should not get Evidence to *convict* him.

Astonished at this odd *Circumstance*, and grieved at the *Defeat* of so noble Purpose, but not daring to open my Lips in the Place where I was, methought I went out the Way I came in, resolved to enquire into the Cause of what I had been seeing. A bulky Person whom I met at the Door, and who, by his discovering me, I found to be of a *spiritual Nature*, undertook to satisfy me, and thus began:

“ Know, *said he*, that I am the EVIL GENIUS of thy Country, and that what thou hast beheld are my Works. For twenty Years past, in the Shape of \* \* \* \*, have I been *bringing on* you the Calamities you complain of: And now, notwithstanding the evil Report Men have raised against Spirits of my *Quality*, as if we always abandon'd our Friends in

“ in Distress, I am as diligent as ever in Behalf of my  
 “ dear Minion, whose Deeds I will secure from *Detection*. I have led him through all the *Labyrinths* of  
 “ *V-l-l-n-y*, and should I suffer the *Clue* to be found out,  
 “ even I myself would be afterwards puzzled to make  
 “ another compleat *M-n-f-r*. For some Years past I  
 “ have rack’d my Invention to be *exquisite in Ill*, and  
 “ have exhausted all my Store of *anti-constitutional*  
 “ Stratagems, except that of *Violence*; which would  
 “ therefore be the only one left, should those of the  
 “ last *ten Years* be laid open. Think then, *Mortal*,  
 “ how unreasonable is what Thou and thy Nation expect. Wouldst thou suffer a Rival to recover Strength?  
 “ A Rival whom thou hadst almost *subdu’d*? Behold  
 “ here, and wonder not at *his Honour’s* Triumph.”

With that he shew’d me a *venerable Matron*, dejected and spiritless, reclining on a *Shield*, and kept from rising by three or four *Spectres* that surrounded her. She seemed *panting for Breath*, as if very *lately* she had made an Attempt to escape out of their Hands. My *Interpreter* told me she had so, and that, for the future, they should have a more *strict Eye* over her than ever.

I desired him to explain to me the Characters of the other *Personages*, that appeared before me; for as to the *Matron*, I remembered her *Face* extremely well, tho’ it was somewhat *alter’d*, I thought, by her late *Disappointment*.—He then proceeded:

“ That *bloated Fellow* on the Right, who continually  
 “ flings about him a *yellow Composition*, which frequently *puts out the Eyes* of those who come near him, is  
 “ *Corruption*, the Darling of the late *M-n-f-r*. He  
 “ was born under a former *Adm-n-f-r-t-n*, but never  
 “ was in high *Favour*, much less in *Credit*, till the last.  
 “ He was taken violently *ill* the other Day, but seems  
 “ now to recover.

“ That *meagre Phantom* on the Left, armed with all  
 “ the *Instruments of Torture*, has been always kept in  
 “ reserve by *his late Honour*, and never much made use  
 “ of till now. His Name is *Terror*. He has been of great  
 “ Service on the *present Occasion*, and has frighten’d  
 “ several People *dumb*, from a Consciousness of their  
 “ own

“own *inferior Guilt*, when they might otherwise have  
 “convicted the *great Criminal* whom I protect. A  
 “Conspiracy was formed for *cutting him off*, which,  
 “had it succeeded, must have *ruin’d* all: But we found  
 “Means to render it *abortive*.”

A malignant contemptuous Sneer accompanied each of these Descriptions, and several others which I shall not insert. He then shew’d me in what Manner he intercepted all the *Intelligence* designed for the *Gentlemen within*, who, he assured me, would be soon tired with an Office they had no Power to *execute*. “They have already, *said he*, sat long enough to throw as much Solemnity on the Affair as it will admit, and therefore”——Here he waved a *black Wand* that he held all the Time in his Hand, when suddenly the *Inscription* above disappeared, and another, which I do not remember any more of, than that it had almost an *opposite* Sense, started forth in its Room; the Structure opened with a great Noise, which *waked* me, just as I saw a *fat old Gentleman* gathering up some Papers that had been produced *against himself*.

As I am no very *credulous Dreamer*, I shall not make any *Comment* on this Dream (tho’ one of the strangest I ever had) or any *Conjectures* from it.—But the *Impressions* it left on my Mind were so strong when I awoke, that I was led to read once more a Passage in Mr *Pope’s* first Dialogue of *One Thousand seven Hundred and thirty-eight*, which I shall here transcribe for the Benefit of those who may not have seen, or may have forgot it.——  
 The Poet, having personified *Vice*, goes on thus.

*In golden Chains the willing World she draws,  
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,  
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet Head,  
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her Stead.  
 Lo! at the Wheels of her triumphal Car  
 Old England’s Genius, rough with many a Scar,  
 Dragg’d in the Dust! His Arms hang idly round;  
 His Flag inverted trails along the Ground.  
 Our Youth, all liv’ry’d o’er with foreign Gold,  
 Before her dance; behind her crawl the Old:*

See

*See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!  
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,  
 That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."  
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,  
 'Tis Au'rice all,—Ambition is no more!  
 See all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!  
 See all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!  
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore.  
 All, all look up with reverential Awe,  
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:  
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry.—  
 NOTHING IS SACRED NOW BUT VILLANY.*

I should be heartily glad, and have not been altogether without Hopes of it, to see the Reformation of *One Thousand seven Hundred and forty-two*, give the Lye to the Poet's Description of *One Thousand seven Hundred and thirty-eight*. This, I am sure, would afford me infinitely more Pleasure than to have my own *Dream out*, whatever it may signify. B.



Numb 32. Saturday, June 3, 1742.

The ill Usage the Queen of Hungary had met with, and the little Support she had hitherto received from those who profess'd to be firmest in her Cause, made all true Britons at this Time zealous in her Interest; little suspecting that she would be persuaded to attempt any Thing more than Defence, or that the ambitious Views of a petty El——te would be so openly blended with the Preservation of the House of Austria.

*From my Lodgings, Spring-Garden.*

**I** Have had the Honour, this Week, of another Visit from Mercury, who left upon my Table the two following



following Letters. If he had intended they should be transmitted to the illustrious Persons they are inscribed to, he would certainly have waited upon Messieurs *Wafn-r* and *Buffy*, and not upon Me, who have no Interest in either her Majesty or his Eminence. As I cannot but think therefore, that he designed them for the Public, I take this first Opportunity of inserting them in my Journal, which those Gentlemen, if they please, may send to their respective C——ts.

The first was written in *Greek*, which I wish I could have translated with the Spirit of the Original.

ZENOBI<sup>A</sup>, *Queen of the East, to MARIA-THERESA,*  
*Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.*

“ **W**HY will the Men vainly pretend, that our  
“ Sex, either in Spirit, Prudence, or Resolu-  
“ tion, is inferior to theirs? *Aurelian* owns the con-  
“ trary, tho’ victorious, and speaks with Wonder, even  
“ in these Shades, of the gallant Defence I made in  
“ *Palmyra*. What then will *Lewis* say, when he sees  
“ his Troops not only bravely withstood, but shock’d,  
“ repuls’d, overthrown, pursu’d, cut in Pieces, by thy  
“ hardy Soldiers, and intrepid Officers? Even *Hussars*,  
“ *Croatians*, *Ulans*, *Rascians*, *Waradins*, and *Pan-*  
“ *dours*, from Barbarians grow into Heroes to fight thy  
“ Cause, led on by thy *Charles’s*, thy *Lobkowitz’s*, thy  
“ *Berenclaus*, and thy *Khewenbullers*. It is thy Soul  
“ that animates them all, from the Pioneer up to the  
“ General.

“ Is He, that Monarch of *France*, the Arbiter of  
“ *Europe*?—Should He not then be just?—Should He  
“ not protect the Deserted and Innocent?—He saw  
“ thee attack’d; thought thee dispirited, weak, and  
“ abandon’d; a Woman, young, unexperienc’d, in imme-  
“ diate Danger.—Did he fly to thy Assistance; make  
“ his Arms the Instruments of Equity, and disperse  
“ thy Enemies?—Far otherwise: He united thy Bre-  
“ thren, thy Kinsmen against thee, to despoil thee of  
“ thy Inheritance, and with his own Forces join’d in  
“ support of the iniquitous League: He claim’d a  
“ Portion

" Portion of thy Substance, and arrogated a Right of  
 " dividing the Remainder.

" We knew thy Distress in these Regions. All of  
 " Women that ever reign'd with Honour, from *Semiramis*  
 " of *Affyria* to *Catherine of Russia*; all of Men that ever  
 " thought with *Generosity*, from the Heroic Age down  
 " to the present, were moved with *Compassion* for Thee,  
 " with *Indignation* for thy Enemies. We wish'd for  
 " Help, but saw none, till the most sanguine among  
 " us almost gave thee up, and doom'd thee to De-  
 " struction.

" We applauded thy *Firmness*, which would not  
 " suffer thy Estates to be dismembered: But feared that  
 " this Determination, not to part with *any*, might oc-  
 " casion the Loss of *all*.

" But that GREAT BEING, to Thee and Me known  
 " by different Names, interpos'd in thy Behalf. We  
 " now behold him fighting for Thee, and no longer  
 " doubt of thy Success. He has given Thee Council-  
 " lers, *Generals*, and last of all *Friends*. *Advised*,  
 " *served*, *assisted* as thou now art, go on, *magnanimous*  
 " *Heroine*, till thy Enemies vanish like Smoke, and  
 " thy Throne be established. May another Race of  
 " *Austrian Princes*, more illustrious than the former,  
 " begin from Thee, and reign the Terrors of their  
 " aspiring Neighbours, and the Preservers of *European*  
 " Liberty.

Sign'd,

Counter-sign'd,

ZENOBIÆ.

LONGINUS.

Before I proceed to my next Epistle, I must inform  
 my Readers that *Longinus*, the famous Critic and Philo-  
 sopher, was Prime Minister to Queen *Zenobia*, and  
 supposed to be the Writer of many of her Letters.  
*Vopiscus* the Historian has preserved one of them,  
 which she sent to *Aurelian*, in answer to one in which  
 he offered her Life, and a Place of Retreat, provided  
 she would surrender her Capital, then closely by him  
 besieged. I shall insert a Translation of it here, that  
 the *Stile* of it may be compared with the foregoing.

F. C. R. I. A.

ZENOBIA, &amp;c, to the Emperor AURELIAN.

‘**N**O Man, surely, till now, ever made such a Demand as thine. Greatness of Soul, *Aurelian*, does all in War. Thou command’st me to deliver Myself into thy Hands, as if thou wert ignorant that *Cleopatra* chose rather to die with the Title of Queen, than to live in any other Dignity. We expect Succours from the *Persians*: The *Saraceni* are arming for us: The *Armenians* have declared in our Favour: A Party of *Syrian* Banditti have defeated thy Army: Judge then, what thou art to expect, when all these Forces are joined. Thou must abate a little of that Pride, with which, as absolute Master of all Things, thou orderest me to surrender.

ZENOBIA.

If the judicious Reader finds any Similitude between these two Pieces, I shall be sure that *Mercury* has not imposed upon me.

My other Letter is in *French*, the common Language of both their Eminences, and in a Style somewhat different from her Majesty’s of *Palmyra*.

ARMAND, Cardinal de RICHELIEU, to HERCULES, Cardinal de FLEURY.

Monseigneur,

**I** Have with Pleasure beheld your Eminence, in many Instances, copying my great Example; but in nothing more remarkably than in my favourite Scheme of building up the House of *Bourbon* upon the Ruins of the House of *Austria*. No other Design can be equally worthy of a *French Minister*, who should prefer the Glory of his Prince to all other Considerations.

It was I that first raised up this Phantom of *Glory*, which *Mazarine*, *Louvois*, *Chamillard*, and others, my Successors, ever kept dancing before the Eyes of *Lewis XIV*; and which you, Sir, have made no bad Use of, considering the Subject you have to work upon. What

I

tho’

tho' *We* know it means *Injustice, Rapine, Infidelity*, the Sacrifice of every Thing to the Lust and Passions of *one Man*; it is our Business to make it *sacred* in his Sight, and to keep his Attention for ever fixed upon it.

Your Eminence, indeed, and I, have been thought to pursue the same End by very different Ways. I took a personal Delight in the Field of *Mars*, and, spite of my Character, have been seen thundering at the Head of an *Army*. You, more *pacific* in Appearance, never made any Figure out of the Cabinet. But what did I ever *fight* for, that I could obtain by *Negotiation*? What did you ever miss *going to War* for, that you could not obtain in any *other Manner*? The Circumstances, the Times, the Tempers and Characters we had to deal with, have made the Difference; not that I was more *sanguinary*, or you more *scrupulous*, as hath been weakly imagin'd.

I had, at Home, a formidable Insurrection, headed by the Great Duke of *Rohan*, to *suppress*; and the Power of the Princes and Nobility to *lessen*: Abroad, I had *able* Ministers, such as the Count-Duke d'*Olivarez*, and Chancellor *Oxenstierne*, to cope with. You had all quiet at Home, a People inured to their *Chains*, and a Nobility as much Slaves as the People: And Abroad whom had you to impose on? No greater a Genius than Sir *R. W.* or his Brother *H—e*. Tho' I allow *You* Merit, therefore, I must, in this Particular, claim the Chief Honour to *Myself*.

The *Austrian* Family, in my Time, was divided into *two* very potent Branches, and I had them *both* upon my Hands at once: In yours, the *elder* Branch of that House is entirely extinct, and much of its Power thrown into your *own Scale*. I own that all possible Deductions were made from this Power in *Italy* and the *Netherlands*, which render'd the late Emperor more potent than any other had been since *Charles* the Fifth. You had *England* and *Holland* likewise to be jealous of, from neither of whom had I much to apprehend. Allowing our Tasks then, in this respect, to have been equal, let us compare our *Plans*, and our *Successes*.

My chief Design was to *divide* the Empire, and employ

ploy the *Members* of it against their *Head*. Your Scheme was to impose on them a *weak Head*, that should have no Power to controul the *Members*. Both excellent Projects, and tending to the same Purpose of aggrandizing *France*, and leaving her no *Rival* in *Europe*.

I brought the *Swedes* into *Germany*, under their famous *Gustavus Adolphus*. You kindled a War in the Heart of the Empire, without the Intervention of any foreign Force but *your own*. Both excellent Methods of executing our respective Projects, and entirely conformable to the *French* System of Policy, in which *Faith to Treaties* is not admitted as an Article.

In one more Particular, very probably, we shall resemble each other. I did not live to *execute* my own Projects, which there is good Reason to think will be *your Case*.——

But then here comes the Dissimilitude: My Train was so well laid, that it could not fail of *Effect*, even under *Mazarine*, a Man of less Abilities than Myself: But *yours*, I am afraid, is already so far discovered, that a more able Successor will not find himself equal to the mighty *Mischief*. I made my Nation *hated*, but then it was *dreaded* at the same Time: You will bring upon it as much *Odium*, which perhaps may dwindle into *Contempt*. A Design upon the Liberties of many Nations, if it fails of Effect, must bring down their united *Resentment* on the Projectors, and all their Adherents.

With what Grief do I see this Revolt against your Eminence's Measures, even amongst Princes that were lately your *Allies*? How is the *Glory* of *France* obscured, in Proportion as the *Lustre* of other Nations breaks forth! The present War, I have great Apprehensions, will not procure another Peace like that of *Westphalia*.

Tho' no Man can with more Regret acknowledge his own Faults than Myself, I am oblig'd to own *one Error* of my Administration, that has been an eternal Bar to all my Successors, from *Mazarine* down to your Eminence. It was my alarming *Europe* with the Necessity



of keeping up a *Balance of Power*, the very Name of which had never been heard or thought of before. At that Time indeed it sounded plausibly from the Court of *France*, when all the Apprehensions of *universal Monarchy* were from the House of *Austria*; but I did not enough consider, that the same Pretence would draw together Alliances against *Us*, if ever that *Balance* turn'd in our own Favour. It did so in a few Years after, and *William III*, Prince of *Orange* and King of *England*, made the best Use of it to humble the *Grand Monarch*. This too has defeated the Scheme of your Eminence, and drawn off your *Allies*, when you were just upon the Point of fixing upon the *Imperial Throne* a Prince that must have been your humble Servant, and of dissolving the only Power that could have restrained you on the *Continent*. But the Notion is now establish'd, and the Jealousy of your Neighbours, I am afraid, will defeat all your Measures for the *Glory of France*.

I had indeed great Hopes to the contrary for some Years, when I saw the wonderful Union between your Eminence and the late Minister of G—— B——; when I saw him seconding your *Views*, promoting all your *Schemes*, and crying out with you against the recovered Superiority of the House of *Austria*. But the Removal of that worthy Associate in the Interest of *France* distracts me, as there is now no Prospect of keeping Mankind out of their Senses.

Upon the Whole, your Eminence, as well as I, will leave behind you the Honour of having meant well, tho' your Labours have not been attended with all the Success they deserve. It is not owing to You that *Europe* will be free after your Decease, and that *Lewis XV* will not give *Laws* through all *Christendom*. We have the Mortification to see, that, in the general Opinion of other Powers, there is something more valuable upon Earth than the KING'S GLORY, which must draw with it the Slavery of Millions. Since the Plot therefore is seen thro', I cannot advise you better than to stop the Prosecution of it, and by all Means to patch up a general Pacification. Otherwise, as Matters now stand,

it

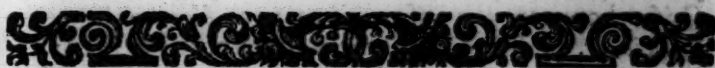
it may soon be too late, and the little *Glory* you have left may be *laid in the Dust*.

I am,

May it please your Eminence,  
Your Eminence's most obedient Servant,  
and faithful Brother,

RICHELIEU.

P. S. When you write next to *Chelsea*, pray give my humble Service. B.



Numb. 34. Saturday, July 17, 1742.

The two short Pieces that next follow, and the subsequent Answer to the first, will be very clear, when it is remembered, that Mr P, about this Time created E of B, had been many Years suspected of writing in the *Craftsman*, of which Mr *Amburst*, now newly dead, had been the Conductor, and most frequently the Author.

To Mr TOUCHIT.

Mr TOUCHIT,

I Have Orders from the Band of *British Patriots* in the *Elysian Shades* to leave the Inclosed in your Study, and you are peremptorily commanded to publish it in your next *Journal*, as you esteem their Favour.

MERCURY.

NICHOLAS AMHURST, Esq; (*the late Caleb D'Anvers*)  
to a New-created PEER.

MY LORD,

LIFE is a Jest, and all Things show it;  
I thought so once, and now I know it.

I cannot help crying out with honest Gay, on receiving Intelligence that at *this Crisis* of Time you should leave  
I 3 that

that *House* where you had long so warmly contended for *Liberty*, and your *Country's Welfare*. At this *Crisis*, when the *Plunderer* of your *Country*, whom you had many *Years oppos'd*, whose *Schemes* you had condemn'd, whose *Corruption* you had *stigmatiz'd*, whose every *Villany* you had publicly detested, whose *Ruin*, in pursuit of *Justice*, you had avow'd; when this *Plunderer*, I say, was even by your *Means* bringing to *Justice*; when *You*, as an *Advocate* for your *Country*, should have pleaded her *Cause*, and obtain'd her *Justice*; at this *Crisis*, how can you answer it to your *Honour* or your *Conscience*, to desert her *Cause*?—Not to act for one's *Country*, when in one's *Power*, is to act against it: Not to procure *Justice*, or endeavour at it, is to become a *Screen* for *Villany*.—Not to prosecute petty *Thieves*, who rob us, we by *Law* become *criminal*, and are liable to *Prosecutions Ourselves*.—Not to take *Vengeance* on the *Guilty*, is to share in the *Guilt*.

All this you know; all this, and more, could you Yourself say against Another on the same Occasion. —For what is that glorious Character you seem'd so ardent to acquire forfeited?—For what is the Name of the *Patriot* lost?—What *Honours* can equal the *Public Love*?—What *Titles* so noble as a *Friend* to his *Country*?—Was it for an empty *Sound* you spoke, you wrote, you labour'd?—Where is the *Honesty* you declaim'd with in the *Senate*? Where the glorious *Spirit* you publish'd in my *Journals*? Where the *Hatred* you every where profess'd against the *Enemies* of your *Country*?

Oh! Sir! could you hear the *Condemnation* every *British Patriot* in these *Shades* passes on you; could you see honest *DANIEL* blush with *Indignation*, What would you feel?—Feel that which every true *Englishman* must, who could hear that great and good *Shade* thus exclaim with *Sorrow*:

O *LIBERTY*! thou *Guardian Genius* of *Britain*, stop, stop thy *Flight*. O *VIRTUE*! be something more than *Name*, and empty *Sound*. Return, return, and inspire and assist some, still glorious *Legislators*, in the great  
Work

*Work they have generously undertaken, the obtaining Justice for their injured Country!*

These Sentiments, these Occurrences, Sir (*my Lord I mean*) I have been ordered to transmit to you: If they are not approv'd by You, yet they may by our Countrymen.

*Yours, devoutly, formerly,*

NIC. AMHURST.

*To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.*

S I R,

**W**ITHOUT more Introduction, the Case is truly this: We Country Gentlemen (for in that Class I rank myself) know little more of what passes in Parliament, than we are informed of first by our Representatives, on their Return home; and secondly, a considerable Time after by the *Magazines*, those imperfect Retailers of News and Politics.—As to the former, 'tis their Business, you know, to establish in us a good Opinion of them, whether they deserve it or not.—The latter envelope their Works so much in Smoke, that 'tis difficult to ground a reasonable Conjecture upon what they present us with.—Now I have formed a pretty Project to set all these Matters right, would the Great Ones but hearken to me.—'Tis, in short, no more than this, that every Law, according to the old Roman Method, should bear the Name of him that proposes it.—Thus, as they had the *Cornelian*, the *Julian*, &c, so should we read the *Robertian*, the *Horatian*, the *Winningtonian*, the *Jekilian*, &c, with a Prospect of giving due Praise to the several Enactors: And where Names sound hard or harsh, I would give Room for some little Pleasantry, such however as is founded in Reason. For Instance, should my Friend Billy, with the *red Ribbon*, introduce a Bill that should pass into a Law, suppose we call'd it the *Juvenilian*.—*Guil. de P's* Bill just carried up to the Lords, cannot, for obvious Reasons, have a Name fix'd to it, till the BATH Season, even supposing it should pass.—You will

See, that this first Part of my Scheme is calculated chiefly for the Leaders in Parliament, or such as distinguish themselves beyond an *Ay* or *No*.—If I find this meets with your Approbation, I may, in a subsequent Letter, acquaint you with the Extensiveness of my Design, which is to reach every Individual upon a Division.—In the mean Time, believe me, Sir, yours and my Country's Well-wisher,

AARON ROBE.

Tuesday Morning, July 13, 1742.



Numb. 35. Saturday, July 24, 1742.

From my Lodging, Spring-Gardens.

*Audi Alteram Partem.*

**A** Public Author is, by his Character, a public Judge over the Actions of Mankind: It is necessary therefore he should have one Part of the Characteristic of a Judge, an *unbias'd Impartiality* to all Persons; and as well hear what can be said on one Side of the Question, as the other. I shall always endeavour to retain this Maxim, and testify the Uprightness of my Heart, by shewing no Biggotry in *Religion, Love, or Politics*. As to the *two first*, my Readers will, during the Recess of Parliament, which is a Vacation in *Politics*, have an Opportunity to experience my Candour, as Occasions occur: As to the *last*, my inserting the following Letter is a Proof I am not attach'd to any Party. It seems a Vindication of some certain Great Person's *Principles* and *Actions*. Let it avail as much as it can avail: I leave every Reader to form what Judgment of it he pleases.

Ad



*An Epistle from a New-created PEER to NICHOLAS AMHURST, Esq; Secretary to the Band of British Patriots in the Elysian Shades.*

S I R,

THE Letter address'd to me came to my Perusal. The Censures pass'd upon me, according to your Representation, by a Band of *British Patriots*, seem a general Condemnation of my Conduct, by the *Lovers* of their Country. The *declamatory Warmth* with which they are penn'd; the *sharp Interrogatories* which are made; the *zealous Exclamations* with which they conclude, carry with them an Air of *Honesty* and *public Virtue*: But then there is no Reasoning; no Arguments on *Facts*; no Demonstration how far my Conduct has been culpable. However, in my own Defence I have thought proper of informing your *Elysian Patriots* of some *Facts*; of giving them my Notions of *Patriotism*; and how far an Opposition to a Minister ought to be carried, and at what Boundaries it ought to cease.

About the Time, *Nic'*, that the *Craftsman* was set up, I and honest DANIEL became dissatisfy'd with the Minister: I, for not being employ'd in the Post I wanted; He, for the Conduct of Affairs both at Home and Abroad. We form'd an Opposition, which, by our Interest and our Writings, we made a very warm one: Persons of quite contrary Opinions in *Government* and *Politics*, to what we ever before profess'd, were admitted into the Party, to give it Strength and Credit. —My Lord B——, as well as Myself, took up his *Pen*, and promoted, and greatly served our Cause. The Interest we avow'd was that of our Country; therefore most of the honest Gentlemen in *England* thought proper to distinguish themselves of our Party, by stiling themselves the *Country Interest*. This *popular Opposition* being form'd, the Minister found in it a violent Check on every Scheme and Project he had calculated against the *Interest* and *Liberty* of his Country. In many he received an entire Defeat.—True it is, that from Year

to Year, from *Parliament* to *Parliament*, I describ'd and pursu'd the Minister as an *Enemy* to his *Country*. I profess'd a *Disinterestedness* in these Proceedings, and that my only View was the Good of my *Country*, and forcing from Power a Man who so egregiously abus'd it. — Long were all these Endeavours fruitless; but at Length a happy Crisis of Time arriv'd.

————— *Quod nemo promittere Divum*

*Auderet, voluenda dies en! attulit ultro.*

The Majority in the H—— of C—— was lost, and with *That* the M——r's Power. It was his best Way immediately to retreat; and on *certain Terms* he did so. — What those *Terms* were, is a Secret I am not at Liberty to explain: — The S—— C—— may get at them if they can: If they cannot, Who can say there was any *compromissory League* or *dishonourable Contract*? It is *Surmise*; it is *Calumny*; it is *Nothing*.

Thus, Friend *Nicholas*, have I stated a Series of Facts. I shall now defend my own Conduct, and in that the Conduct of several other Gentlemen.

After a *bad Minister's* Resignation (and I allow the Man I oppos'd a *very bad One*) it has been always usual for the chief Persons in the Opposition not to sit down quietly, and let him in *tranquil Triumph* enjoy the Spoils of his Country. No: They endeavour'd to punish his Guilt; and, if not *Death, Pains* and *Penalties* were thought necessary for exemplary Justice. — These were the Maxims of the *old Patriots*; some of them perhaps of the Band which you say censure me: The *HAMPDEN's*, *SYDNEY's*, *RUSSEL's*, *MARVELL's*, &c. of a Century ago. — This might have been *Patriotism* formerly; — *Olim Tempore quodam Antiquo*; — but we entirely *now* proceed on a new System. — *Politics* are not *now* what they were *then*. — *Religion* was then mix'd with, nay, made up the chief Part of their *Politics*. — They struggled for the *Liberty* of the Subject, against the *over-bearing* and *over-encreasing Prerogative* of the *Crown*. Hence Parties were mutually violent against each other's Leaders; and *Cessation of Power* did not produce *Cessation of Enmity*.

How different is our present Case! — *Religion*, God knows,

knows, is not now a Subject for Quarrel:—*Ministers* and *Patriots*, *Courtiers* and *Anti-Courtiers*, are all of the *same Religion*:—No *religious Bigots*, on any Side:—*That is not a Part of modern Patriotism*.

Neither, as to our civil Rights, have we so much to contend for.—The *over-bearing* and *over-encreasing Prerogative* of the Crown raised a Spirit in the old *Patriots* to oppose it violently.—Here again is a wide Difference, all must own.—The Prince of that Time had a luxurious Court, the Refort of *Sycophants*, *Pimps*, and *Courtezans*: By these he was told a *King* should have a *most Royal Prerogative* to do just as he would, or else he was but the *Cypher* of a *King*. *Weak Men* are fond of *Power*, which if they should gain, from their very *Weakness* they would tyrannically abuse.—Such therefore, and their *Ministers* more especially, should be violently opposed.—On the Contrary, view our present Situation:—We live under the mild Government of a most *gracious* and *wise King*:—*Prerogative* is not his Maxim to rule by:—His *Parliament's Advice* and *Consent* direct his Measures; and the *Councillors* of the *People* he makes *his own*.—

What then, you will say, has all our *Opposition* been to?—I'll tell you: To the *M-n-st-r*; who, if he could have corrupted a *P-l-m-t*, might have induced his Master to think, by the Voice of his Creatures, that his own Measures had been the Sense of the *People*.—Here lay the Danger.—His *Inability* of doing that being removed, the Danger is removed.—*Sublatâ Causâ tollitur Effectus*.—

Some have said a Removal of a *corrupting iniquitous M-n-st-r* from public Power is not sufficient:—I think it is: I am not so over zealous in the *practical Part* of *Policy*, to carry Things to *Extremes*. My *Enmity* ceases with his *Administration*. *I never was a personal Enemy to the Man, but his Measures*.

All the *moderate Gentlemen*, who have been of my Opinion, and have accepted of *P—es*, or *P—ns*, or *Titles*, and from *Patriots* are commenc'd *Courtiers*, have been represented not to have acted on the true *Motives of Patriotism*; and that the whole *Opposition* has been only who were to be *IN*, and who *OUT*.—This leads

leads me to give my Opinion of *Patriotism* and *political Measures*, though, Mr *Amburst*, your Patriot Band may not entirely approve of it.

*Patriotism* is a just, a constant, and determin'd Opposition to a Government, whose Administration is against the Interest of the People. This is the most infallible Note of a true Patriot. This is the only Way, as late Experience has shewn, to expel those in Power, and get in others more heartily concern'd for Public Good.—After this, *Passions* and *Resentments* should subside:—The new *Pilots* should be suffered to take the *Steerage* in *Quiet*, and not commence their Voyage in a *Storm*. By my Definition of *Patriotism*, I did not mean that they were *Patriots* only who voted against a *Court* and *Ministry*: They are no more *Patriots* who always vote against a *Court*, than they who always vote for it. Both these are accidentally, according to different Occasions, good or bad.—Neither is it essential to *Patriotism* to refuse *Places*, *Posts*, and *Titles*.—Men may be honest in Power, and receive Honour for serving their Country.—There must be Ministers of State; and who more proper than those who have censur'd the *Evil*? Servants to a *Prince* must pay *Deference* to him; and as His, and the Public's Servants, ought to receive some *Wages* for their Services.—A Man at *Court* may love his *Country* as much as if he never went near it.—In short, tho' I am against acting violently, I do not think I act unjustly; and tho' I am a *P—r*, I am still a *Patriot*.

Yours.

A NEW-CREATED PEER.

To this Noble Politician's last Paragraph I shall subjoin another, as a Comment on it. Though I agree to his Definition of a *Patriot*, yet I cannot to some Consequences he seems to draw from it; one of which is, that *Patriots* out of Power will be equally honest when in.—I wish they were always so; but we have too often experienced the contrary. They become, as he observes, *Ministers of State*; *Servants of a Prince*; and must pay *Deference* to him. These are hard Things to reconcile with

with their Duty, as *Servants* to the *People*.—Who can serve *God* and *Mammon*?—As for their Receipt of *Wages*, let them enjoy the *Stipends* of their Offices:—If they do *more*, I am sure they are not *Patriots*, nor deserve to be *screen'd* by *Patriots*.—If an *all-grasping, all-corrupting M——r* should *sinfully* despoil the *People* of immense Sums; is he to receive *Wages*?—Yes, the *Wages* of *Sin* only; and what they are every one knows.—I wish *Patriotism* does not depend too much on *Sound*, and *is not* where 'tis sometimes pretended to be.—I wish also, our *new M——rs* of Power may act solely with Regard to the *Public Good*; shew a Sense of the Injuries sustained by *Corruption* and *Peculation* at *Home*, and *Bl——rs* and worse *Abroad*: On the contrary, that they have at Heart our future Welfare at *Home*, and our Honour and Interest *Abroad*.—This is incumbent on those in Power; what is *required*, and ought to be *expected* from them. Let them pursue these Measures, we shall not think of them by the Names of *Patriots* or *Courtiers*, but what they would demonstrate themselves, TRUE BRITONS.

L. L.



Numb. 36. Saturday, July 31, 1742.

Among other Things charged at this Time on the *Grand Apostate*, one was, that he had abandoned the Interest of the *R——l Heir*, for whom he undertook to make Terms at the Reconciliation.

—At nunc qui fœdera rumpit,

Ditatur; qui servat, eget. Claud. in Eutrop.

**A**MONG the many Characters that degrade human Nature, there is scarce any one more detestable, and at the same Time more contemptible, than that of a *false* and *treacherous Friend*. The Confidence we repose in him, makes us perhaps entrust our whole Interest



rest in his Hands; and the Baseness of his Heart leads him to betray that Trust, when he can do it with private Advantage to Himself. Those, indeed, who are too sudden and credulous in their Friendships, need not wonder if they are often deceived in this Manner: But after a long Acquaintance, numerous Professions, and even some Actions in Confirmation of them, the most wise and cautious honest Men are liable to become a Prey to R——es of equal Abilities.

I was led into this Reflection by the following Letter, which comes attested to my Hands as a genuine Translation from a *Persic* Manuscript. As the same Case may happen to Princes in common with other Men, and in any Age equally with that of *Shah Abas*, I shall make no Excuse for giving it a Place in my Paper.

MIRZA SEPHI, eldest Son of SHAH ABAS, to MORAT  
*his false Friend.*

O Abandon'd *Morat*! for what hast thou sacrificed that glorious Name, which made thee rever'd by all true *Persians*? For the empty Title of a *Bashaw*, which had just before been prostituted, as the Reward of Villainy and Corruption! Do thy boasted Love of thy Country; thy twenty Years Opposition to *Hali* the *Visir*; thy Protection of *Me* against all the Machinations of that Favourite of my Father; thy Harangues in the *Divan*; thy written Admonitions to the good old Monarch, which were not suffered to come to his Hand; do they all terminate in this, the Desertion of thy Friends, and Re-union with those whom thou hast called thy Enemies, as soon as thou canst gratify thy own vain and ambitious Views? Oh! what is Mankind become, since *Morat* can be untrue!

It is not, methinks, for me, who am young and un-experienc'd, to say unto *Morat*, *What dost thou?* Yet if *Morat*, after a long Life spent with Honour in the Paths of *Virtue*, will at least deviate from that good Way, shall not even the Children ask him that Question? —How canst thou bear the Reproaches of the *Young*, thou who hast shewn Wisdom to the *Old*, and openly reproved them for their evil Deeds?—Yes, even *Sephi* must

must reproach thee; *Sephi*, who almost ador'd thee; *Sephi*, whose very Footsteps should have been submitted to thy Direction!

Thou know'st, *perfidious old Man*, that when my Father withdrew from me the Light of his Countenance, the true Cause of it was my righteous Dislike of the *wicked Visir*, and my Association with those who laboured to supplant him, of whom thou appear'd'st at the Head. The great God knows that my *filial Duty* and *Affection* were ever warm, and that I long'd for nothing more than to be suffered to let them shine forth, whenever I could do it with Justice to my Adherents, with Honour to Myself, and with Advantage to my Country. This was the Occasion I sought, as thy Conscience must testify for me: This was the Occasion Thou, and thy whole Party, pretended to seek.

At length the *Visir*, chiefly by thy Influence, is banish'd the Court. The Way seemed open to all the great Ends I had ever proposed; a pleasing Return to the Profession of my Duty; a Reception fond and paternal; an Appointment suitable to the *Shah's* eldest Son, which I had sought for in vain during the late *Visiriate*; and that the Favours of the Throne might descend upon my faithful Friends.—Who could have thought the *bated Visir* had absconded only from the *Envy* of Power, yet retain'd the *Substance*?—Who could have thought that *Morat*, his delated Enemy, should connive at this *feign'd* Demission; for a titular Favour sacrifice the real Interests of the *Persian* Empire, and of *Sephi*, the Son of his Master? Yet this has *Morat* done, and behold there is no Remedy!

Did I not appoint Thee, as an Elder of the People, to approach the Throne on my Behalf, and obtain for me such Conditions, such Appointments, as it beseem'd the *Shah* to grant, and Me to accept? Didst thou stipulate for any such Conditions, any such Appointments? Or didst thou barter my Liberty of Choice, my Right of Inheritance, and become false to thy Trust, to obtain Honours for Thyself, which are due only to Fidelity and Merit?

I could not desist from the Engagements thou hadst entered

entered into on my Account, without offending again the *Shah* my Father.—Lo! I come into his *Presence*, and behold his Countenance with Joy: But it is not turned towards Me as towards a *Firstborn Son*, in whom his Heart delighteth. — His Bounty hath not descended upon Me, according as Thou didst promise in his Name. — My Friends are yet unrewarded, my Obligations uncancell'd, and I am only less *free*, without being more *wealthy* than before.

Have I not just Cause then to reproach Thee, *degenerate Man*? Degenerate from thy Ancestors, and from *Thyself*. Has not *Persia*, whom thou hast abandoned, a Right to cast Ignominy on *that Name*, which Thou now veilest under the specious Title of *Bashaw*? — But I have done:—What Thou hadst not the Honesty to ask for, the *Bowels* of my Father will bestow, and I shall again enjoy the full *Sun-shine* of his Face.

B.



Numb. 38. Saturday, August 14, 1742.

The following Scheme and Proposals we received from a humorous political Projector. How far he may succeed, we must leave for the Public to determine. The Right Honourable Author of the *Proper Reply* is however much oblig'd to him, for thinking of a Method of keeping from Posterity the Knowledge of what Sort of a Thing a modern Patriot is: For nothing can be a more severe Satire upon him, than the Comparison of his *former Writings* and his *late Conduct*.

LOTTERY-OFFICE, August the 2d, 1742.

WHEREAS it is computed, that there is now remaining in the Hands of the Curious, about a *thousand Weight* of unbound political Pamphlets, of various

various Kinds; such as *Craftsmen*, Ordinary and Extraordinary; the *State of the National Debt*; Essays relating to the *Hessian Forces*; others on *Freedom of Election*, *Independency of Parliament*, *Excise Schemes*, and *Conventions*; together with several Pamphlets on other National Points, as *Memorials*, *Ballads*, *Satires*, *Fables*, *Jokes*, &c, for the most Part wrote, or at least revised, by the celebrated Author of the *Proper Reply*, between the Years 1725 and 1740; and received in those Days with universal Approbation.—And whereas, for obvious Reasons, it is now thought adviseable that the said Papers should be entirely sunk and forgot:

*This therefore is to advertise the Public,*

That, in order to a Suppression of them, the Sum of *Six Hundred Pounds* is proposed by the *Right Honourable Author*, to be distributed by Way of *Lottery*, in the Manner following, *viz.*

A *thousand Tickets* are proposed to be delivered, agreeable to the *thousand Weight* of Pamphlets, *i. e.* one Ticket for each Pound: The *Lottery* to contain *Two Hundred Prizes* and *Eight Hundred Blanks*, which is no more than *Four to One*: A Scheme greatly to the Advantage of all Adventurers, if it be considered how useless henceforward all such Papers as were wrote in the *Spirit of Patriotism* are like to be: And moreover, that the Proprietors, even of *Blank Tickets*, will be entitled to double the Sum a like Weight of Waste-paper will bring in from the *Chandler* or *Pastry-Cook*.—We intend, if the said Lottery fills, to get it drawn before the Meeting of the Parliament,—at which Time a Bonfire is to be made in *Palace-Yard*, for the entire Destruction of such Pamphlets, &c, as shall be brought in.

*N. B.* Compleat Sets of *Craftsmen*, which, by being bound, are excepted out of this Scheme, will however, by the noble Author's great Indulgence, be received in Exchange for *Conducts*, *Gazetteers*, *Free-Britons*, *Corn-cutters*, and *Hyp-Doctors*, great Variety of all which he has lately furnished himself with, Weight for Weight, any Time before the Drawing the above Lottery shall be ended.

## The S C H E M E.

		£.	£.
Prizes 200, viz,	2 of 20	40	
	4	15	60
	8	10	80
	16	5	80
	30	1	30
	40	0 10 s.	20
	100	0 5 s.	25
Blanks 800, viz. 800	0 0 3 d.	10	
First Drawn	50		
Last Drawn	50		100
<hr/>			
Tickets 1000		£ 445	

To Blanks and Prizes	445
To Faggot and Brush-wood	10
To incidental Charges of Paper, &c.	15
To Alderman Calvert's Best, for the Entertainment of the Company during the Drawing and Burning	30
To twenty superannuated Patriots of the Noble Author's own chusing, who are to act as Commissioners, at five Pounds each	100

Total Expence 600

Numb. 39. Saturday, August 21, 1742.

The Humour of the two following Pieces met with an uncommonly kind Reception from the Public, which occasioned their being several Times reprinted.

From my Lodgings in Spring-Garden.

I Would not have my Readers of to Day think, that tho' this Paper is ludicrous, it is in the least prophane, by an



an Imitation of scriptural Stile. By an innocent Humour some real and important Truths are convey'd; and tho' there has been a late Precedent for this Humour, that it cannot be called Original, yet I cannot think that my Correspondent has made an unworthy *Sequel*. The Stile and Parodies are closely struck off; but I chuse that the curious Reader should find them out, rather than point to them myself.

## LESSONS for EVENING SERVICE.

The FIRST LESSON is the First Chapter of the Last Book of PATRIOTS.

*Ridiculum acri*

*Fortius & melius plerumque secat Res.*

1. **N**OW it came to pass when G—— the King had taken some of the Tribes of *Patriots* into his Councils and Palaces, and honoured them with great Honours, and endowed them with great Places and P——ns, he set his Heart at Rest, according as he was bade, inasmuch as he was told he had now found Favour in the Sight of the *People*.

2. But the Tribes of the *Patriots* were many; nor were the Leaders of all of them satisfied at what the King had done.

3. Now these were the Tribes of the Land of *England*. There were the *Court Tribes*: Of these were the *W-lp-lites*, the *P-lb-mites*, the *W-lm-ngt-nites*, the *H-rr-ngt-nites*, the *H-rw-ites*, and the *T-ngites*; and all these possessed great Offices in the King's Palaces.

4. And besides these were the Tribes of the *Patriots*; and they were called the *P-ltn-yites*, the *Arg-lites*, the *Crt-r-tites*, the *B-th-rsities*, the *G-rites*, the *F-nchites*, the *P-tites*, and many more who took on them the Name of *Patriots*, who possess'd no Offices in the King's Palaces.

5. Among these also was a Tribe, whom the *W-l-lites* called the Sons of *Belial*; and they were the *Jacobites*: — Albeit there were not many left in the Land.

6. Now

6. Now although there had been Jealousies, and Strife, and Heart-burnings among these Tribes for twenty Years in the Land, yet was the King bade to set his Heart at Rest, as he had promoted to Honours and Office the Chiefs of some of the *Patriot Tribes*, in the Manner as it is written in the Book of *Preferment*.

7. Howbeit the King could not set his Heart at Rest, as he had not satisfied all the Tribes of *Patriots*, nor dealt with them according to their Heart's Desire: For the *Arg-lites* murmur'd greatly, and those called *Jacobites* had not their Term of Reproach done away: Wherefore they said in their Hearts, What have we been doing? These more than twenty Years Labour is even as nothing; and *Robert*, now-called the *E—rl*, still ruleth the Roast.

8. And *John*, the chief of the *Arg-lites*, was greatly in Wrath; and *John* was a great Man, and a mighty Warrior: His Wisdom was esteemed abundant, and his Heart cleaved to the King, though not to *Robert* his Servant: So that his Name was much set by.

9. This *John*, from his great Knowledge in political Architecture, imagined to himself he could best lay a solid and sure Foundation for the Good of the King, and Welfare of the People: Wherefore he drew up a Plan of a Foundation, which extended an hundred Cubits to the *East*, an hundred to the *West*, an hundred to the *North*, and an hundred to the *South*; and he called the Name thereof the *Broad-bottom*.

10. And on this Basis were the Hopes of all the Tribes without Distinction to be built; and it was to be called the *Coalition of Parties* for ever and ever.

11. In the mean Time Tidings of this *Broad-bottom* came to *Robert* the M-n-st-r, and Fear came upon him: Wherefore he went to the Palace of the King in Sack-cloth; and he fell down to the Earth upon his Face, and said:

12. O King, live for ever! Be thy Throne established from Generation to Generation. If thy Servant hath ever found Favour in his Lord's Sight, let him hear the Voice of his Servant. And G—e said, Arise up, and say on.

13. Then

13. Then *Robert* arose, and cried with a loud Voice: Albeit my Lord the King hath said he will defend his Servant against those who take Council against him; yet do the *Patriots* set themselves against Me, and eke against Thee the Lord's Anointed.

14. *John* the *Arg-lite* will suddenly come before the King, to propose somewhat called a *Broad-bottom*, which is to extend to the *East*, to the *West*, to the *North*, and to the *South*. Now on this strong Foundation are the Enemies of the King to build their Hopes: For on this the Sons of *Belial*, the *Jacobites*, are to come into my Lord's Favour, and have great Power. Wherefore I beseech thee not to hearken to the Voice of *John* the *Arg-lite*.—Trust not, O King, the *Jacobites*, lest peradventure Evil come upon thee in thy latter Days.—And he bowed his Head, and spake no more.—

15. At the Name of *Jacobites* the —, as if he were bewitched by the Spell of a Wizzard, fell into great Wrath, and rent his Hat from his Head, and smote it, and spurned it with his Feet in furious wise; and swore none of that Tribe should have Power under him, to the End that they might not have Power over him.

16. And *Robert* laughed in his Sleeve,—as much as to say, *Tush, go to; I care not for what Man can do unto me.* And his Heart was puffed up exceedingly; and he departed from the Palace with great Glee.

17. Now it came to pass, in a few Days after *John* the *Arg-lite* had been appointed Captain over ten thousands, and twenty thousands, and forty thousands, he went to the Palace of the King, and they communed together, and the *Broad-bottom* was mentioned.

18. And as soon as the Words were uttered, the — fell into great Rage, and cry'd aloud, *Jacobites! Jacobites! Traitors! Traitors!* Then he was deaf to all the Captain of War could say; and he turned his A— on the Captain of his Armies, and the Captain of the Armies turned his A— on him, and said he would be no more the Captain of his Armies: And so they departed in great Dudgeon.

19. During

19. During these Things there was a Report among the People, that there was a *League and Covenant* between some of the Chief of the Tribes of the Court, and some of the Chief of the Tribes of the Country; and that in Defence of *Robert* a mighty *SCREEN* should be made, near the Throne of the —; and that he should retire behind that *SCREEN*, as to a Sanctuary, and be as safe there even as if he *touched the Horns of the Altar*.

20. There was indeed Communion among the Chiefs, and it was agreed, that from that Day for ever the *W-lp-lites* should be no longer called *W-lp-lites*, but *Orf-dites*; and that the *P-lin-yites* should be no longer called *P-lin-yites*, but *B-thites*: And they are called so to this Day.

21. Moreover that this should be as a *Peace-Offering*; and, for Time to come, the *Orf-dites*, the *B-thites*, the *C-rt-r-ites*, the *P-lb-mites*, the *B-th-flites*, the *W-lm-ngt-nites*, the *G-rites*, the *Pit-tes*, the *H-r-r-ngtonites*, and all the Tribes of *Ites*, should be as one Tribe, save only the *Arg-lites*, and those People called by *Robert* the Sons of *Belial*, the *Jacobites*.

22. Accordingly all these Things came to pass: And *Robert* was made a Prince of the Land, and called *O-f-d*; and *William* was made a Prince of the Land, and called *B-th*. So also fared it with the other Chiefs, as had been agreed among them; and the *Patriots* became as *Courtiers*, and those in Disgrace were numbered among the Rulers of the People. And the *Courtiers* who went *In* had Compassion on their Brethren who went *Out*, and gave *P-nf-ns* to them, each Man according to his *Family* and *Tribe*.

23. Now these are the *Acts* of the *Patriots*; and the People murmured greatly, saying, "What have our Chiefs done? *In vain have our Patriots raged, and the People have imagined a vain Thing.*"

24. And *O-f-d* the *E-l* laughed to scorn the Murmurings of the People, saying, Mine Exaltation seemeth a Wonder in the Eyes of the People; but their Wonder will cease, as Wonders now do, on the Even  
of

of the ninth Day. This is a happy Day, and I will rejoice and be glad in it.

25. Then his Coaches, and Chariots, and Horsemen, and Followers, were got ready, and they went to *Chelsea* to be merry, where he sung this Song in Praise of the King, who had delivered him from his Enemies.

*To the Chief Musician on the Organ, RALPH. COURTEVILLE.*

A SONG of O—F—D's.

*God prosper long our noble King,*

*Who heard my woeful Call :*

*To him with merry Heart I'll sing,*

*Who sav'd my dreaded Fall.*

*Both Death and Hell encompass'd me,*

*And Terrors round arose :*

*But then I cry'd full piteously,*

*O! Screen me from my Foes.*

*He heard, he spake : His Royal Will*

*Full graciously was shown :*

*Prerogative shall screen thee still*

*Behind my Royal Throne.*

*What then, tho' all the People say,*

*That this is all a Farce ;*

*Still shall my merry Heart be gay,*

*And bid them kiss my —.*

*So ends the First Chaper of the Last Book of PATRIOTISM.*

The SECOND LESSON is the First Epistle of CH—ST—RF—D to the KENSINGTONIANS.

1. CH—ST—RF—LD, called to be a Patriot of his Country, through the Spirit of Liberty, and Love to his Country.

2. Unto the late Brethren called Patriots, now at the Royal Palace at K—ns—ngt—n ; to all Britons in general, who



who love *Freedom, Virtue, and Justice*; with all that in every Place detest *Venality, Corruption, and Dependency*:

3. Grace be unto you to be true and faithful to your Country.

4. Now, I beseech ye Brethren, take heed concerning the Things which I write: For even among the best of ye, I have been assured, there has been *Luke-warmness, Indolence, private Views*, and, in some, a thorough *Falling-off*.

5. It hath been declared unto me of ye, my Brethren, by those who are of the House of *C—rt—n*, that ye are *Time-servers, Deceivers, and Word-breakers*.

6. That also there are Divisions and Contentions among the younger Brethren who have but lately had a Call to the Ministry: The one faith, I am of *O—f—d*, and another, I am of *B—th*; others, I am of *C—rt—t*, I am of *S—dys*, and I of *Arg—le*.

7. Now who is *O—f—d*? He was once a *Patriot*, and suffered for Liberty's Sake. Twenty Years and upwards hath he since been a *Prime M——r*; and, What hath he done for *Liberty*? His *Patriotism* became *Corruption*, and his Professions of a *Love* for *Liberty* were changed into Endeavours to corrupt his Country.

8. Who is *B—th*?—The Friend of *O—f—d*;—and was, but the other Day, the professed one of his Country. —What hath he done for his Country? Hath he brought her Enemies to *Justice*? Hath he broken the Bands of *Corruption*? Hath he kept his Word with *Fr—d—ck* the *Pr—ce*? What then hath he done to be called *Patriotism*?

9. He hath changed his *Name*; and, with his *Name*, his avow'd *Principles*; and, with his *Principles*, the *Love* of his Countrymen for the Smile of his *K——*.

10. Who are *C—rt—t* and *S—dys*? They were *Patriots*: They are now *Courtiers* of the *K—g*; and, peradventure, they are become like the *K—g's* old *Courtiers*.

11. Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless a Man hath a stedfast Faith that the Love of *Liberty*, and of  
our

our Country, is to be preferr'd before *Honours, Titles, Promotions, Places*, and such like, he is in much Danger to have his *Patriotism* stagger'd in *King's Palaces*.

12. *P-ltn-y* was, but is not.—Touching *Place-Bills, S—dys* uttereth not is Voice: He is neither for displacing nor displeasing: There is no Poison of *Asps* under his Lips: He speaketh not: His Heart pondereth on *Ways and Means*.

13. Now, I beseech you, Men of *Britain*, and Brethren in the Love of *Freedom*, if any of you would be called *Patriots*, should you perceive Men in any wise speak or act contrary to the Doctrine they themselves have taught ye, condemn them as *false Brethren*.

14. For they that are such serve not their Country for the public Weal, but their own private Lucre; and, by their good Words and fair Speeches, deceive the Hearts of the Simple.

15. It has been said among the *M-n-st-rs* of *State*, What! is there not *Patriotism* in a Court? Are all *R—gues* that enter into it?

16. I say not so: God forbid! But a *Minister* of *State* must, to be a *Patriot*, be a Friend to his Country: He must not only be just himself, but endeavour to bring to Justice whoever hath been *unjust*; and let Men so account of him, as of the Servant of the *King*, and Friend and Steward to the *People*.

17. Moreover it is required in *Stewardship*, that a Man rack not the Tenants over-much; that he spendeth not immense Wealth to beggar them into Slavery: For what Field will always bear large Crops of Corn, without it sometimes lieth fallow?

18. How long have we seen the Iniquities of *false Stewardship*? How long have we groan'd under Affliction? How long have *Bribery* and *Corruption* kiss'd one another? How long have *Peculation* and *Oppression* gone Hand in Hand?

19. O ye Men of *Palaces*! hearken unto me. O ye *Ministers* of *State*! give Ear unto the Words of my Mouth.

29. Woe unto them who are given to *change*! Woe unto

unto them who will not decree *righteous Decrees* ! who will not follow the *Righteousness* they have prescribed !

21. For a Day of Visitation shall come ; and what, O ye false Patriots ! will ye do in the Day of Visitation ? To whom will ye flee for Help ? Where will ye flee for Succour ? Where will ye leave your Glory ?

22. Tho' ye speak with the Tongues of Men and of Angels, and have not *true Patriotism*, a *true Love* for your Country, ye are *All* as sounding Brass and tinkling Cymbals.

23. And tho' ye have Gifts of *Treasuryships*, of *Secretaryships*, and have Knowledge ; and tho' ye have all Faith that ye could remove Mountains, and have so little *Patriotism* as to remove them not, ye are as *Nothing*.

24. Tho' ye have spoken *Speeches*, tho' ye have made *Protests*, tho' ye have cried out against an *all-grasping* and *oppressive Minister*, and have not *Patriotism* to bring him to *Condemnation*, it profiteth nothing.

25. *Patriotism* is vigilant and persevering : *Patriotism* changeth not : *Patriotism* vaunteth not itself, nor is puffed up by Places or by Honours.

26. Doth not from *uncorruptible* become *corruptible* ; seeketh not *private Lucre* ; thinketh not of *enlarging Prerogative*.

27. Rejoiceth not in *new Taxations* ; but rejoiceth in reducing the *National Debt* : And for this End,

28. Striveth at all Things ; from the King beareth all Things ; hopeth all Things ; and produceth all Things.

19. *Patriotism* never faileth : But whether there be great Abilities, they shall fail ; whether there be Eloquence of Tongue, that shall cease ; whether there be Knowledge, that shall vanish away : But *Patriotism*, the Truth of Heart, abideth for ever.

30. And now abideth great Eloquence, great Knowledge, great Patriotism ; these three : But the greatest of these is *Patriotism*.

So endeth the Epistle of Ch—st—r—ld to the Kensingtonians.

Numb.



Numb. 40. Saturday, August 28, 1742.

We preserve this Paper, because it preserves the Original Character of Mr TOUCHIT, which it is impossible always to keep up.

*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

*Nocte latent mendæ, vitioque ignosciter omni,*

*Horaq; formosam quamlibet illa facit.*

*Consule de gemmis, de tincta murice Lana,*

*Consule de facie, corporibusq; diem. OVID.*

THE whole Course of my nocturnal Perambulations, in which I have never forgot my *Lanthorn*, serves to verify the Truth of this Remark of the *Roman Poet*, which I have chosen for the Motto of my Paper, and to extend it much farther than he has done. Not only *Defects* and *Vices* of the external *Form*, but those of the *Mind* and the *Heart*, are concealed by the *Night*; or, what is much the same in a moral, as the Absence of the *Sun* in a physical Sense, by the dark Veil of *Hypocrisy*. As my *Lanthorn* has the singular Quality of penetrating this Veil, it produces to me the same Effect, with regard to *mental Faults*, as the Light of the *Sun* produces upon corporeal Objects. But if I should publish all it discovers to me of this Kind, I should ruin half the first Reputations in the Kingdom. Those therefore who keep the Veil on constantly, Night as well as Day, I shall suffer to proceed as if they were really good at Heart, only giving them now and then a *private Admonition*: But I cannot bear your Day-light Hypocrites, who throw off all Decency when they think they are no longer observed, and bring a Scandal upon real Virtue by their Midnight Irregularities, if ever (and they seldom fail) they come to be known. Let

all such take this *Warning* (I think it's the *second* I have given them) and reform in Time; for if my Brother Watchmen, of the *standing Corps*, let them escape, they may depend upon it I shall not be so indulgent.

But to be a little more particular, and nearer to the general Sense of my Author: I can inform my Fellow Citizens that most of the *peripatetic Ladies*, who take the Evening or the Night only for their *Street-Exercises*, are much obliged to the Obscurity of the Time for the *little Appearance* they have of Beauty, and would be so far from agreeable if seen in broad Daylight, that none of their present Admirers need have much Apprehension of *Captivity* from their *Charms*. I would advise therefore all young Gentlemen, who have known themselves in Danger from this Sect of the *Fair*, to resolve against ever chusing one of them in the *Dark*, and to take our Poet's Counsel, always to *consult the Day* upon a *fine Colour*, a *fine Face*, or a *fine Shape*. This, I believe, would be an effectual Means to prevent the Ruin of Hundreds, who do that in the *Dark* which they would blush to have the Sun look upon, and with Persons that themselves would nauseate if they saw them fairly. I have several Times held up my *Lanthorn* on *these Occasions*, with very good Success; and would do it always, if I could be on the Spot: But as this is impossible, I am obliged thus to give a *public Admonition*.

It is proper that I should here prevent an *Imputation*, which my Zeal on this Subject might otherwise bring upon me. I declare myself entirely innocent of all that happen'd on the general *Search Night*, some Time ago, when the four Women were stifled in *St Martin's Round-house*. There is more *Ostentation*, I am afraid, if not private Interest, in the Proceedings of these *noisy Reformers*, than there is real Antipathy to Vice. Would not a firm Resolution, steadily and uniformly prosecuted, of all the civil Officers, from the upper Rank down to my own, at no Time to give Quarter to any *known Prostitute*, be much more effectual to the same Purpose? But Cruelty is by no Means to be suffered, even where Guilt is manifest: How  
horrid



horrid then was it in this Case, where there was not only *no Proof of Guilt*, but, in one Person, the most undoubted Testimonies of *Innocence*?

Besides the *nocturnal Peripatetics* above mentioned, there is another Tribe of the *Fair Sex* (*Female* I should say) who always go *benighted* in open Day; so that you are then no more able to spy their Defects than when there is no Light, when

—*Color unus inest Rebus, Tenebrisque teguntur Omnia*—

I mean the Tribe of the *Pièts*, who every Day make their own Faces, and rub them off at Night. If some of these were conscious how often I have seen them in their *true Complexion*, they would be ashamed ever to come out in any other, for fear of being exposed. No Lady of *real Modesty* and *good Conduct* need be alarm'd at what I say, in the Apprehension that she is liable to be visited and seen by a Man when she thinks herself the most retired; because I assure such I will never put one of them to the Blush, nor make the least ill Use of the Properties of my Lanthorn. But others, who have only the *Semblance* of these amiable Qualities, which they *put off* with their Petticoats, have indeed some Reason to tremble at the Name of *Thomas Touchit*. None of them, however, need be afraid of *natural Defects*, unless, from a Principle of Pride, they take *unnatural* and *painful* Methods to conceal them. If *Tortilla* will have only half of the Cork taken out of her Stays, and *Cleora* will make hers but two Bones bigger, I shall take no farther Notice of the Matter.

A few Hints now and then given, in this Manner, I hope will correct these, and many other little *Peccadilloes*, which can be known only to the Ladies who sat for the Picture, or others like them.—When *Clarinda* has read this Paper, I expect she will no more laugh at the Man who doats on her, and whom she sincerely loves in her Heart, because she perceives he is too *serious*, and too much in *earnest* in his Addresses, to be able to *join with her*. Do not I know (she will perceive I do) that when she has by this Means sent him away *half distracted*, she has herself been

*little better* till she saw him again?—I expect *Calista* to look well to herself, and not indulge too much *Privacy* with a Person, who is already almost *too strong* for her Virtue. Does she not remember the Danger she was lately in, which was prevented by a great *Rap* at the Door with a *Watchman's Staff*?—I expect *Lucy*, *Cynthia's* Maid, to keep the *Back-door* always shut from Eleven o'Clock, and not admit Company to her Mistress after the *old Folks* are a-bed. Let her remember how the young Fellow was *frighted*, about the 20th of last Month, and warn him to take Care for the future.

I could mention a great many *Cases* more, but chuse not to be too particular on this Head, because the Rest may perhaps reflect for themselves. The *Offenders* among the Men, whom I shall at another Opportunity proceed to give some Account of, must not expect to be so much *spared*: But if, in the mean Time, I can reform any of them by the *Light* of my *Lanthorn*, I shall scratch their Names out of the Catalogue.

B.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

DEAR Tom, surprizing 'tis to me,  
That *Englishmen* will never see;  
But will (in spite of all we're told)  
Be Puppies under nine Days old!  
Else we might see, by any Light,  
That *Patriotism's* all a Bite:  
That all these Speeches and Pretences,  
Motions, Addresses, and Defences,  
Have been before, and will ag'in,  
So long as there is *Out* and *In*.

Who could have thought, when *Bob* and *Will*  
Exerted all their Pow'r and Skill,  
And ran a-muck at all Extremes,  
To countermine each others Schemes;  
When they'd alternately assail,  
And fight, like Bears, with Tooth and Nail:  
Who could have thought, I say (could You)  
That they'd the *self-same Point* in View?

And

And were, despite those sturdy Knocks,  
Both of a Side, like *Thumoth's* Cocks?

So have we seen ride thro' the Street  
Two Fellows, terrible to meet ;  
With Arms in Ends of Ribbon bound,  
Flourish their Swords a starry Round ;  
Acquainting you by printed Bill,  
That each his Man resolves to kill ;  
Begging you'd come to see the Fray,  
Where only Twelve-pence is to pay ;  
Protesting there is no Deceit,  
Their Honours scorn to fight a Cheat :  
When soon as are the Champions mounted,  
And the surrounding Noses counted,  
With seeming Fury they engage,  
And fret and tear the trembling Stage :  
Then both (abhorring Cuts and Knocks)  
Slink from the House to *share the Box* ;  
And, as the Golden Store they split,  
Laugh at the Woodcocks they have bit.

T. C.



Numb. 42. Saturday, September 11, 1742.

*From my own Apartment.*

**M**R Addison's Observation, that *no Man ever speaks of himself with a good Grace*, must not be extended to us public Writers. That excellent Author, in his *personated Character*, hath such charming *Egoisms*, that scarce any other Parts of his admired Writings exceed them. Tho' I make no Pretensions to the same Art, I am oblig'd occasionally to comply with the Practice, especially when I relate any Instance of my *excubitorial* Diligence. I am now preparing a Journal of *High Life*, which I shall shortly give my Readers, wherein the Vowel I will be the Hero of the whole Piece. You shall see him.

K 4

And

him visit the public Offices, inspect with his Lanthorn the *New-come-ims*, and demolish with his Staff some Characters which at present support themselves pretty well. But as I have not yet compleated my *Vistation*, I shall postpone the Publication of it for about a Fortnight, having by me sufficient Entertainment for the intervening Papers. The first Thing I shall serve up to-day is another Letter from *Elysum*, which *Mercury* left on my Desk while the Earl of *Stair* \* was last in *England*.

JOHN DE WIT, formerly Grand Pensionary, to their High Mightinesses the ST-TES G-N-R-L of the United Pr-v-nces.

*High and Mighty Lords,*

**T**HO' *Systems of Politics*, since I was concerned in them, are pretty much changed on your Sphere, excuse me if I think myself capable, taught by *Experience* and long *Observation*, to form a pretty good Judgment of Things even at present. That you should pay some Deference to my *Opinion*, even at this Distance, is, I think, no more than is due to my *Reputation*.

It is, I know, a *grand Principle* of your Government, to avoid, as long as possible, any Measures that may cause an Interruption of your *Trade*, involve you in extraordinary *public Expences*, or create among you too great a *military Power*. This leads you to live at *Peace* with your Neighbours, and to keep *vacant* all the highest Posts in your Armies. To a certain Degree you are undoubtedly right: But there are *Crises*, and will be so in a *Republick*, when it is dangerous to pursue this Maxim too far. It may sometimes be absolutely necessary to entrust such Authority in *some one Man*, as may provide against all the bad Consequences

\* This Nobleman was then Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General. He had been warmly soliciting them to join offensively in a War against France, and was said to come over to England in order to take fresh Advice upon their Procrassination.

of *slow popular Resolutions*; and rather to hazard a *short Suspension* of Trade, and incur an *additional Expence*, than to suffer the *Growth* and *Encroachment* of any one Power, who may in Time endanger the whole *System*.

My Lords, I will not pretend to say positively, that your State is *at this Instant* in one of these *critical Conjunctures*. I only beg Leave to remind you of what pass'd at the *End of my Administration*, that you may compare it with the *present Posture of Affairs*, and the *Prospect* they afford. What *Measures* to take, in Consequence of such Comparison, you will not want to be informed.

The Invasion of the *Spanish Netherlands*, in 1667, by Lewis XIV, upon a Claim form'd in Right of his Queen, was one of the most *sudden* and *successful* Expeditions recorded in History. It was indeed one of the first Steps of that amazing Height, to which the *French Monarchy* soon after arose. How many *thousand Lives*, and *Millions of Money*, it afterwards cost your High Mightinesses to pull it down, is too notorious to need Repetition in a Letter. Every one knows that *We*, the *States-General* of that Time, intent only upon our Commerce, and keeping down the young Prince of *Orange*, look'd calmly on, till the Danger threaten'd even *our own Borders*. Then indeed we bestir'd ourselves, and, in Conjunction with *England* and *Sweden*, form'd the *Triple Alliance*, which we weakly thought sufficient at that Time. This brought on the Peace of *Aix la Chapelle*, and I *honestly thought* would have secured the *Repose of Europe*. But what follow'd? In *two Years* after the *French Monarch*, undisturb'd again by his Neighbours, seiz'd the whole Duchy of *Lorraine*; and in *two more* invaded *Holland* itself, and brought our Republic to the Brink of *Destruction*.

Need I mention the Rest? the cruel *Massacre* of Myself and my Brother? the *popular Promotion* of the Prince of *Orange* to the *Stadtholdership*, in Opposition to an Edict that we had procured? the *Ignominy* cast on our Names, as if we had been at Heart the *Enemies*.



mies of our Country?—Are not *all* these Things sufficiently known? Should they not serve for *Examples* to all future Generations?—I can now reflect on my own Error, and advise others to avoid it.

For if, instead of only *stopping* the Career of his Conquests, the Terms of the *Triple Alliance* had been an *immediate War* with the *French King*, to make him *restore* All that he had taken from his Neighbours in *this* and *former Wars*, and circumscribe himself within the *antient Limits* of his Kingdom; would he afterwards have thought, in an unprecedented Manner, of seizing the Dominions of *another Sovereign*, only because he was able so to do; or of invading a *growing Republic*, upon the poor Pretence of her *Arrogance*, or Want of Complaisance to so *great a Monarch*?

It has ever since been the Maxim of *France*, to *flatter* one Power while she *destroys* another, that *every Power* in its Turn may become her *Prey*. The Practice was new in my Time, and therefore I was the more excusable for being the Dupe of it. But should any *Successor* of mine be so imposed on, who can say it was *unwittingly* and *innocently*? Will it be sufficient, when *France* has conquer'd the *one Half* of the *Austrian Netherlands*, to enter into a Treaty in Defence of the *other Half*. Consider, my Lords, what would your *Barrier* then be? Might not the same Power, *two Years* after, advance again into the Heart of your Provinces, when she had *given Peace* (as her Phrase would be) to the Rest of her Neighbours? Might not *Lewis XV.*, as well as his Predecessor, keep his Court at *Utrecht*, or even at the *Hague*? Would those Neighbours, *exhausted, disappointed, chagrin'd*, think your Preservation more worth *their* Care, than *You* thought the Preservation of the House of *Austria*, and with it the *Balance of Europe*, worth *yours*?

There is yet another Consideration, which must not less concern you as *Men*, tho' perhaps it ought not as *Patriots*. Should all the *other Consequences* of my Negligence, my Complaisance to the *French*; Consequences so *fatal* to *Me* and my Party, so advantageous to the Prince of *Orange*; should these, I say, follow, thro'

thro' the *same Means* as in my Time; were it not better, *High and Mighty*, that you had in Time listen'd to the Voice of your *People*, the Remonstrances of your *Allies*, the common Call of every Friend to the *Liberties of Europe*?

In Point of *Trade*, you are now quite on another Footing, with respect to *France*, than you were formerly. All the Hazard, then, was on your Side: But now the *French* come in for a very large, tho' not an equal Share of it. Reflect therefore, if the Damage you may do *their Commerce*, Damage of lasting Consequence, thro' your superior Naval Force, will not more than counterbalance the short Interruption of your own! If so, *All* the Advantage will be on your Side, whom Commerce so immediately concerns.

As to *Expences*; Can the Charge of reducing the Power of *France*, in Conjunction with such potent *Allies*, be like what may be one Day expected, merely to withstand that Power, if ever your Alliances should be forfeited, and your Cause justly deserted?—Consider, my Lords! you account well.

For your third Fear, the Disposing of your *Military Employments*, and especially the Choice of a *Stadtholder*; what *Inconvenience* did you ever receive from either of these? I remember but one Instance, in all our History, when the State was in *Danger* from the Designs of a *Stadtholder*; and that was towards the Year 1650, when *William II*, young and ambitious, spur'd on by *Cardinal Mazarine*, whom he gallantly assisted against the *Spaniards*, had plann'd out a Sort of Sovereignty to himself, which was to be built as much upon the Ruins of the *Common Enemy* (so the *Spaniards* till then were call'd) as upon those of the *Republic*. But the *Project*, and almost the Possibility of reviving it, ended with his Life. A *Friendship* ensued with the *Spaniards*, and with all the successive Masters of the *Netherlands*, when those Provinces were not in the Hands of *France*. The same Foundation therefore could not be laid, nor the same Powers employ'd, to raise the imaginary Structure of a new Kingdom of *Burgundy*. *William III*, whom, partly from an ill grounded Fear, partly to maintain

maintain my *own Power*, I opposed to the *Loss of my Life*, you never accused of any such Design: Yet He, as he was the *last*, so was he, in himself, the *most powerful* of all your *Stadtholders*.

When did your *Affairs*, Foreign or Domestic, go on more gloriously than under him, and his *illustrious Predecessors* of the same Family? When, except in your last War, when you entrusted the immortal Duke of Marlborough with nearly the same *Power*, without the *Title*?

High and Mighty Lords, when you have *deliberated* on the Premises, I make no Doubt but your *Resolutions* will confirm my *Opinion*; who am, my Lords, ever *sollicitous* for the Welfare of your *State*.

J. DE WIT.

*The next is a Ballad, which we hope will not be thought a Picture the less just of the Politics of these Times, because it has here and there a Stroke of Ridicule.*

THE WORLD IN A HURRY; or the Dance of Nations.

A New BALLAD.

THE World's in a *Hurry*—What is it about?  
Or why, O ye Monarchs! d'ye make such a Rout?  
Contend ye for *Int'rest*, or *Humour*, or *Pride*?  
No *Honour* there can be—at least on *one Side*.

*Russia, Sweden, Hungary, Prussia, and France,  
Spain, England, Sardinia, all join in the Dance!*

My Verse was too *short*, or it gently might touch  
*Modena, Don Carlos, the Emp'ror, and Dutch*:  
But to dwell on *Distress*, my Muse would not chuse it;  
For *Two* \* have no Land, and a *Third* may soon lose it.

*Russia, Sweden, Hungary, Prussia, and France,  
Spain, England, Sardinia, make up the whole Dance.*

\* The Emperor was disposess'd of his *Electorete*, and the Duke of Modena of his *Duchy*.

Ye Numbers of Pope, or ye Periods of Murray,  
Assist me a while, to describe this great Hurry!  
Without ye 'twill somewhat extenuate my Folly,  
That at least I shall rise to Tom Durfey, or Colley.

*Russia, Sweden, Hungary, Prussia, and France,  
Spain, England, Sardinia, come lead up your Dance;*

Lo! *England* begins; (for *Spain* gave the Affront)

Yet what did her Sons, except *Vernon* the blunt?

In a Hurry he took *Porto-Bello* and *Chagre*:

But *Robin* took care no one else was so eager.

At last *Prussia, Hungary, Poland, and France,*

*Russia, Sweden* came in too, and brisk was the Dance:

Excited by Factions, and paid by *French* Gold,

The *Swedes* sail to *Finland* with Courage most bold:

They thought to recover their Claims in a Trice;—

But now may be glad to run back o'er the Ice.

Tho' *Lewenhaupt* moves like a Pupil of *France,*

Count *Lasce*, we see, has the best of the Dance.

Increase of \* *Dominion* mov'd *Prussia* to War;

A Kingdom † and *Empire* decoy'd the *Bavar*;

But scarce know we what put the *Saxe* in a Fury:—

Tho' doubleless they all had their *Motives* from *Fleury.*

Thus harass'd by Neighbours, still hurry'd by *France,*

The Lady was almost run down in the Dance.

But O Queen of *Hungary*! what hadst thou done,

Poor innocent Dame, to be thus over-run?

Sure nothing!—and therefore thy *Strength* was restor'd;

Thy Cause won the Conquest when feeble thy *Sword.*

Now *Prussia* and *Poland* grow weary of *France,*

Her Marshals are lam'd in the Midst of the Dance.

Yet still in a Hurry new Armies she sends,

The Foes of all Parties, tho' nominal *Friends.*

O *Charles*! may thy Cannon dissolve the Intrigue,

And e'er their Arrival secure thee in *Prague* †.

Then heigh for a Ball with two Marshals of *France*!

And thou, *Maillebois*! may'it come in for a Dance.

\* Silesia.

† Bohemia.

† Prince Charles was at this Time besieging Prague, where the French made a brave, but ineffectual Defence.

*Don Philip* on tip-toe trip'd on to *Marseilles* ;  
 But there the *Knight-Errant* stop'd short on his Heels.  
 If his *Tears* could prevail, or the *Threats* of his Mother,  
 He should have a Kingdom—as well as his Brother.

But, obstructed by *England*, unsuccour'd by *France*,  
 Sure *Home* again, *Home* again, must be his Dance.

*Don Carlos* himself was in no better Plight,  
 'Till he, by *Submission*, recover'd his Fright.  
 Not burning *Vesuvius* could *Naples* dismay,  
 Like a Squadron of *Englishmen* moor'd in her Bay.

O what mighty Kings are these *Grandsons* of *France*,  
 When five *British* Captains can lead them a Dance !

But what are *Sardinia* and *Montemar* doing ?  
 Now marching, observing, retreating, pursuing ;  
 In *Doublings* and *Traversings* ever delighting,  
 And all the *Atchievements* of *Warfare*—but fighting.

No doubt but 'tis due to the Conduct of *France*,  
 That the poor *Spanish* Chief has so puzzled the Dance.

*We* too in the Buffle come in for our Share ;  
 For what do we want to begin—but declare ?  
 The *French* in a Hurry repair *Dunkirk* Town,  
 And *We* in as much may, perhaps \*, knock it down.

Our *Nobles* and *Gentry* all draw near to *France*,  
 And sure the *Monseurs* will oblige with a Dance !

The—— too, 'tis said, will his Person expose,  
 (God save him !) and take *dè Noailles* by the Nose :  
 O *L-w-s* ! wouldst thou too but come in the Field,  
 A pair of such ——s the World could not yield !

Then heigh Boys for *England* ! and heigh Boys for  
*France* !

And this Way, and that Way, and so they should  
 dance.

But still the *Dutch Hogans*, more subject to Phlegm,  
 Would feign have the Lead, e'er they come to th'Ex-  
 tremes ;

With shuffling, and cutting, and parrying off Blows,  
 We have but half *Friends*, and the *French* scarce half *Foes*.

\* This Perhaps was all the Poet had to save his prophetic  
 Honour.



But would they too *hurry*, and cross it with *France*,  
*England*, *Austria*, and *Prussia* might soon end the  
 Dance.

That *Stair* may succeed let us pray all and one,  
 And baffle *de Gilles*, and defeat *Fenelon*!  
 That soon throughout *Europe* all *Discord* may cease,  
 And *France* not be able to trouble her Peace.——

Then *Spain*, *England*, *Hungary*, *Prussia* and *France*,  
*Sweden*, *Russia*, *Sardinia*, in *Friendship* may dance.  
 B.



Numb. 43. Saturday, September 18, 1742.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;  
 Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

S I R,

I Am a Person of an odd Cast of Humour, which  
 consists of making Reflections on the most common  
 Occurrences. A trifling Accident in the Street, which  
 would pass unregarded by a less sagacious Commenta-  
 tor, has furnish'd me with half an Hour's grave Spe-  
 culation. The same Humour prevails in my Reading:  
 For, be a Subject ever so trifling, I raise to myself a  
 thousand chimerical Ideas, with which I entertain my-  
 self, and have a secret Joy by giving Scope to the  
 Wildness of my Imagination.

I thought proper, as an Introduction to the Sequel  
 of this Epistle, to give you this Part of my Character,  
 or you would have thought me a queer Fellow to have  
 begun abruptly, "Sir, Having seen a great Number of  
 "Auctions advertis'd in the Papers, it has given me  
 "the Hint of having one of my own."——However,  
 this is the plain Matter of Fact: For having the other  
 Day perus'd the ingenious Mr Cock's Advertisement to  
 sell *Houses*, *Estates*, *Furniture*, *Pictures*, *Curiosities*, *Toys*,  
 &c, &c,

&c, &c, I began, in my speculative Mood, to consider the Nature of *Auctions*; the Humour of People at such Sales; and of disposing of every Thing to the *highest Bidder*. The elegant and great Figure which my Friend *Cock* makes on such Occasions; the Address with which he recommends his Lots to the *Connoisseurs*, *Virtuosi*, and *Ladies*, not only occur'd to me, but rais'd an Idea of the Importance of such an Office. My Imagination took Wing, and I consider'd the *whole World* but as one *great Auction*, where every Thing was disposed of to the *highest Bidder*. From this Conception I as immediately formed another on its System, and *idea'd* out to myself, that Mr *Cock's* great Auction Room was fill'd with a vast Number of People of different Rank, Quality, and Humours, come to purchase Rarities and Curiosities; and instead of seeing my old Friend acting the Auctioneer, I Myself was exalted to that Office.

Now, Mr *Touchit*, if yours and your Readers Imaginations can figure out my Description, the following Scene, which I saw play'd over to Myself, may not seem too romantic nor too disagreeable to them. Take it therefore without any farther Preface.

*The AUCTION of AUCTIONS; or, The  
General European Sale.*

*Consisting of a large Number of Rarities, Toys, Pictures,  
Curiosities, as well foreign as domestic.*

*With a small Parcel of Books, being the Library of a  
Gentleman lately gone Abroad.*

First Day's Sale.

*Scene the Auction Room.*

AUCTIONEER.

*Gentlemen and Ladies,*

**A**S this is the most General, so it is the most Extraordinary *Auction* that I ever had the Honour to exhibit to the Public; and I see by the Concourse of this Assembly, that the Catalogues which I have dispersed,

perfed, have raifed the Curiofity I expected. As the Things I difpofe of here differ from the common Run of Sales, fo differ I alfo in the Manner of putting them up, which fhall be entirely *miscellaneoufly*, as they are handed to me: Therefore, whether it be a *Nic-knack* for a *Lady*, or a *Toy* for a *Gentleman*; the *Picture* of a *Minifter*, or a *View* of a *Patriot*; the *Pourtrait* of a *King*, or the *Print* of an—Any-thing; a *Courtezian* at full Length, or a *Maid of Honour* in *Miniature*; you muft all excufe the Irregularity, which, in Fact, will make the Sale more amufing, as I fhall always direct myfelf according to the Lots I put. I hope, Gentlemen and Ladies, you will bid to the full Value, and have nothing more to add, but begin with *Lot Firft*.

## L O T I.

A Genuine ANTIQUE, call'd PUBLIC SPIRIT, Though it is fome Thoufands of Years old, it will give a noble and bold Impreffion. Come, *Gentlemen, Statesmen*, and *Politicians*, What d'ye put it up at? What fay you to 10,000l?

1<sup>st</sup> STATESMAN. Ho! ho! ho! Ten thoufand Pounds for an old Toy!

AUCTIONEER. Confider, 'tis a Jewel of the firft Rank: Your *Grecians* and *Romans* would have given a hundred thoufand Pounds for it.

2<sup>d</sup> STATESMAN. But now 'tis out of Faftion at Court: you fhould have put it up to the wealthy *Cits*.

AUCTIONEER. Well then, Gentlemen of the City, who bids for this invaluable Gem?—Mr Alderman *Tripleplumb*:—Behold what a fine Luftre it has.

ALDERMAN. Aye, ay, Luftre: It has Luftre:—But my ten thoufand Guineas have ten thoufand Times more.

AUCTIONEER. Mr Deputy *Clofefift*,—What fay you to *Public Spirit*?

DEPUTY. What is it to me? I never concern myfelf with *Public Affairs*. Had you e'er an excellent Diamond, which had come over in the *Brasíl Fleet*, that would have come a Penn'orth, I might a happ'd to have been your Chapman.—But my Neighbour  
Gripe

*Gripe* here may chance to bid, for he was talking to me on *Change* t'other Day about building an *Hospital*.

GRIFE. Yes, Sir, so I was; but not till I am dead. —When I am dead I'll have a *Public Spirit*. —I will not give a Doit for it now; but I'll leave three hundred thousand Pounds for my Executors to lay out in such Jewels.

AUCTIONEER. Ah! poor *Public Spirit*, how little art thou valued! Come, I put it up at five hundred Pounds,—at four hundred Pounds,—at one hundred Pounds.—Nay then, lay *Public Spirit* aside.

COUNTRYMAN. Hold ye there, hold ye: Be it *right* and *true*? Is there no Cheat in't, like unto your false Diamonds and false Gold?

AUCTIONEER. 'Tis real: This is none of your *Bath-Metal* Toys; nor like that which was disposed of t'other Day at *S-and-s's* Sale. But prithee, honest Friend: Thou dost not pretend to purchase it.

COUNTRYMAN. Look thee, Friend, I am *John Blunt* of *Chippenham*: I defy'd *Bribery* and *Corruption*, and all their Works, at the last Election. A *true Heart* and a *sound Bottom*. And look ye, here's my *Leathern Pouch*, and in it a Score of *Golden Guineas*; all I can spare in the World; and I bid them for *Public Spirit*, that it shall not be *laid aside*.

AUCTIONEER. Well, I must put it up again then. —*Public Spirit* no more than twenty Guineas. —A going for twenty Guineas. —A going, my Lord—

LORD. Let it go and be d—n'd.

AUCTIONEER. Going,—a going.—Gone.—

[Knocks down the Mallet.

COUNTRYMAN. 'Tis mine! 'tis mine!

AUCTIONEER. 'Tis thine, take it.

COURTIER. Prithee, Mr *John Blunt*, what will you do with it now you have got it?

COUNTRYMAN. Oh! there be Uses enough for it. I'll wear it at Elections, and defy you fine Folks, with your fine Promises, and fine Bribes: I won't be one Thing one Day, and another Thing the next; for *banging* a Rogue in the *Morn*, and *saving* him in the *Even*. I would no lose my Character to be made a

*Justice*;

*Justice*; and had rather, in a good Cause, be call'd plain *John Blunt*, than *Your Worship*.—Now let your *Courtiers* and *Spim-sham Patriots* say as much as they con.  
[*Exit Countryman with Public Spirit.*]

LOT II.

AUCTIONEER. Come, Gentlemen, Lot 2d is the most curious Thing imaginable, compounded together by Art and Nature, by a *Machiavelian Adept*: It is called *MAGNES AULICUS*, or the COURT LOADSTONE, which attracts the Possessor of it to Preferment or Honour.—What d'ye put it up at?

*Five hundred together.* A hundred Pounds.

*Another Chorus.* Five hundred Pounds.

*Grand Chorus.* A thousand Pounds.

AUCTIONEER. Hold, Gentlemen: This is not to be purchas'd by Money, but by whatever the World esteems valuable that you are in Possession of. Now what bid you?

1st PATRIOT. My Principles which I have profess'd these thirty Years.

2d PATRIOT. D—mn your Principles: What are they worth? I'll give up all the Friends I have in the World.

3d PATRIOT. I'll yield my Wife.

4th PATRIOT. Ha! ha! ha? A Wfe? — You shall have my Wife, Daughter, and all my Family.

5th PATRIOT. I'll give a blind Obedience to the \*s Will.

6th PATRIOT. I'll give my Soul to the D—l to be a Minister.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

[This high Bidder gave me such a Shock, that I quitted the *Rostrum*, and put an End to the *Auction*: But lest the Public should be entirely disappointed, I will give them a genuine Copy of the Catalogue.]

A CATA.



A CATALOGUE of Curiosities to be disposed of  
by AUCTION.

LOT I.

*Public Spirit. An Antique.*

LOT II.

*Magnes Aulicus*; or, the *Court-Loadstone*. This Magnetic has a Power attractive beyond Imagination: It draws away Honour, Sincerity, &c, from any Person troubled with such bad Qualities, at a surprising Distance.—N. B. *It is attested that it has had Effect from London to Worcester and Bath.*

LOT III.

An admirable Folding SCREEN, with six Leaves, in which are several Conversation Pieces depicted, and some great Personages drawn to the Life.—This Screen was invented by *Don-Monsieur Roberto le Muripole*, erected by *Marquis D'Arenis, le Count Politone*, and others, at the public Expence of 100,000 l. —*For the Use of all evil M-n-st-rs of St—te.*

LOT IV.

A curious Political Barometer, which prognosticates the rising and falling of Patriots Consciences; with Calculations for the Meridian of any Place in Great Britain.—*By some late Experiments that were made by the learned Professor Mynheer Van Bribe-all, it was found to be of excellent Service.*

LOT V.

A Reflecting Telescope, which shews past Things in their real proper Appearances. Intended for the Use of the President of the Royal Society,—but never made Use of.—*This will come cheap to any, as the Glasses were applied only to one particular Person's Optics.*

LOT VI.

A considerable Number of strong Chests made to hold Money, which were employ'd but a few Months ago.—*As they are not like to be of any Use for some Time, they will come cheap.*—Enquire, to look  
at

at them, at the E—ch—r, Palace-Yard, Westminster.

N. B. *They would be convenient Furniture for M—lb—gh-House, H—ght—n-Hall, or Mr Peter W—lt-r's Warehouse in St Margaret's Church-yard.*

LOT VII.

A *Cabalistical Political Charm*, which, beyond all other Experiments, demonstrates the Power of Sound: There are four peculiar Letters of the Alphabet hermetically enclosed up in a Thumb-phial, on the opening of which the Spectators plainly discern B-A-T-H fly out, make a Bounce, and evaporate into Air.—*This was the Effect of twenty Years Process, with great Labour and Diligence.*

LOT VIII.

The same political Adept's *Apparatus* to make several Processes in Patriotism, which shews all the Laws of Transmutation of Principles.—*It will come cheap, tho' as good as new, being of no more Use to the Operator, he having left off Business, and retired to Bath.*

N. B. *This Apparatus might be of great Profit to any Professor in Politics, who might every Season read Lectures to young Gentlemen, and the Ladies at Bath, where he might have the Assistance of the most ingenious Inventor.—Doctor Desa—liers may not thank me for this Hint, as it may take some Ladies from his Courses of Natural Philosophy.*

LOT IX.

A curious little Box, call'd the *Nova Pandora*, presented as a Charm to the Right Hon the C—s of Y—th.—*It strangely charm'd the C—s; but the Scrolls of Paper which had the Effect are taken out, and it is now a very innocent Curiosity.*

LOT X.

Several Sets of *Kicking*, the Collection of a Gentleman now retired from public Business, which represents Ministerial Patience.—*Very necessary for any Set of new Ministers.*

## L O R XI.

A *Galerocal Foot-ball*, never kick'd but once, when the Men of *Chippenham* beat those of *Westminster*: The Exercise of which dissipates *Choler*, and is of excellent Use in all *Iracund Cases*, and a sovereign Remedy for the *Politica*, or the *M-n-steria Passio*.

N. B. In some Places it is called *Hat-ball*, as it may be used as well for the Head as the Foot.

## L O R XII.

Two Gros of *Hats and Feathers*, very proper for Exportation to *Flanders*,—at this Juncture.

P. S. The Pictures and Books are in the Second Day's Sale.

L L.



Numb. 44. Saturday, September 25, 1742.

From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.

WE have an old *English Proverb*, *When the first is gone, seldom comes a Better*, which I wonder the Advocates of his late Honour have not yet turned upon the deluded Patriots. But apparently it was not the Man, but his Power, his Authority in the Disposal of Wealth and Places, which they pleaded for, ever in Hopes of having some Ray of his kindly Glance darted on *Themselves*. They have now the same Complaisance for his *Successors*, whenever they shall please to call in their Assistance: To support a falling Patron is none of their Province, as Gratitude is none of their Virtues; and Lord *Satan* himself, at the Head of the *Tr*—y, might be sure of a *Freeman* at the Head of his *Legion*.

But as there is not one of these *Adages* without some Foundation in Truth and Reason, it might be worth while, for once, to take up the Part of our seceding Advocates,

Advocates, and consider how much of these unite in the present, when applied to the late Revolution in public Affairs. This may be done without a Compliment to *Don Roberto*, or any other *quondam* Premier; it being no Proof that One was not very bad, because Another is no better. The old Woman of *Syracuse*, who had seen the Reign of the elder *Dionysius*, a Tyrant of the first Magnitude, and had pray'd for his *Death*; when she came under his Son's, a Tyrant yet more infamous, alter'd the Tenor of her Petitions, and pray'd for his *Life*, left the Demon himself, in human Shape, should succeed to the Government.

I will not take upon me to affirm, that in ministerial Revolutions, worse and worse *always does*, and absolutely *must* follow: But that the Gradation, in general, has continued *à malo ad pejus*, is, I think, too manifest to need any Proof. Hence that universal Odium on the very Name of *Prime Minister*, which perhaps might at first be somewhat honourable, especially under a Prince of violent Passions, or small Abilities. Under any other, in the primitive Times, I cannot think that such an Officer existed; and then he was rather the Servant of the *People* than of the *King*, whom he held in a Sort of *Pupillage*, and restrained from the Commission of any great *Mischief*.

But not to run into abstracted Reasonings, and conjectural Propositions; Is it not a natural Piece of Curiosity common to all, in any Change of Hands, public or private, to enquire into the Qualities of the *succeeding Persons*, and compare them with those of their *Predecessors*? If a chaste Widow, upon the Death of her first Husband (whom, good Woman! she can never forget) ventures in two Months upon a second, do we not always ask *what sort of a Man*, and whether he is like to be as indulgent, as industrious, as provident as the former? Upon any Removal in the Neighbourhood, do we not enquire concerning the *New-comer*, his Principles, his Honesty, his former Character, his Skill in his Profession, and other Accomplishments civil and moral? Do we not frequently, in either of these Cases, regret the *past* in comparison with the *present*? Not only

only the same Curiosity, but very often the same Reflection prevails upon Changes of greater Importance, tho' perhaps they are what we before ardently wished for. We see it even now, after having been for twenty Years preparing a Bill of Ejection against *Bob Monopoly*, that the Rents he held in his own Hands should be divided into Tenements, and he obliged to give an Account of their Improvements. *Bob* is ejected; his Apartments are differently tenanted, and yet the Neighbours are unsatisfied.

There is no Way of accounting for the Justice or Injustice of this *Dissatisfaction*, but by inquiring into the Characters of these *New-Comers* in the political System. To do this fully can be no easy Task, considering that they are still in a great Measure *Strangers*: But as I, in my Quality of *Watchman*, *Lanthorn-bearer*, and *Staff-bearer* of the City of *Westminster*, have had greater Opportunities of knowing them than most other Persons, or at least of forming probable Conjectures of their Qualifications, I shall communicate to the Public my Observations on this Subject. A few of the *leading Men* will give an Idea of the Rest, who have neither *Soul*, *Opinion*, *Character*, or *Sensation* of their own. These leading Men I take to be *John the Carter*, *Sandy Longbib*, *Daniel Raven*, and old *Will* with the *Spencerwig*; not to mention *Will Trimmer*, because he has not yet taken a House, tho' it is notorious that he was *Broker-General* to all the others.

*JOHN the CARTER* is a Man of Parts and Vivacity, capable of any Undertaking, but *faithful* in none. He would make a very good *Coachman*, if he had the least Regard either to Master or Horses: But when he was formerly *Postillion*, before *Bob Monopoly* took the Reins in his Hand, it appeared that he was for *driving on*, thro' thick and thin, over Hedge and Ditch, without Fear or Shame, purely to shew his own *Skill*, at the Hazard of every Thing else. He was likewise suspected of taking *Bribes* on the Road, to give the Way to others, who had no Claim of Precedency over his Master. Nay, some went so far as to suggest, that whenever it was in his Power he would *pinch the Horses* of their Corn, and put the Money in his own Pocket:

Which



Which Suggestion seems the more probable from what has since happen'd, when his Master sent him to be Steward over a *distant Estate*. For he there shew'd his *Avarice* to the utmost Excess, by cutting down the Trees, racking the Tenants, and not leaving one Thing upon the Land that he was able to bring away. Since that he has been a good while out of Employment, but still caballing to get in, and raising Scandal upon every Soul that was either a Bar to his Ambition, or the Rival of his Abilities. No Man did this with a *better Grace* than himself, as he had the Art of throwing what Colours he pleas'd on his Arguments and Narratives, and making himself still *believed*, tho' always *suspected*.

His Office at present is *Clerk of the Vestry*, in which it must be allowed he makes a much better Figure than his Predecessor. If he picks the Pockets of his Parishioners, he *does their Business* at the same Time, and carries on their *Law-suits* with more Spirit and Success than they had ever been lately used to. But then the Danger is his getting too great an *Ascendancy*, and by his seeming Integrity procuring too much *Confidence* in his own Measures: For if this should ever happen, he will certainly bite all he is concern'd for, and play *booty* on both Sides. In a Word, there is no Fear of his acting well while his *private* Interest runs parallel with the *public*: But should the contrary appear, he is by so much a more a dangerous Servant than *Bob Monopoly*, as he is superior to him in the *Knowledge of Affairs*. Let him have all Power to do *Good*, and none to do *Mischief*, and we need not fear the best Consequences from his Ministry.

Since *John* has been in Place the last Time, I have inspected him pretty closely with my *Lanthorn*, and do not find that any Thing yet prevails over the *Love of his Country* within his Breast. But other Thoughts, other Pursuits are crouding for Room, and bid fair to jostle out by Degrees his public Spirit. *John* may do well enough therefore for about a Twelvemonth, while his Honesty is only on the *wear*; but by that Time it will be pretty well *whetted down*, and he must be laid by to recover *Edge*. This he soon does out of the

Verge of a Court, and gives deeper Cuts to those *in* it than any other Man of his Age. *Bob Monopoly* hath often felt it, and *smarted* for it severely.

SANDY LONGBIB is quite a fresh Man, and has got the Succession of *Robin's* best Apartments. He has a heavy plodding Genius, understands Arithmetic pretty well, and 'tis thought would make a good Supervisor in the Excise: But how the D——l he came to rise higher, and become Chief *Tallyman*, is Matter of Wonder to all Mankind; nor can he himself account for it. Some think that *Bob* has play'd him a *Trick* in this Promotion, in order to be reveng'd for a *Push* *Sandy* made at him about Twelvemonths before; and that he got him plac'd so *high* not to *honour*, but *expose* him. If so, most think he will carry his Point, and that the Effects of his Resentment will at least be adequate to the Affront. When *Sandy* labour'd to get *Robin* ejected, it was with no View of coming into Possession himself, but only to signalize himself at the Head of a Cabal: But when he saw the Door open, and he had leave to go in, he instantly did it without Ceremony, or without considering what a Figure he should make with his *awkward Appearance*, and more *awkward Deportment*.

As *Sandy*, by his Situation, is become one of the most conspicuous of the *new Servants*, I have taken particular Care to examine him with my Lanthorn. I found him at first quite *bewilder'd*, scarce sensible of what he had *done*, and unknowing of what he should *do*. He did not seem to mean either *Good* or *Evil*, till the latter, in form of *Money*, arose from behind a Pile of *Tallies*, and took Possession of his *concupiscent* Faculties. Then I saw that he would be a very M——r, whose Trade is to amass all he can, promote all his Creatures, forget all his honest Friendships, and cancel all former Obligations. He is not yet such a perfect Master of *Ways* and *Means*, as was his illustrious Predecessor; but he comes finely on, and in a few Months more will know how to make up the *public Accounts*, and employ *s——t S——ce Money* as well as ever a *Robin* in *Christendom*. Besides, he begins to get rid of his Sheepish-

Sheepishness, and talk *ex maitre*, which is more than was expected from him at his first setting up. His Relations have good Hopes of being well provided for in their Turns, and ranking themselves with the Children, Brothers, Nephews, and Cousins of other *Ob—rs* of the *Ex—r*.

DANIEL RAVEN, *Ship-Master*, is the next of these great Personages. He has taken up a Profession with which he is little acquainted, and therefore, with the Title of *Chief Director*, he must be ever under the Direction of others. The *M—r* of the *R—w—ls*, or the *Gr—m P—rt—r*, had been an Office suitable to his Taste and Qualifications: For who so proper to preside over our Games, as the Man who himself most excelleth in them? But what Analogy, O ye Councillors! is there between a *H—xx—rd-Table* and a *B—rd of Ad—ty*? The Art of slipping a Card, or cogging a Dye, will it suffice to circumvent an Enemy, or order a Fl—t to the greatest Advantage? But perhaps the Idea of a Mortar and Bombs may be awaken'd by the Sight of a Box and Dice, and the Thundering of Cannons be imitated by the Rattling on the Board. Else wherefore doth Daniel sit there, and why are his Brethren, for his Sake, advanced to Honours?

I have heard of a noble Person, who presided at a certain honourable Board, where his Knowledge enabled him to act the Master; that when a Gentleman was recommended to him by one of his Coadjutors, as proper for such an Office, he answer'd short, *Sir, I have design'd it for him*. To which the other (a raw Commissioner without question) replied with Astonishment, *How, my Lord! Design'd! What without consulting Us? For what then do We sit here?—You sit here, return'd his Lordship, to follow my Directions, and receive a thousand Pounds a Year each Man. If you don't like your Seat, Sir, you may quit it at Pleasure*.—This was somewhat arbitrary, but might be borne from a Man of superior Skill, who spoke only in his own Province: But should the Chief of any Commission be talked to in this Manner, and sit not to judge, but to

execute Orders, how mean and despicable must be his Figure, and the Figures of all who are joined with him?

I have look'd at Mr *Raven* again and again, to see if the *Goodness of his Heart* will atone for the *Deficiency of his Judgment*. It might be originally well made; but has suffered so much formerly at *White's*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, the *Masquerade*, *New-Market*, the *Groom-Porter's*, and other public Resorts of *Sharppers*, that it can hardly ever again recover its true Form. The narrow Spirit of a *Gambler*, that Avidity of other People's Substance which inspires all his Actions, is seldom or never exorcised out of the Person it has once possess'd. Can any Thing great, generous, popular, be conceived in such a Breast, or executed by the Direction of such a Genius?

OLD WILL with the *Spencer Wig*, is not properly a *New-comer*, and has only moved two or three Doors nearer the *Pay-Office*. Many Years hath he been a Chairman, first of the *St Stephen's*, and afterwards of the *St James's Club*. He is a Man of decent Behaviour, a great Lover of Forms, and a regular Speaker. If not *Wisdom*, he has discovered at least more *Prudence*, than most other Men, and was not suspected either of *Ambition* or *Avarice* till his late Removal. That indeed, and the Provision he has already made for two hopeful *collateral Sprouts*, by taking them under the same Roof with himself, shew him to be not altogether so regardless of his own Family as he was once thought. The Temper he has always shewn, has acquired him the Name of a *moderate Man*; tho' some doubt whether it be the Effect of *Principle*, or only a deep *Precaution* to keep himself *in*, let who will go *out*. This he seems likely to accomplish, and so to be every Man's *humble Servant*, while no Man will rely on him as a *Friend*. Thus without Bustle, Envy, or Opposition, he drudges quietly on in the Road of Business, and tho' never foremost, may perhaps make as much Way in the Acquisition of what he seeks as any other.

My *Lanthorn*, penetrating as it is, has made no great Discoveries in the Breast of this Neighbour; which makes me take him to be, in earnest, a pretty  
plain-

*plain-hearted* Sort of a Man, that may prove as *honest*, at least for the *present*, as those about him, But the *handling of Money*, which it seems he is to have, is a very untowardly Circumstance, and makes me in dread for the *Infirmity of his Age*. I have not, however, seen any new *Iron Chest* yet brought into his House, and hope this will prevent his thinking of any such Matter; which I will not fail of communicating to the Public, if ever it should be done: For I perceive there is no Trust in Man, throw but the *proper Temptation* in his Way.

I might have introduced here several other Characters, as those of the *Two Old Captains*, *John Signet*, *Bat Allen*, *Vainly*, and many more, but I chuse to reserve them for another Opportunity.—That of *Will Trimmer*, when finish'd (for he still sits for it) will, I believe make a whole *Miscellany* alone, and be a very *diverting*, as well as a very *singular* Piece.

When I have gone through the whole Group, I shall leave it to the Reader's Consideration, whether or no, now the *Old One is gone*, *better are come in his Room*? But this I will venture to say beforehand, from the Sketch I have already taken, that in a Picture of this Sort, justly drawn, *bad will be the best*. There seems to be a Sort of Contagion within a certain Circle, which affects all who enter it in the same Manner. The once Good-natur'd, the once Affable, the once Humane, the once Upright, the once Beneficent, the once Friendly, let them go to —, and they are so no more. Whether or no a timely Retreat from it may restore the Man, and once more unveil any of his former *private Virtues*, may be worth a future Enquiry in the Person of his late *Honour*, or some of his chief *Implements*. Be that as it will, none of these can atone for *public Crimes*, nor ought they to avert that Justice, which the *People* loudly demand.

B.





Numb. 46. Saturday, October 9, 1742.

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*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

*The Character and History of WILL TRIMMER, formerly of the St Stephen's Club, now Select Vestryman and Honorary Burgefs of this Liberty. Intermix'd with some Particulars of BOB MONOPOLY, late Tallyman.*

THIS Day Fortnight, according to Promise, I gave the Characters of certain Persons within my *Brat*, who were either *Newcomers*, or had removed their Habitations. I referr'd several others to a *future Opportunity*, which I may embrace or neglect according as they behave. The two old Captains I have no fear of, they having always approv'd themselves Men of Honour: *John Signet* has been staunch in his Principles, and I sincerely hope he will continue so, tho' in *bad Neighbourhood*: To *Bat Allen* I have as yet no particular Objection; and as for *Vainly*, and the Rest, let them form their own Characters, remembering still that I am at hand, to correct severely those Strokes I may be oblig'd to condemn.

But *Will Trimmer* is more worthy of Notice, and therefore I rais'd some *Expectation* with regard to him. *Unfinished* as the characteristical Draught of him may be, it is already more crouded with *Absurdities* and *Contradictions* than any other I have seen. Pursue this *Proteus* where we will, we shall ever see him rising before us in some *new Shape*: Let us look back then a few Moments, and run over his *past Transformations*, 'ere they grow too numerous to be remembered. I promised, on this Occasion, an *entertaining Piece*: It must be

be want of *Skill*, and not of *Subject*, if I fail. He has liv'd before in the same *Precinct*: I have search'd the *Records* for his Behaviour *then*, and in all the Places he has moved *since*.

All the Inhabitants *here*, except a few in the *Rents*, (where some are so *lucky*, when related to the chief Officers, as to get *Leases for Life*) are Servants at Will to the Lord of the Manor; who has also a limited Power of erecting *honorary Inheritances*, which are ever supposed to be the Rewards of *distinguished Merit*. His *Lordship* is, in himself, a mighty *honest* sort of a Man, tho' somewhat *choleric*, and would always gladly shew his Favours to the *most Deserving*: But as he cannot, among so many, be personally acquainted with *all* these, he is seldom thought to make much Enquiry concerning *any*. A few *leading Men* about him direct his Choice, who generally either belong to the *Tally Office*, or are *Clerks* of the *Vestry*. The *Tally-men* have Charge of the *Cash*, and the Others look to the Books, and transact all *public Business* of Form. It was necessary to give this additional Idea of our *Constitution*, as an Introduction to what follows.

WILL TRIMMER was born of reputable Parents, had a tolerable good Education, and was, from the first, a promising Boy. The Hopes conceived of him did not dwindle, throughout his whole Progress from *Infancy* to *Manhood*. He professed his Family Principles, tending entirely to *parochial Liberty*, and a *free Vestry*: But was thought to strain them so far, that he could have wish'd the Manor had *no Lord*, and that the Direction of all Things might be in *common*. In such a Community, he well knew his own *forward Genius*, and *Talent of haranguing* to a popular Assembly, would soon give him a Superiority to most of his *Fellows*; which was what in his Heart he panted after. No Man, indeed, ever more solemnly *professed* the contrary, nor at some Periods was ever more believ'd. He had a Way of seeming *disinterested*, which might have impos'd upon a *Cato* or a *Hampden*; has been a thousand Times complimented with these *very Names*,

by those who really *deserv'd* them; pass'd for a Master of his own, as well as other Men's Passions; and was thought the *Guardian-Angel* of the Neighbourhood, when Designs were manifestly forming to oppress their Liberty, or double their Taxes. Yet was he all this while *greedy, ambitious, benpeck'd, and revengeful*. It will not be said that I lay this Charge at Random, when I have gone through some Particulars of his *Life*, and compared them together.

Tho' in his younger Days he had a very good House, and a *Competency* to live on; a *Relation* of his, then in favour with the Lord, found out some waste Ground in the Manor, and got a *private Grant* of it to himself, of which *Will* since made such Improvements as discovered his great *Judgment*.—But this, as it is no more perhaps than any other *prudent Man* would have done, I should not have mentioned, had it not since enabled him to brave his *Benefactor*, and all his *Servants*. There might be some Reason for the latter, and I doubt not there was: But the *Reprover of Vice* should himself be virtuous.

The Father of the present Lord, upon his coming to the Estate, had *Will* recommended to him as fit for *Business*. He made him Clerk of the Militia, which is a very profitable Employment, and might have satisfy'd any *young Beginner*. *Bob Monopoly* was at the same Time in the *Tally-Office*, and who but they two at all the Parish Meetings. They were both Members of the *St Stephen's Club*, which is the general Vestry, where all the *Parish Rates* are settled; and never did Men more agree in using every Pretence to rack their Neighbours. The Lord, at his first coming, had his Title contested by a *spurious Pretender*; and the Parish, because his Lordship was a mighty good Man, defended the Cause. This occasioned some additional Charges, which no Body grumbled at paying: But the Aim of our Associates was to saddle them with it *in perpetuum*, and therefore their Inventions were ever at work to raise new Alarms. This, at last, grew tiresome and made them suspected, when all of a sudden, as if they had repented, they threw up their Places, upon a Motion

tion to raise some Money for the Assistance of a neighbouring Lord, who was *at Law* with another much poorer than himself. But the Truth was, they were in danger of being *supplanted*, and did it only to save Appearances.

During this Period of their joint Management, they, with some others, were deputed a *Committee of Vestry*, to enquire into the *Dilapidations*, and other *Mal-administrations* of certain former Officers. It is confidently said, they found Matter enough to hang at least one of the Culprits; but as his *Trial* did not come on till they had *resign'd*, they then thought proper to stifle the *Evidence*. And from that Day forwards, at every Club-meeting, they did nothing but rail at all his Lordship's Servants, as if it was impossible to live honest where *They* had been *before*. There was, besides, at this Time, an unhappy Misunderstanding between the *Heir* and his *Father*, which they took the Advantage of, and ranged themselves on the Side of the *former*. *Will* said one Day, he was now a free Parishioner, and would oppose all *Knaves*, as he had *given over* to be one himself. Not only some of the *Club*, but many *without Doors* began to believe him, and he grew again into Reputation.

The new Servants, in reality, were *no better* than they had been represented. They contrived a *great Box*, which they said had the Quality of *multiplying Money*, and invited the Parishoners to put in *what was left them* after paying their Rates. Many did so, and the Jugglers, from Day to Day, gave out how much it was encreased. This drew in even Misers, who brought out their old Hoards to buy up this *ideal Accumulation*. At last, away run some of my Gentlemen, Box and all, and leave their *poor Cullies* in the Lurch. So flagrant an Imposition could not however pass over in Silence; therefore the Matter was brought before the *Vestry*, where *Bob* and *Will* were much *listened to*. This was such a Time as they wanted. They suffered the *Roguery* to be detected, and then let the rest of the *Rogues* slip through their Fingers, with only a slight

Mulst, and the Succession of their *Places* to themselves and their Adherents.

Behold them now again in Office, and still the same *par Nobile!* Bob is erected into *Chief Tallyman*, and Will would have an old Servant, who kept the Key of my Lord's *Coffer*, turn'd out of his Living to make Way for himself, tho' the poor Man was forced immediately thereupon to become a *Pensioner*. Yet not many Years after, while he still held his Office, he took it in his Head to harangue against *all Pensions*, tho' his own Ambition had occasioned the *most considerable one*, that had been for some Time granted. But this was the Effect of his Disgust at his old Friend Robin, whom he saw *advancing* far before him in the Race of Preferment, without looking behind, and whom in vain he strove to follow with *equal Steps*.

The Wife of William, seeing that her Husband was as *rich* as his Neighbours, and opining that all Merit lay in the Possession of *Wealth* and *Honour*, was ever teizing him to get the Rank of *Burgefs of the Liberty*, and *Select Vestryman*, which are the highest Honours his Lordship confers. *Get us a Title!* said she, *Get us a Title!* and thus daily she follow'd him about the House. Will, who knew her teizing Temper, and that what once *enter'd* her Head would never out of it again, promised to *apply* for what she desired. In the mean Time another Crotchet seiz'd her. Will, said she, *can't you write as well as Tom Clermont, or Charles of Norfolk?* *Why then are you not Clerk of the Vestry, as well as either of them?* Mind, I insist upon it, you shall be *Clerk of the Vestry*. Here was now a double Difficulty; two Favours to ask for at once; and yet Compliance was absolutely necessary, or no Peace would there be *at home*. He opened the Case to Bob, who told him the Demand was *unreasonable*, and could not be granted. Will insisted, and Bob as strongly denied; till the former, disappointed and stung to the Heart, swore a great Oath, that he would, from that Time forwards, be an *eternal Thorn* in the Side of his old Croney, and condemn every Thing he should either say or do,

Next



Next Vestry-Day *Robin* proposed an *Over-rate*, to raise Money to pay the *Pensions*, and discharge some of his Lordship's *Bills*. *Will*, who for some Years past had come *plum* into every *Money-Scheme*, was for granting none till the *Accounts* were audited. He drew over to his Side a considerable *Party*, and never was War wag'd at *B-l-l-nsgate*, between two Ranks of the *Piscinary Sisterhood*, with more Acrimony and Rage, than in the Club of *St Stephen*, between the *Williamites* and the *Bobites*. To have heard either of the *Leaders* scold, call Names, expose old Facts, surmise new Tricks, you would have thought the other the greatest *R*—— in *Christendom*: But when you had heard the *Answer*, you would immediately have concluded they were *both alike*. The only Difference between them was this; That as *Bob* had the Disposal of all his Master's Favours, he always secured a *Majority* in the *Club*, which, after wrangling ever so long, he was sure would carry the *Question* to his Mind: Whereas *Will*, by being overborne *within*, and still haranguing for the Liberty of the Parish, became the Favourite of the People *without*, who, to a Man, hated *Robin*. In short, by a long Habit of railing to the *same Tune*, many had forgot that *Will* was ever in *any other*, and believed he had the Interest of the Community really at Heart.

Whenever there was a Vestry held, the Lord himself would come and open it with a *Speech*, setting forth the State of his own Affairs, and those of the Parish. No sooner was his Back turn'd, but *Will* and his Friends would criticise upon this Speech, charge it with *Absurdities* and *Falsities*, and swear it was drawn up by *Robin*; thereby insinuating, as the other Side frequently observed, that his Lordship could neither *write* nor *read*. However, *Bob*, by his Majority, always got an *Answer of Thanks* to these Speeches, and very often drew it up *himself*.

If ever his Lordship, by his Deputies, who were always deem'd to be of *Bob's* chusing, made a *Contract of Amity* with any neighbouring Manor, *Will* would be sure to ridicule it, libel it, set the Parish against it,

and call those who made it a Pack of *blundering Fellows*. A Brother of *Bob's*, who went by the Name of *Balance*, was famous for these Contracts, and the Wit that was *lost* upon him on those Occasions. The Parties it *fell on* always deserved the *Satire*, but it was no Virtue in *Will* to throw it out; because, had the *Honour* and the *Clerkship* been given him, all the Transactions of his Lordship's Servants had met with Approbation. They might have encreased the Charge of the Parish as much as they had pleased, even for the Benefit of his Lordship's *other Estates*, which was now one of *Will's* most popular Topics of Clamour.

A remarkable Instance of his *Instability*, and Readiness to *come over*, appeared upon the Death of the old Lord, when the present Possessor came to the Manor. *Will*, who, ever since his Defection from his old Friends, had always rail'd against any Encrease of the Parish Expences, let the Cause be ever so pressing, calmly suffered an Addition to the *Militia*, and an Advance of the *Quit-rents* to his Lordship, in regard of his numerous Family, without so much as opening his Mouth in behalf of his Fellow-Parishioners. The Case was, he hop'd the new Lord would make some Room for him about his Person, and grant him all he had desired some Years before. *Bob*, he presumed, would be kick'd out of the House; and *Tom Clermont*, who had affronted his Lordship in his Father's Time, *Will* would have laid a Wager must resign: And then, thought he, *who so proper to succeed him as Myself, if I can curry Favour with the young Gentleman?* He was mistaken; *Bob* and *Tom* both kept their Places, and *Will* relapsed into his *Spleen* and *Detraction*.

There was another Club, entirely select, of which the Lord himself was a Member, and nominated all the Rest. *Will* was chosen into this in the Father's Time, and continued some Years under the Son: But one Day his Lordship, in a great Passion at something *Will* had said in the Vestry, took up his Pen, and with his own Hand struck the Words *Will Trimmer* out of the List. Whether this was done at *Bob's* Instigation, or from his Lordship's own *Resentment*, or both united,

is uncertain ; but is was near a Dozen Years before he could recover his Seat, and that only with the Sacrifice of all his Friends——But the History of this Period, which is full of strange Occurrences, and wonderful Altercations between *Bob* and *Will*, I shall reserve for another Paper, to make Room in *this* for a Letter I mentioned last Week. The Gentleman who writes it says nothing of the Publication : But as I am not certain he does not expect that Compliment, and that he will not accuse me of *Partiality* if I suppress a Re-proof sent to *Myself*, I insert it without any other Remark than this : That the Application of the Character in my former Journal is entirely his own, and that, if what he says in Behalf of the E—— of *W\*\*\** vindicates either of my four *New-Comers*, I am exceedingly glad to be better informed myself, and to convey that Information to others.

B.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

ACCORDING to my Custom, I have been taking my Afternoon's Pipe over your *Journal*, and was agreeably entertain'd till I came to the erroneous Character you give of the E—— of *W——* ; and as I know it to be so, from a long personal Acquaintance with him, I think it my Duty to lead you out of so grievous a Mistake, which I am persuaded you have been led into by Somebody, who knows nothing of him, but the Character he bore twenty Years ago, when, it is well known, he was quite the *Man of Pleasure* : But I can positively aver, that for many Years past no Man has managed his Affairs with more Prudence and Oeconomy than his L——p ; no Man apply'd himself more closely to *Business*, and such *Business* as it were to be wish'd every Man of *Quality* and *Fortune* would take the Pains he has done to instruct himself in. As to his *Generosity*, I could wish you were to enquire about it of his Tenants, to many of whom, to my Knowledge, he forgave a Year's Rent (to some more, and to others less) in Consideration of the late Scarcity of Grass, Grain, &c. Is this like a covetous Man,

Man, or is it not? He was *extravagant* and a *Gamester* in his younger Days, and so was the D—— of N——, who is still a *generous Man*, and, for a *Courtier*, a very *honest* one. I join with you, that the whole *Board of A——y*, of which his Lordship is at the Head, would be best compos'd of *Seafaring Men*; but can so many be found, who are known to be Persons of *Integrity* as well as *Experience*? My L——d is not a Sailor, but is an indefatigable Man; has a *Head* turn'd for Business, and, I sincerely believe, a *Heart* to serve his Country and his Friend: The latter I have the greatest Certainty of, tho' I never ask'd him a Favour for Myself, nor was ever deny'd one for my Friend. His *Integrity* and *Justice* are evident from the Resolution he has shewn to prefer Officers according to *Seniority*, and their own *Merit*, without regard to their *Family*, or even his own *personal Friendship* for 'em. This laudable Resolution made him lately oppose the Advancement of a Friend of his own (a *Lieutenant* and a *Nobleman*) to a Ship with this Answer: *That his Predecessors had done unjustly in shewing so much Favour and Partiality in the Disposal of such Posts: That it was a Practice he should always oppose; but that as soon as he could advance him with Honour and Justice, he might depend on all he could do for him.* So honest an Answer perfectly satisfied his Friend (as he told me himself) who rests contented with the Post of a First Lieutenant, assured that he shall be promoted in his *Turn*.

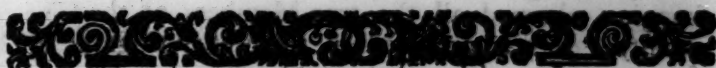
As to the other *Gentry*, I shall not defend 'em; but am sure, that to anticipate a Man's Vices, is one Way to discourage him from being honest; and might set a cholerick or weak Man upon doing that out of Spite, which he would not have thought on, had he not been attack'd. It's not quite fair indeed, Mr *Touchit*, and I hope you will be convinc'd of it, by an impartial Enquiry into his L——p's Character, abstracted from the *Flights* of his *Youth*, which have entirely subside'd; and when you find how you have been impos'd on, I hope you'll mend the worst Portrait you ever drew in your Life. I entirely approve of your Writings in general; but must  
do

do Justice to the Character of a Person I know to be an honest and capable Man, and am, with all my Heart,

SIR, Your constant Reader,

and Well-wisher,

N. C.



Numb. 47. Saturday, September 16, 1742.

*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

*Continuation of the Character and History of*  
WILL TRIMMER, down to his last  
Promotion, and Re-union with BOB  
MONOPOLY.

SOON after the Division between *Will* and *Bob*, there were great Contentions in the Vestry about an old Parishioner, one Mrs *Commerce*, who had taken a House in another Parish, and was suspected of an Inclination to remove thither entirely. She denied any such Thing, declared she would keep both Houses, reside chiefly in her old one, and never leave the Lordship, unless she was driven out of it. This there was some Danger she might be, because she was envied by some of the proudest of her Neighbours (who had left off Business) on Account of her great Wealth, which enabled her to make a more splendid Figure than they who liv'd on their Means. But the People in general, especially the Poor, had a great Veneration for her, as indeed they had Reason: For she employ'd great Numbers of them, and, between her Dwelling-house, Shop, and Warehouses, that were distributed all over the Parish, paid, for her own Share, at least one Third of the Rates. She was thought of so much Consequence, that the Lord never made a Speech in the Vestry without naming her in particular, and declaring he would pro-



*set her against all her Enemies.* Tho' these Words, at some Times, were deem'd little more than a *mere Compliment*, they were so far become Matter of Form, that a Speech without them would have been but very indifferently relished.

The Thought of such a Person's *Removing*, one must imagine, alarmed all the true Members of the Community. It was propos'd in the Vestry to grant her some *new Immunities*, that might invite her to reside *wholly* amongst them. *Will* was for this Motion, purely because he knew *Bob* would be *against* it; advanced boldly that she was *moving House*; if she had not *already moved*; and declared that instead of the Words, *invite Madam Commerce to stay in this Parish*, to be inserted in the Order of Vestry, he was for the Words, *invite—to return to this Parish*; for that she was really gone out of it, and all the Poor would be ruin'd in less than a Twelvemonth. Then he laid the Blame of this Revolution upon the *heavy Rates* introduced by *Bob*, who, in Fact, was rather for burthening her with *new Taxes*, than abating any Thing of those already fix'd.

Warm was the Contest between the two Parties: The *Bobites* maintain'd, that *Commerce* liv'd as *much* among them as ever, and that the House she had taken elsewhere, was only to *set up* one of her Daughters in a *piddling Way*; that the old Gentlewoman's Business was more extensive than formerly; and therefore that she was *extremely well used* in being so *moderately* rated. Just the contrary of this did the *Williamites* insist on, and brought several of Madam's *own Family* to support their Allegations. It appear'd upon the Whole, that thro' the *Discouragement* she had met with in her Neighbourhood, and *Invitations* from other Parishes, she had open'd *two or three* new Shops, which had a *good Trade* to them, and one that even equal'd the first: But that she had *left*, or was inclined intirely to *leave* the Parish, it did by no Means appear. *Bob* and *Will* therefore were equally extravagant in their Assertions, on purpose to be as opposite to each other as possible: It was pleasant to hear them *affirm* Things which

which they could not *believe*, and their Partisans supporting the Arguments merely because they were embark'd in the *same Cause*. The Order pass'd in *Robin's* Words, and *Mrs Commerce*, tho' she has ever since been gradually *moving her Stock*, does yet keep her *old House* over her Head. *Will* now cares as little for her as *Bob*, and, since they are once more Friends, values not a Farthing if *Commerce* were d—mn'd. She is indeed in a declining Way, and looks like a Skeleton to what she did.

In the former Part of this History I mentioned his Lordship's *other Estates*. He had lately bought a new one, contiguous to those which were hereditary in his Family. The former Owner, who had been dispossest'd of it by *Law*, still kept up his *Title*, and only waited for an Opportunity to get upon the *Premises*. This made it necessary to increase the Number of Servants upon it, and keep a good *Look-out*. But *Bob*, under Pretence that it was for the Service of *his own Liberty*, not only disciplin'd all the Boors upon the *new Estate*, but hired the Militia of another Parish, at a greater Expence than the said Estate was worth. This was indeed just Matter of Complaint, and *Will* made the most of it in several set Speeches. He was applauded for them, by those who did not remember what he had *said formerly* on the *contrary Side* of the same Question, nor think what he would *say again*, if ever the Tables came to be *turn'd*.

The People of this Manor were great Eaters of *Salt*, and the Lord had a *Toll* upon all that was expended by them. When the Term of this Toll expired, *Bob*, to the Surprise of all Men, did not look to the Renewal of it, but let the good Folks, for a whole Year together, eat what *Salt* they pleased at *Prime Cost*. He then pretended that *Salt* was bad for the *Constitution*; that the People were all eat up with the *Scurvy*; and, if they did not refrain from eating so much *Salt*, their whole *Mass of Blood* would be spoiled. *Will*, still the profess'd Advocate of the People, pleaded for the *free Use of Salt*, and was again defeated. In short, the Toll was made *perpetual*, and *Will* had the Mortification

tion to see he could do *no good*, tho' he aim'd at it only out of *Spite*.

But the greatest Exploit of *Will's* Opposition, was what immediately follow'd this, when, tho' he could not carry the *Question* against *Bob* in the Vestry, he prevail'd upon *Bob* himself to drop it. This he did in the Way of *Terror*, by putting him in dread for his dear *Life*. *Will* knew how susceptible he was of this *Passion*, and about two Years before had published an Instance of it; shewing how *Bob* came to him all aghast, with trembling Knees and a wild Aspect, to relate a Story (for they were next Neighbours, tho' mortal Enemies) of an *Apparition* that was heard in his House. *Will*, it seems from his own Account, was not at all frightened, and laugh'd at the other's *Timidity*: Nor have we any Room to doubt of his *Courage*, where his *Passions* or *Prejudices* inspire it. Lord *Fanny* saw it blaze forth, and had like to have fallen the Victim of his own *Rashness*, in daring to withstand it with naked Rapier.

*Wine* and *Tobacco* (to return to our Story) were consumed in great Quantities by the Tenants of the *St James's* Manor, and the Lord received a pretty handsome Profit upon the Sale of them. As their might possibly be some brought into the Manor clandestinely, without Entry at the proper Office (tho' the Penalty was heavy upon such Kind of Dealing) *Robin* proposed a Scheme for searching every House, whenever he pleas'd, for *Wine* and *Tobacco*, that the Lord, or the Lord's Servants, might not lose a Grain or a Drop of what they thought their Due. Now as this would have been attended with great Inconveniencies, and might have given *Bob* a discretionary Power over the Secrets and Fortunes of all Families, the very Notion of such a Thing, which *Will* was the first to propagate, raised such a Spirit in the People, that they talk'd of De-witting the poor Tallyman, and making Knife-handles of his Bones. Accordingly, to intimidate him, they met at the Vestry Door, while the Parties were in deep Debate. *Bob*, like a true Coward, thought at first to bully them; came to the Door; call'd them a Gang of

*Sturdy*

*Sturdy Beggars*, and swore he would send them all to *Bridewell*, if they did not disperse: But when he saw them undaunted at his Threats, he turn'd as pale as a Clout, went into the Vestry again, and of his own Accord desired the Matter might be dropp'd, tho' he was sure of *carrying* the Question whenever put.

From this Time forward he was ever afraid to shew his Head, and never stirr'd out of Doors without a *Guard*, which was made up of *Shoe-blackers*, *Link-men*, and other such *creditable Friends*. These always followed him to the Vestry, headed by a *Captain*, on whom *Bob* conferr'd the Name of *Lion*; but they followed always at some *Distance*, that no Notice might be taken of their Business.

As *Will*, by rousing the People in this Manner, had done a real Service to the Community, he grew exceedingly *proud* thereupon, and boasted in *Print* of what he had achiev'd. Every Body took this in good Part, and, forgetting the *Motive* upon which he *acted*, applauded the *Action*. Thus, while his whole Aim was the Mortification of *Bob*, he reap'd all the Fruits of a virtuous Love to his Fellow-Tenants. And seeing what *Reputation* was this Way to be acquired, he kept on pretty uniformly in the same System. When a Motion was once made for the more frequent Choice of Vestrymen, that it might be as it had been before the Days of the late Lord, *Will* spoke and voted entirely for it, because he knew this would ingratiate him more and more with the Parish, so that, let them chuse ever so often, he should be perpetually one of the *Elected*.

Many other Things did *Will*, to the great Satisfaction of his Fellow-parishioners; continuing *good* against his Inclination, merely to be contrary to the Man he hated, who was exceeding *wicked*. I shall only mention a few of the most popular Instances; for it would be tedious to enumerate all, or to be particular in any. — *Bob* got an Order of Vestry against the Use of *Cordials* among the *Poor*, alledging that their Spirits were too *high* already: *Will* interposed on their Behalf, but could not prevail. — *Bob* procured the Suppression of all *Puppet-Shows*, because *Punch* had made too free

free with his *Person*: *Will* was an Advocate for the People's *Diverſion*; and would gladly have ſeen *Bob* continue the *Subject* of it.—*Bob* had every Man's *Gun* taken away all over the *Parish*, becauſe he ſaid the *Pariſhioners* were all *Thieves*, and kept *Guns* only to protect themſelves from *Juſtice*: *Will* proved the *Neceſſity* of keeping *Arms*, becauſe the *Pariſhioners* were *honest Men*, and ought to have ſome *Defence* againſt *Rogues*, ſuch as were many of *Bob's Emiſſaries*.

—But the moſt material Caſe between them was *This*:

*Madam Commerce*, in her *Journies* to the *Weſt*, had been ſeveral Times *robb'd* and *inſulted*, of which ſhe complained to the *Lord*, and to the *Vestry*, who were both ſworn to protect her, *Will* ſeconded her Complaints, and was for promoting a public *Law-ſuit*, according to ancient *Custom*, againſt thoſe who had injured her, who were well enough known. *Bob* answer'd, that *Law* was *expenſive*, and the *Event* of it always *uncertain*; that the *Persons* ſhe complain'd of were, he believ'd, *civil honest Gentlemen*, and would not deny *Reparation* if the *Charge* were true; that the *Clerk* of the *Vestry* ſhould write to them, and *ask* if they *did* commit ſuch and ſuch *Robberies*. Accordingly the *Clerk* wrote, and the *Criminals* denied the *Fact*: Whereupon *Bob*, with an Air of *Triumph*, took the Part of theſe *Thieves* at the next Meeting, call'd *Commerce* a *faucy lying B-tch*, and ſwore he would never give Ear to her again. All this while *Will* continued ſtiffly to take her Part, and, tho' he could not gain her *Cauſe*, made the *Juſtice* of it apparent to all the *World*, and brought down a thouſand *Imprecations* on the *Tallyman*.

Seeing this, and for fear of being *mob'd*, *Robin* own'd that he believ'd ſhe had receiv'd *ſome Damage*, the *Payment* of which he would inſiſt on. Accordingly he went immediately to compounding the *Felony*, and *conven'd* to make it up for a trifling *Sum*, not a tenth Part of what had been loſt. The *Bargain*, unjuſt as it was, receiv'd the *Approbation* of the *Vestry*; but the *Plaintiff* would not ſtand to it, and went on remonſtrating



frating the Wrong done her, which was every Day greater than other.

At last, tired with the Importunity of the Sufferer, and the Representations of *Will* and his Friends, *Bob* suffered a Suit to commence; declaring, tho' a *Lawyer*, he would have no Hand in the *Conduct* of it, and protesting that *Commerce* should pay dearly for the Trouble she gave. Notice was sent to the Defendant, who made good his *Plea* as well as he could; but had been saddled with both *Costs* and *Damage*, if *Bob* had not given the Plaintiff's Advocates private Instructions, not to proceed *so far*. By this Means, with the justest Cause that ever was brought to Issue, Madam saw herself fleeced afresh, without obtaining the least Satisfaction. And, what was the worst of the whole Affair, the Lord of the Manor, who believed every Thing that *Bob* said, was fully persuaded that the Persecution was fairly and vigorously carried on, and that the ill Success it met with was owing to the *Injustice* of it, or at least to unavoidable Accidents.

But *Will*, who knew too much of the Law to be thus imposed on, resolved with this Weapon to make another Push at his old Antagonist. He moved therefore in the Vestry, for the *Papers* relating to the whole Suit to be laid before them, that from thence he might draw up a Charge against *Robin*, who he knew privately directed every Thing: But in vain did he move; for *Bob* prevail'd upon the Lord to say, that as the Cause was yet *depending*, the exposing such Writings might give the Defendant some *Advantage*. *Will* used all his Eloquence to prove that no Inconvenience could ensue; but, with his *Minority*, was forced to acquiesce, and leave the good Lady to have her Pocket still *pick'd* to no Purpose.

Nothing was yet to be done, unless the Lord would remove *Bob* from the Tally-Office, strike his Name out of the *Select Club*, and promise never to be *advised* by him again. If the Vestry, in a Body, *petition'd* for this, his Lordship, it was thought would hardly *deny* it. *Will* got an old Friend, *Sandy Longbib*, to make the  
Motion

Motion in the Vestry, that he might the more fully expatiate afterwards upon the *Necessity* of it, when he came to speak himself. All was in vain: *Bob* had too many Friends in the Assembly, and the Petition was crush'd in the very Conception.

But tho' the Power of this Tallyman continued, his *Rogueries* were every Day more and more manifest. The Eyes of all Men were open upon them, except of those *Vestrymen* who shared with him the unjust Plunder of the Parish. To get these rejected, and others chosen in their Room, was the only Resource that *Will* and his Friends had now left. The Day of Election was at Hand, and *Bob* gloried in being the Master of it: He gloried, but in vain; for the *Williamites* prevail'd, and at the next Meeting bore down the Tallyman before them. He resign'd his Office; but, in return, got himself declared *Honorary Burgefs*, and continued a Member of the *Select Club*. With *Bob's Authority* ended *Will's Honesty*, of which he had now no longer Occasion. It had gratify'd his predominant Passion, *Revenge*, and the Mask became troublesome to wear. The Honour of *Victory* was all he wanted, and for which he had many Years contended; not that he might procure Justice for his Fellow-parishoners, but Terms for Himself his Wife, his Relations and his Dependants. Suppose him now cooling from his Indignation against corrupt Measures, meeting *Bob* without the Vestry, and thus discoursing with him.

*The Conference, with the Sequel of it, at some other Opportunity.*

B.

Numb.

Numb. 48. Saturday, October 22, 1742.

*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

A DIALOGUE between BOB and WILL,  
with the Remainder of their History, being  
the Sequel of the two preceding Papers.

*Scene the Court of——, without the Vestry.*

WILL.

WHAT my old Particular?—Give me thy Hand Man.

BOB. Umph!— [Turns sullenly away.

WILL. Nay, nay! but why so *shy*? What have I done to affront thee?— Is it because——

BOB. Insulting Wretch!

[*Afide.*

WILL. Because I have kept my Word with thee? hah! Did I not say I would never leave thee, till I had got above thee in the Vestry?

BOB. Yes; but I did not think you able to accomplish your Point.— To be hunted down by such a Pack of young Puppies, that were never let loose before!

WILL. I brought them thither on purpose.— The Vote of a young Vestryman, you know Bob, that can give no Reason for what he does, is as good as yours or mine, after we have strain'd our Lungs for Hours together.

BOB. Pox on't! where did you find them all? I did not think there had been so many honest Fellows in the Parish. I did not mind whom the People chose, because I thought myself sure of buying off enough for my Purpose.

WILL.

WILL. Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps then, my Dear, you did not bid *their Price*; for every Man, you know, *is to be bought*, if you give *his Price*;—That's an old Maxim of yours.——

BOB. I never knew it fail before this cursed Instance.

WILL. But I found an *Equivalent* for your Money. A *Spectre*, Man, a *Spectre*, which you could raise formerly as well as I.—In short, I made such a *Devil* of you, that the poor Lads were *afraid* to take any Thing out of your Hands, lest you should draw them into some *hellish Contract*, and get Possession of their *Souls*.

BOB. I thought the World had been grown wiser since we were young:—But—I see I was *mistaken*.

WILL. And now, as you once quaintly express'd it, *what a pitiful Fellow of a—— do you look like?* Whom will you *displace* now? Whom will you *tell Tales* of to my Lord? Whom will you *bully* in the Vestry?

BOB. D—mn the Vestry; I'll never *set my Foot* within the Walls of it again. I'll *resign* my Place, and *serve* the Parish no longer.

WILL. And what then?

BOB. Keep only in the *Select Club*; persuade my Lord to make me an *Honorary Burgess*; retire into the Country, and live *quietly* upon what I have *honestly* got.

WILL. A very *laudable* Resolution, truly.—But hark ye, Friend;—a Word in your Ear.—Do you think I have raised all this *Dust* merely to drive you out of the *Vestry*, and make you *resign*?—No, Sir; we resolve to have *Justice* done the Parish; we have enter'd into an *Association*, and will stand to it, to a Man.—*Oppressions*, *Dilapidations*, *Insults*—Consider what follows—*Enquiry*, *Judgment*, a *Halter*.—Your *honest Acquisitions* come back to the Parish, to the Poor; they may save us a *Year's Rates*.

BOB. Bloody-minded Rogues!

WILL. And all your *Accomplices*, every Soul of them, shall have the same Fate.—*Redstring*, *Hoistbreeches*, and the rest; there will be a fine *Row* of you.

BOB.

BOB. I'll crave my Lord's *Protection*, secure the Militia, and rather put all in a *Confusion*, than——

WILL. Than be hang'd? hah!—Why, as you say, 'tis not a Thing that a Man would *greatly covet*: But if People will be *Rogues*, they must take what follows: Who can help it?

BOB. Nobody, if they are *fairly and fully convicted*.——But I remember the Time, *Will*, when you were not so *plaguy honest* yourself, nor so eager to procure *Justice* to the Parish.——Tell me then, is it *Principle* you now act upon, or only *Enmity* to me? If the first, I must make the best *Defence* in my Power: If the latter, have you not your *Ends*? Have you not *conquer'd*? Do I not *quit* the Field, and demand *Quarter*? Think then, might not this be *made up* between us? Your own Friends come in next; and too much *Severity* to me will be but a *scurvy Precedent* against them, whenever the *Tables*, as no doubt they will, come to *turn again*.

WILL. What! *compound Felony*, and drop the *Interest* I have so warmly espoused!

BOB. Why not? 'Tis not the first Time. We have done it in *Conjunction*.

WILL. This Place is too *public*: We shall be overheard. [*Softly*]

BOB. Let us go in yonder, and call for a Room.—  
[*Aside.*] I like this; it will work presently.

[*They go into a Tavern.*]

*Scene a private Room.*

WILL. I should be *suspected* if seen in your Company longer than for a little *Raillery*. All my Party *watch* me continually; the young ones, to tread in my *Steps*; the old ones, to see that I don't *deviate* from the Paths of my Profession.

BOB. *Caution*, Sir, to be sure, is necessary with us Leaders, and a *Treaty* of this *Importance*, while the Armies are yet *active* in the Field, should be carried on in *secret*.——But to our Point. I find myself overpowered with *Numbers*, and am willing to retreat on *honourable Terms*. Will you grant me any?

M

WILL.



WILL. None that are injurious to my *Friends*, or to the *Parish* in general.

BOB. *Yourself* first, Sir, by all Means. Will you be *Tallyman*, *Vestry-Clerk*, or what else?

WILL. I'll accept of no *Place*; none at all—for myself. Have not I declared, over and over, that I would *never* accept of a *Place*.

BOB. Right! And I had like to have forgot *one Part* of our last Quarrel. It shall be done as a Preliminary to what you then insisted on; an *honorary Burgeship*, and *Readmittance* into the *Select Club*. Is that all you would stipulate?

WILL. The *Nomination* to all Offices that we shall think proper to *vacate*, and a formal *Enquiry* into your Conduct.

BOB. The *first* is granted: But for the *latter*, why that is the very Thing I would *evade*—An *Enquiry*! Man: If I could stand that, what have I to fear? A *Screen*! a *Screen*! a close *Screen* for me! Let me have a *Screen*, and be all the Rest as you please. I am now an *old Fellow*, and to what Purpose would you rake into the *Filth* of my Life? Let me go off with what *little* I have, and divide the *Rest* among you. The Parish is *rich enough*; why should we mind the Parish?

WILL. But I have profess'd myself the *Friend* of the Parish, *harangu'd* for the Parish, *wrote* for the Parish, *fought* for the Parish, and declared I would *die* for the Parish.

BOB. Have not I done the same? Has not *every Man* done the same, who had a Mind to *get* any Thing by the Parish?

WILL. *Forms* however are necessary: I said only a *formal Enquiry*. The Charge against you is *great*, and *universal*, and much will be expected from your Resignation. I require that Somewhat should be made out to justify my own *Opposition*; and if that *Somewhat* falls far short of the *Expectation* I had raised, a *pretended Conviction* of my own Mistake will account for my Coolness in the Prosecution.

BOB. But those eager Sparks, who were not to be *soften'd* in the Chace, will they *desist* from *Blood* when they

they have *run down* their Prey? By their Obstinacy, they should be a *different* Race of Mortals from any I have before met with: Otherwise, I think, I should have known how to *silence* at least some of the loudest.

WILL. Leave that to me; they are of my own *breaking*. I am a true Sportsman, and can bring them *off* as well as I brought them *on*. The same Offers, they *refused* from you, never doubt but they will *accept* from me. A *Coalition of our Friends* will secure us both, and be better for his Lordship's Servants than a *Coalition of Parties* throughout the Parish. The latter indeed are *fine Words* to harangue on in the Vestry; but between Friends, who know the World, and one another, they mean *nothing*.

BOB. Openly and honestly spoken.—Give me thy Hand again, Boy.—The same *Will Trimmer* still, and the same *Bob Monopoly*, after a Difference of near twenty Years.

WILL. I never thought, in the Main, that we *disfer'd* much in Opinion: But, that we may hereafter be sure of each others Principles, let us draw up, and subscribe, *Articles of our Parochial Faith*.

BOB. With all my Heart. But this cursed Name of mine, which has been so often tack'd to the Words *Rogue, Miscreant, Plunderer*, and many others, I am resolved shall never go more at the Bottom of any Writing. In Prospekt of my new Dignity, I assume a new Name, and am henceforward *Bob of the FORD*.

WILL. And as my Name, when this our *Convention* comes to be public, will, in all Likelihood, be as *freely used*, I quit that which I have hitherto borne with some Reputation, that all the Resentment of the Neighbourhood may fall upon *Will of the WATERS*.

BOB. Luckily imagined on both Sides, as it affords me the Opportunity of a Pun; which, as a dull Fellow upon Record, I have a Right to be always fond of.

WILL. Let us have it then.—In all Probability, after this Day, we shall have little other Use for our *Wit*, but to employ it in some such *innocent Manner*, in each other's Company.

BOB. How happy am I in coming to such Waters as will allow me a Ford! That's my Pun; but give me a Reason for what you last said.

WILL. Your Friends, who were so only of the Sunshine of your Fortune, will drop off as that diminishes, and follow the *rising Light*; Mine, who were indeed the Friends of Virtue and public Spirit, will shun me with Abhorrence when I have renounc'd them both. In the *St Stephen's Club* we are *not* to speak; in the *Assembly of Burgessees* we shall be heard with Derision; and we have no other Way to avoid Contempt, but to herd *only together*.

In Pursuance of what they had agreed on, our two reconcil'd Champions call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote the following, as

### *A System of Parochial Faith.*

WE BELIEVE, That Wealth, Honour, and Power, are the *only proper Pursuits*, and, when obtain'd, the *supreme Qualifications* of a *Ruling Officer*.

That to procure and preserve These, no Means can be *unlawful*, no Artifices *dishonourable*, no Pretences *unjustifiable*, no Assistance *disreputable*.

That as the Favour of the Lord, and the Money of the Tenants, can alone establish in this sublime Character, every *mean Artifice*, *Pretence*, or *Tool*, ought to be employ'd by a prudent Officer, in order to acquire them in the *biggest Degree*.

That in this *honest Vocation*, to impose upon and cheat the Lord, or to bubble and enslave the Tenants, are so far from being *Faults*, that, when necessary, they are the *Perfection* of all *Parochial Virtues*.

That every Man who aspires at Rule, and would supplant him who possesseth it, has the *same Privileges* as the said Possessor hath himself.

That as every Ruling Officer depends more on the Lord than on the Tenants, and generally *loses* the Favour of the latter to *obtain* that of the former; the proper

proper Way to supplant him is to *curry Favour* with the Tenants, and make them *clamour* the Lord into a Necessity to *withdraw* his Favour.

That when this is done, the said Supplanter is to succeed in *what Share he pleases* of his Predecessor's Power, and to *portion out the Rest* according to his own good Liking.

That he is *by no Means* to hurt the discarded Officer, nor to suffer a *full Enquiry* to be made into his Crimes; but to pacify the People in the *shortest* Manner, as he hopes himself for Mercy at the *Day of Account*.

That a *Parochial Quarrel* of the longest Continuance, tho' carried on with the utmost Acrimony, ought not to be deem'd the least *Interruption of Friendship* between contending Parties, nor to prevent their afterwards *uniting in Council*.

That to *laugh* at both Lord and Tenants is a mighty *decent Accomplishment*, and what every present or past Ruling Officer *ought to possess*.

This is our Faith, which we promise never to re-nounce.

Signed,

BOB OF THE FORD.

Witness,

WILL OF THE WATERS.

SANDY LONGEIB.

WILL *with the* Spencer-Wig.

After executing this Instrument, the *Terms* of the Convention were punctually *fulfilled*. An *Enquiry* was made into *Bob's* Conduct, in which he was found guilty of *great Waste* of the Parish Money, under the Articles of *Bastard Children, Intelligence from other Parishes, Passes, Entertainments*, and other frivolous Affairs. But *Will* told his Friends, That, for what he saw, the Account *might be* just: That whether it were so or no, it was sufficient that *Bob* was removed from the Post of Tallyman; and it would be very commendable in *Him*, who had been hitherto the *poor Man's greatest Enemy*, to assist in crushing him now he was down: That all Mankind are *liable to err*, and he did not himself pretend to *Perfection*; wherefore is

would be cruel in him to be severe for a *few Slips*: That the Vestry had *other Things* of more Importance, which they ought to mind, and not to spend their Time about a Man who could no longer hurt them; and, finally, that there was still *Money* enough in the Parish, which made it look mean to be so punctual about a trifling Matter of a few Thousands.

As *Bob* was before of the *Select Vestry*, *Will* was immediately admitted into it; and in the same Order were they created *Honorary Burgessees*. They continue to act upon the Principles recited in the *Creed* above, and are now, more than ever, *Par Nobile Fratrum*.

B.



Numb. 49. Saturday, October 30, 1742.

The Humour of the following, we doubt not, will be equally intelligible with that of the other Dramatic Pieces before introduced. The Reader has only to observe the Date at the Head of each of them.

*From my Lodging, Spring-Gardens.*

*Veluti in Speculum.*

Motto to Covent-Garden Theatre.

—— *Ficta Simillima Veris.*

I HAVE often observed, that from the most trifling Occurrences of human Life, to a Man of Philosophy and Speculation, something useful may occur! My Readers may smile, that after so grave an Apophthegm, I should illustrate it by so odd an Occurrence as sending the Maid of the House where I lodge for a Quartern of Butter for my Breakfast: But so it happen'd, she brought the Butter wrap'd up in some written Paper, and laid it on the Table by me.—The Ladies and pretty Fellows



Fellows will laugh at the Inelegance of my Equipage ; but for an Author, and a Philosopher too, it is well enough. After I had breakfasted, I took up the Paper and perus'd it ; for it is my Humour to read all those detatch'd Parts of Learning which come from the *Chandler* or *Pastry-Cook* ; and I cannot but say I have received great Emolument from under a Mutton-Pye, and been highly pleas'd with some Strokes of Humour which my Sugar or Butter have afforded me. It was so now : From that Fragment of greasy Paper the Public owes the Amusement of this Day. For when I found it a Manuscript Dramatic Performance of a very odd Cast, I call'd up the Maid, and ask'd her if the Chandler-Woman had any more of that Sort of Paper, and if she had, I would buy it all. The Girl, as she knew my Way, and that I had sometimes sent her for some old Books that were tearing up, ran away for it directly, and brought a whole Bundle of Papers, which the Chandler said were a Gentleman's, who had lodg'd in her *Garret*, and was lately dead. The Weight was told, the Purchase-Money was paid, and down I sat to rumaging them. I found a Poetical Cargo : One Bundle was mark'd, *An Heroic Poem* ; another was, *A New Miscellany*. But that which had been opened (and which more than *Gothic* Ignorance had invaded) was the Dramatic Piece from which my Fragment was taken. However, I apply'd myself to collating my MS, and after much Labour, except a few *Hiatus's* (*valde deflendi*) I have restor'd it pretty near its genuine Reading.

THE  
POLITICAL REHEARSAL:  
HARLEQUIN LE GRAND:

OR,

*The Tricks of* PIERROT LE PRIMIER,

WITH

*The Adventures and Humours of* PUNCHINELLO,  
SCARAMOUCHI, MEZOTINO, *and Variety of*  
*other Personages.*

The *Dramatis Personæ* was imperfect, and I could only make out the following Names, tho' several others occur'd in the Reading.

Mr Bays, Lord Courtly, Mr Downright,

M E N.

*Harlequin Le Grand,*  
*Pierrot Le Premier,*  
*Punchinello il Patriota Furioso,*  
*Scaramouchi il Fiscario,*  
*Pantaloön il Secretario,*  
*Mezotin il Thesaurario,*  
*Patriot Hind-cott,*

*Patriot Pen-sheep,*  
*Patriot Sir Wat.*

W O M E N.

*Madam Joan,*  
*Miss Polly, a C—t--fs,*  
*Columbine, a C—t--fs.*

With a Chorus of *Patriots, Tory-roræans, Grumble-ronians, &c.*

*The Scene*——[Here an *Hiatus.*]

*TIME, in the Eighteenth Century.*

S C E N E I. *A Stage.*

BAYS, Lord COURTLY, DOWNRIGHT.

Bays. **T**HIS, my Lord, is a particular Favour. Authors have not now a-days such Marks of Distinction paid them.

Ld Court. As you said your Piece had Novelty, I had a Mind to anticipate my public Pleasure, by seeing it rehears'd, and have took the Liberty to bring this Gentleman

Gentleman along with me : He is now a mere Country Gentleman, but was formerly a great Man among your Wits at *Button's*, I assure ye.

*Bays.* This, my Lord, enhances the Favour you bestow ; for I hope the Gentleman will give his Opinion of my Piece, that I may correct some Errors which may occur.

*Down.* Really, Sir, I never was a Critic, and much less shall set up for one now, when I am an entire Stranger to the prevailing *Taste* of the Town.

*Bays.* O Sir ! the *Taste* of the Town is all *Satire*, keen *Satire*, that stings, and cuts, and sets the People in a Roar. Now, Sir, mine is a *Satirical Political Farce*.

*Down.* But we apprehend in the Country that the Act of Parliament had laid an Embargo on all such Kind of Wit ; and that you no more dar'd to laugh at Politics on the Stage, than at Religion.

*Ld Court.* If you are at Politics, Friend *Bays*, you stand but a bad Chance. If you would please the People, you must be severe on us Courtiers ; which if you do, your Farce will never be *licens'd*.

*Down.* My Lord, I think that very hard : Why should your Characters become sacred, and those of the Rest of Mankind be open to Satire and Ridicule ? A cheating Citizen, a booby Country Squire, a sharpening Gamester, may be lash'd as much as the Poet can ; but are They Characters more deserving Satire and Ridicule than a whimsical —, a plundering Minister, or a trimming Patriot ?

*Bays.* Lookye, Sirs, licens'd or licens'd not, the Farce is wrote. I would not leave out a Character for a thousand Pounds. I don't know what *Innuendoes* some People may put on very harmless Things, nor what Applications others may make : But

*Qui capit Ille facit.*

I am sure I have done all I can to avoid giving Offence, and chose a Set of Characters from the *Opera Comique* of the *French*, and wrote the Scenes in their Manner ; so that, for aught I know, what is said on this Stage, might as well have been said at *Paris*.

M 5

*Ld Court.*

*Ld Court.* Well, Mr *Bays*, make no more Apology; but as the Actors seem to be ready, let the Rehearsal begin.

*Bays.* Gentlemen and Ladies in the Green-Room, are ye all ready?

*Enter HARLEQUIN.*

*Harl.* Monsieur, it be impossible to act mine Part?

*Bays.* What's the Matter *Monsieur Le Grand*?

*Harl.* Why dere be not one Hat as one Quarter big enough for me.

*Bays.* Where's that Hat you rehears'd in before?

*Harl.* O Monsieur! in de practising de *Kicking-Scene* I entirely demolish it: To play mine Part with any Spirit, I must have a new Hat every Day, or 'twill never do.

*Ld Court.* Pray, Mr *Bays*, is it necessary that your Hero *Harlequin* should have such a large Hat, and a new one so often?

*Bays.* My Lord, you must leave all the *Jeu de Theatre* to us Authors. Many trifling Things to your Appearance, are important Points to us; and a large Hat is as necessary for my Hero, as a large Plume of Feathers to another: Nay, the whole Wit and Humour of the Scene lies in the Action of the Hat.—You will see if you have Patience.—Well, Monsieur, step to the Wardrobe-Keeper, and take *Pistol's* Hat; that will do excellently.

*Harl.* Hah! ver vell tought of Monsieur. [*Exit.*

*Bays.* But we need not stand still; we may have the Prologue, if you please.

*Down.* O! by all Means.

*Bays.* Come then, Mr *Trimmer*, will you enter and speak the Prologue.

*Enter PUNCHINELLO.*

You must know that this Prologue lays open the whole Affair in a plain, easy, familiar Manner.—Remember, Mr *Trimmer*, the Waddle down the Stage; it will mark your Character the stronger.

[*Punch goes to the Back-Scene, and waddles down the Stage.*]

*Punch.*

**Punch.** *Ye Sons of Britain, have you ever seen  
Children on Twelfth-Day draw for King and Queen?  
Though Courtly Titles in the List they put,  
Yet with them mix the Knave, the Fool, the Slut:  
And to fill up with Laugh the mimic Scene,  
Miss calls the Maids, and Master calls the Men.  
Then as the happy Lot kind Fortune brings,  
Queens rise from Cookmaids, and from Footmen;  
Kings.*

*In jestful Sport that Night they act the Great,  
And please their Masters with their awkward State.*

*So our odd Poet an odd Group hath brought,  
Where in low Characters high Things are wrote:  
Of Kings and Statesmen doing this and that,  
And couching Mysteries beneath a Hat.  
Gay Harlequin assumes majestic Airs;  
The modern Patriot in grave Punch appears;  
And Pierrot, ever blund'ring on the Stage,  
Here is, of State, a Minister most sage.  
Something and Somebody we represent,  
But You're to find out who and what is meant.*

[Exit Punch.]

**Down.** But, Mr Bays, Punch has left us in the Dark, with his Something and Somebody. Is it that We are to find out *who is who*, and *what is what*?

**Bays.** Ay to be sure, Sir, you are: You would not have the whole Plot in the Prologue? 'Tis enough that he tells you *Harlequin* is to put on *majestic Airs*, and that *Pierrot* is a *Primier*; which hints all the Characters are great Personages *al Mascarado*.

**Ld Courtly.** You must then interpret a little, or your Novelty will have but little Effect.

**Bays.** Never fear, never fear.——Come, enter *Harlequin* and *Pierrot* the *Primier*.

*Enter HARLEQUIN and PIERROT.*

**Harl.** *Pierrot*, vat say de Vorld of *Harlequin Le Grand*?

**Pier.** Ah! Great Sir, had your Slave *Pierrot* been so happy, so wise, to have had so incomparable a Character



as *Minister*, as you as *Master*, I should not be compell'd to leave so illustrious a Service.

*Harl.* Ah! good *Pierrot*, you be mine faithful Servant.—But vat say de Vorld for my turning you a-vay?

*Pier.* That I am still in your Graces in private, and that in public you had not got a better in my Room.

*Harl.* Morblieu! did dey not say you was damn plundering blundering Rogue, and ought to be hang?

*Pier.* Yes; and what did I tell your Grandship? That they all wanted something or other; and hitherto you have found it true. Now *Pantaloön* is *Secretario*, he finds enough to do to mind his Office; *Mezotin il Thesaurario* has all he wants; *Scaramouchi il Fiscario* is very well contented at the Importance he thinks himself of.

*Harl.* But den dere be dat cholerick Blade *Don Furioso Punchinello*, he vill raise all de Country Pate—

*Pat*—Vat you call 'em?—

*Pier.* Patriots.

*Harl.* Ay, Ay, dose Patriots vill make de great Stirs and Bustles: But you shall come behind mine Screen, Master *Pierrot*.

*Pier.* Ah! generous *Harlequin le Grand*, that is my last Asylum: But I know a Way to manage *Punch*.—By your Leave I'll make him—

*Harl.* Vat vill you make him, ven he vill be noting?

*Pier.* Make him? Why make him a Lord, and that will be making him Nothing.

*Ld Court.* That's a low Pun, Mr *Bays*.

*Bays.* But, my Lord, it is a very great Truth, for all that.—Go on.—

*Harl.* Vat! Master *Punch* turn my Lord *Punch*! But I make noting but *Lords*; dis Lord, dat Lord, t'other Lord; you Lord, he Lord, every Body *Lords*. I make much *Noblesse*, much *Noblesse* make much *Pensions*, much *Pensions* much less *Monies*.

*Pier.* No; I can put you in a Way to remedy that: The more *Pensions* you give, you have the more *Votes*; the more *Votes*, the more *Taxes*; more *Taxes*, more Money to You, and more Burthens on the People: But then

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then he must be a *pitiful Fellow of a Minister*, that dares not raise Money as fast as He and his Master want it.

*Harl.* Me not have dose *peeteful Fellows*.—Vell, you desire Master *Punchinello* be made Lord *Punch*. Vill dat do?

*Pier.* Excellently! Shall I acquaint him with it?

*Harl.* If you vill; and I vill send for *Pantaloon* and *Scaramouch*, to confer upon a *grand Design* me have in mine Head. [Exeunt separately.]

*Bays.* And so I end the Scene, and raise the Attention with a grand Design hinted at. Now the

*Scene Changes to Punchinello's House.*

Come, enter *Punch* in a Passion, with a Set of Patriots at his Heels.

Enter PUNCH and PATRIOTS.

*Down.* But, Mr *Bays*, what are you doing? I hope you don't intend any Reflection on the Country Interest.

*Ld Court.* Egad, *Bays*, if you have, I'll take a Dozen Box Tickets extraordinary.

*Bays.* Gentlemen, I intend nothing but to give a Representation of a certain Affair, which has more Truth in it than Wit; for there must be plain Narratives in Dramatic Pieces, as well as History. This Scene is a *Multum in Parvo*. I, like *Shakespear*, scorn critical Rules. In less than *twenty Minutes* you shall see all the Business of *twenty Years*.

*Ld Court.* Your Patriots are differently habited: Some seem *Tragedians*, and others *Comedians*. Pray why so, Mr *Bays*?

*Bays.* Emblem, my Lord, Emblem.—Why, you must know, those in the tragic Habits and high Buskins, talking to *Punch* on his Left Hand, are such Genius's as are turn'd to the Sublime, and are for acting *serious* Parts; who expect Events most strange, and Catastrophes most incredible. In the *Drama*, my Lord, they are call'd the *TORY-ROBEANS*.—Now that comic Band on the Right of *Punch* are a Set of odd Dogs, who can play *low* Characters exceeding well: They are, in Fact, *Punch's Merry-Andrews*, and will act the Farce call'd

call'd the *Bamboozle*, or, *Ye are all bit*, with any Company that ever came on the Stage.

*Down.* But what makes your Hero so earnest with his *Tory-Roræns*, while the Right-hand Men are on the full Titter.

*Bays.* See, they advance; you will hear.

*1st Patriot.* *Pierrot* shall be no more:—With him shall end

Fell Discord and Distinction's baleful Name:

*No Screen*, and the *Broad-bottom*, is the Word.——

Or ——

*Punch.* Surely, Mr *Hind-cott*, you may rely on me. You know my Temper, Farmer *Pen-sheep*: You may believe me downright, and honest as the Heart you yourself wear.

*Pen-sheep.* Lookye, Master *Punch*, I have known thee many and many a Year: I remember some *odd Pranks*; but what's done is done and over. I'm not a Man of many high flown Words now; tho' I have in my Time talk'd as *big* as any in the Parish; but all I now say is, *The Proof of the Pudding lies in the Eating.*

*Down.* That old Performer looks as much or rather more like a Hero than any of them; but his Stile is not upon the heroic.

*Bays.* But then there is Matter in it, Sir. —— There is more Sublimity in that Simplicity than you imagine: But don't interrupt. ——

*Punch.* Gentlemen all,—for to you all I speak, Have ye not known my Enmity to *Pierrot* For twice ten rolling Years?—Have ye not heard, From my prophetic Tongue, ten thousand Curses Pour'd vengeful down on his devoted Head? Who hath rav'd more against him,—than hath *Punch*? Who set his Deeds in stronger Light—than *Punch*? Who hath talk'd more, done more, fought more—than

*Punch*?

Ye Gods! and shall it now remain a Doubt!

That ——

*2d Pat.* Hold, hold your Passions and your Pickering! Man:

Pe Cot hur plieve hur pe a coot right Soul :  
 Put, py hur *Knighthood*, if thou play'st the Rogue,  
 Thou pe'st the most *confountet* Rogue of all.  
 A Caitiff vile and base.—As Cot save WAT.

3d Pat, Brother, we believe you staunch.—No  
 Place.—Remember.

Punch. No Place,—no Pension ; —nothing e'er shall  
 bribe me.

Omnes Pat. A Patriot ! a Briton ! a Briton ! a  
 Patriot.

1st Pat. Remember—A Broad bottom and no Screen.  
 Punch. 'Tis Well.

Exeunt the Tory-romæan Patriots calling out, No  
 Screen ! no Screen ! a Broad-bottom ! a Broad-bottom !

Punch and the others. Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

[Go off the other Way laughing.

Down. Pray, Mr Bays, what made your comic Pa-  
 triots seem so very merry.

Bays. To hear their grave Brethren the Tragedians  
 such Fools to believe one Word Punch said.—These  
 are his *Zanies* :—They are in the *Secret*.

Down. Oh ! are they so ? Crave your Mercy, Sir.

Ld Courtly. But pray, Mr Bays, are you so lost in  
*Politics* that you have no *Women* in your Drama ?

Bays. Ha ! ha ! ha ! No, no, Sir ; not such an *Ig-  
 noramus* in *Politics* as that comes to. Why *Women* are  
 the Soul of *Politics* : They are the *Primum Mobile* :—  
 A *Prime Minister* has not a better Engine to work upon  
 than a *Woman*,—if he knows how to use her rightly.  
 —Yes, my Lord, I have *Women* ; and the next  
 Scene is between two illustrious Ladies.—Come, enter  
 Punch's Wife Joan, alias Madam Joanilla Punchinella,  
 and Miss Molly, alias the Right Honourable the Coun-  
 tefs of—*What-d'-ye-call-it*.

Enter Player.

Player. Sir, Miss Polly desires to be excus'd a Quar-  
 ter of an Hour : The Wardrobe-keeper is not come ;  
 and she cannot, according to Character, even rehearse  
 without one of the Countefs's *Robes* and *Coronets* we use  
 in the Coronation of Anna Bullen.

Bays. Very well.—These *Punctilios* must be comply'd  
 with,

with, Gentlemen. The Girl is mighty fond of her Part, and would not appear aukward in the *Periphrasialia* of a *Countess*, when she appears in public. In the mean Time we'll step into the *Green-Room*.

*Ld Courtly.* Ay, ay. I find your mimic Ladies have as much Pride as real ones.

*Bays.* Why, they are *Women* as well as *They*; and *Pride* is the predominant Passion of the Sex.—Hah! well thought on: Not to carry you off the Stage absurdly, take the following Lines on that Subject, which I wrote for a Play of mine: For, as my *Act* must now end here, it shall, according to modern Custom, be tagg'd with some Rhimes, which are a proper Introduction to my next.

*Pride rules the Sow'reign o'er the Female Heart;  
Moves ev'ry Passion, dictates ev'ry Art:  
By that inspir'd they Love, by that they Dress;  
And various Forms its various Pow'r confess.  
One proud of Beauty, one of Singing well;  
This would in Dancing, that in Wit excel.  
This Universal Passion All controuls:  
Indulge their Pride, and you will win their Souls.*

*The End of the First Act.*



Numb. 50. Saturday, November 6. 1742.

# THE

## Political Rehearsal.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter BAYS, Lord COURTLY, DOWNRIGHT.*

*BAYS.*

**Y**OU know, Gentlemen, what I said on the Pride of Women;

*This*



*This universal Passion all controuls,*

*Indulge their Pride, and you will win their Souls.*

On that Maxim the whole Political System of my Piece depends.

*Ld Court.* Come then, Mr *Bays*, let us see this Scene of Humour between your Ladies; surely they are ready by this Time.

*Bays.* Ladies, are ye ready at the opposite Side of the Stage to one another?

*Polly.* Yes, Sir.

*Bays.* Very well. Now, my Lord, this Scene, in the Representation, is a View of an *Assembly*, and the Stage to be fill'd with Gentlemen and Ladies; but as all our *Scenemen* and *Candle-snuffers* are at the *Alehouse*, and our *Stock Maids of Honour* and *Ladies* of the *Bed-chamber* are washing the Dressing-rooms, or refreshing themselves at the *Ginsbop*, you must suppose the Thing, and that Madam *Joan* and Miss *Polly* meet accidentally at this public Place.——

*Down.* We will suppose every Thing, Mr *Bays*, to support the Dignity of your Scenery.

*Bays.* Come, enter Ladies, just in the Manner I taught you Yesterday.

*Enter Madam Joan, and Miss Polly dress'd as a Countess: They cross the Stage, and pass by one another, each shewing all the Airs of Scorn and Contempt; during which Bays speaks.*

*Bays.* Very well, Madam *Joan*.——Excellently Miss *Polly*.——A little more Airs, my Dear:—Give yourselves a little more Airs.——You cannot overplay this Scene.

*Down.* Over-play it! Why, I don't see what they are about, but flaunting at one another as two Rival Wenches would do, who never saw one another before.

*Bays.* The Thing, Sir!—Ha! ha! ha!——*Rival Wenches!*——Why, did you never hear of the *Rival Queens?*——Your *Statira* and *Roxana* give themselves much such Airs at their first Interview.

*Ld. Court.* But then they speak.

*Bays.* And so shall these, if you will but have Patience

tience, my Lord.—What a Plague an Author has with these Persons of Quality !

[*Aside.*

[*After a long Pause.*]

*Miss. Pol.* Pray, Madam, would you speak to me ? You seem as if you would.

*Madam Joan.* Since you have given me an Opportunity, I must tell you the Airs you give yourself among Persons of Quality and Distinction don't become you : Tho' your *Papa's* Power might have encourag'd you to this ; yet, my Dear, as *that* is at an End, it would be more decent in you to put on a more humble Appearance, suitable to his Circumstances.

*Miss. Pol.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Madam, your *good Man* has, for *once*, dar'd to keep you out of the Secret. My *Papa's* Power, instead of being on the *Wain*, can still do any Thing, as Signior *Punchinello* knows full well. My *Papa*, Madam, has made himself a Lord.

*Madam Joan.* And you a Lady.

*Miss. Pol.* Nay, more than that : He has, without making me a Lady, entitled me to take Place of Ladies. Therefore, Madam, I hope it will not give you the least Pain, if, for the future, Madam, in all public Places where I and you shall meet, I take Advantage of the *Rank* I bear.

*Madam Joan.* Insulting Minx ! But I'll be even with her. If *Punch*, with all his Patriotism about him, has not Power and Spirit enough to make *Me* a Lady as well as *She* is—I'll—I'll say he is a more pitiful Fellow of a *P—tr—t*, than *Pierrot* of a *M—st—r*. [*Aside.*

*Miss. Pol.* I am sorry, Madam, I flung you into so deep a Meditation : But you cannot envy my Honours, as they are more peculiarly adapted to a *Court* : You, Madam, who are in the *Country Interest*, must have more Satisfaction in a private Retirement, among your honest Neighbours, than in all the Splendor of *Title*, and *Equipage* of a Court.

*Madam Joan.* Miss, you are drawing Consequences, without sufficiently knowing the World. Tho' a Lady has not been at Court for *twenty Years*, she will not have the less Taste for it, on her Return to it.

*Miss.*

*Mis Pol.* O dear, Madam! I beg your Pardon: I remember a Song which might have taught me better.

S O N G.

*From a Court Dorinda flies,  
With her Husband in a Rage;  
In the Country both grow wise,  
And condemn the modern Age.*

*Happy, happy, happy Grove!  
She in gloomy Temper sings:  
He cries far from Me remove  
All the Farce of State and Kings.*

*But shou'd Message come to Spouse  
(Who hates Courtiers) to resort  
Quickly to St J——s's-House,  
And accept a Place at Court:*

*Sir and Madam!—Nymph and Swain  
Now no more; with one Accord  
Haste to London; change their Strain:  
She a Lady, He a Lord.*

*Thus of my Papa you still  
Find the Truth in Brib'ry's Vice:  
All are to be brib'd: The Skill  
Is to find, then give the Price.*

Which Maxim, Madam, I leave you to contemplate on. Ha! ha! ha! [Exit.

*Madam Joan.* As I live the Wench is in the Right of it. What the Deuce is my Husband about?—Well, for all his storming and storming that he will accept of Nothing, if he don't accept a *P—rage*, and make me a *Lady*, I'll go to *storming* too;—and he knows what a Storm I can raise, if I have a Mind for it.—What shall I be a mere Country Gentlewoman, when that *pert Creature* is flaunting as a Lady through the whole *Beau Monde*?—Forbid it Gods!—

Let

Let me wander not unseen.

*Let me wander not unknown  
Through all the Splendour of the Town !  
At the Court my Airs display ;  
For my Lady there,—clear the Way.——  
And at the Opera to hear,  
And the Play,—My Lady's Chair !——  
And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,  
Hollows my Title to the Croud.*

And every Chairman's, &c.

Oh! these, these are Charms ten Times beyond the nonsensical Title of *Patriotism* ; and I will enjoy them, or I'll know why.

[*Exit singing, And every Chairman's, &c.*

*Bays sings. And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,  
Hollows my Title to the Croud.*

Faith, I think I have carried her off with a great Deal of Spirit and Reason too.

*Down.* But you pay a scurvy Compliment to the Ladies, Mr *Bays*, to hint they have not Honour and Spirit enough to value their Husband's Reputation above an empty Title.

*Bays.* No, Sir ; it is no Satire on the Ladies, if any such there be : The Satire falls on the Husband.

*Ld Court.* There, Mr *Bays*, I think you are right.——But pray where is *Harlequin* : We have not seen him since the first Scene.

*Bays.* Bless me ! you are so impatient that you will not suffer the Business of the Drama to rise gradually, Don't you remember that he was to go to *Pantaloon*, *Scaramouch*, and *Mezotin*, to confer about a grand Design ? and do you think a grand Design can be conferr'd on the next Moment ?

*Down.* Pray, Mr *Bays*, is not that *Harlequin* at yonder Side-scene.

*Bays.* Yes, Sir ; and you will see him enter, if you have Patience.——Come, Gentlemen, go on with the Rehearsal.

*Enter HARLEQUIN, SCARAMOUCH, PANTALON, and MEZOTIN.*

*Ld Court.*

*Ld Court.* Your Hero seems very oddly accoutred in those Jack Boots, and Hat and Feather.

*Bays.* Not so oddly, when you hear the Reason.

*Harl.* Go! Yes, me vill go: Mine Honour says—  
Go, go.

*Pantal.* But then your *Safety*, Sir, cries *No, no, no*.

*Harl.* Vat be mine *Safety*, when I lay before ye,  
In making *Campaigns* how great be de *Glory*?

*Bays.* There, it's out, Sirs: Now you know why he is *Jack-booted*.

*Scaram.* But ah! Think, Monsieur, of the great  
Expence:

To gain your *Glory* you must drain your *Pence*.

*Harl.* Vat *Fellow peeteful* such Excuse offers!  
I'll draw mine *Purse-frings*, and I'll drain mine *Coffers*.

*Mezot.* Alack! your *Coffers* are in a sad *Plight*,  
*Pierrot* has hardly in them left a *Doit*.

*Harl.* Fill 'em again den.

*Scaram.* But ah! *how* and *where*?

*Harl.* Vat's dat to me,—so dat dey filled are?

*Pant.* Ah! Sir, pull off your *Boots*; assuage your *Ire*:  
This Winter nurse you by a good *Coal Fire*.

*Harl.* Vat! pull mine *Boots* off when so far I've gone?  
—But why de *Diable* did I put 'em on,

Of all mine *Enemy* to kick de *A*—?

And shall mine *Project* turn into a *Farce*?

*Pant.* Your *Conduct*, Sir, from *Politics* you borrow  
To-day you know not what you'll do *To morrow*.

*Harl.* Here, *Scaramouch*, since ye all make dis *Pott*—  
Pull off dis *Boot*;—you, *Pantaloon*, de other.

[*They pull off his Boots.*]

Vell, now, Sirs, you of *Fish* have made fine *Kettle*;

For I, *begar*, vill not bate of mine *Mettle*:

And soon or late it shall be found by *some*,

If I can't kick *Abroad*, I'll kick at *Home*.

[*Pulls off his Hat in a Passion, flings it down, kicks it round the Stage, and then quite off, and follows.*]

*Bays* repeats: ——— *It shall be found by Some,*

*If I can't kick Abroad,—I'll kick at Home.*

There are your *Heroics*, your *Sublime*, and all that.—

Now,



Now, my Lord, you see the Necessity for *Harlequin's* grand Chapeau.

*Down.* But could he not more heroically have vented his Ire and Indignation on some nobler Object?

*Bays.* Yes, Sir: But in describing the Passions we must always make them rise gradually: Tho' he begins with a Hat, he may end with a L——d, a P——y C——l, or a——I don't know what myself.—But pray let the Scene go on.—Signior *Scaramouchi*, and the Rest of you, on *Harlequin's* going off in such a Passion, you should all look at one another in a Surprise.

*Pant.* And dwells such mighty Wrath in little Men?

*Scaram.* I have heard much of these Humours: But what shall we do?

*Mezot.* Here comes *Pierrot*; he shall advise us.

Enter *PIERROT*.

*Pier.* So, old new Friends, you are in deep Consultation: You find now there is some Plague in being at the Head of Affairs. I wish you much Joy. Ha! ha! ha!

*Pant.* You are merry.

*Pierrot.* I have Reason to be so. I have just left *Punch*, and settled every Point with him: I had much ado to bring every thing to bear: He stood off a good while, and I offer'd every Thing in vain, when in a such y Moment, in came *Madam Joan*, and flaunted,

Laise my *Polly* has had some Honours conferr'd on —! I took the Hint, and immediately offer'd to him f<sup>r</sup> her a Lady, if her Spouse would come into my

*Bans.*—Come into them? cry'd she. Yes He shall; I'll not ser let him rest: I'll worry that Spirit Patriotism out Do him: I'll neither let him Day nor Night, nor Morning Snor Evening, nor — Hold, hold, answers He, you need not be in a Passion: I consent—*Pierrot* your Hand; I am yours again. — Well, *Madam*, then answers I, you have nothing to do but chuse what Title you like, and your Ladyship shall have it.—Away she went directly to consult with a Herald; he to a Patriot Club; and I to see how Things went on Here.

*Scaram.* Why, *Pierrot*, we are in an odd Way: Monsieur *Harlequin* is in great Wrath: What must we do?

to? He has kick'd his Hat, and threatens to kick somebody.

*Pierrot.* And what then? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, suppose he kicks you.

*Scaram.* Kick me!

*Pierrot.* Yes, Sir, if he has a Mind to it, you must stand a Kicking, or you will be no Favourite with Him: Why, Sir, he has kick'd me a thousand times. What then? My Back was broad enough to bear it. After that Humour is over he is the best humour'd Man living: You may do just what you will with him.

*Scaram.* Well, well, some Odnesses must be allow'd.

*Pant.* Now *Punch* is come in, and the whole Coalition fix'd, it would be proper we should wait on *Harlequin*, and congratulate him on the *Unanimity* and *Concord* that reign among his People.

*Mezot.* But you know the *Tory-roræans* and *Grumble-tonians* will still make an Opposition.

*Pierrot.* That don't signify; you must tell him every Body's pleas'd, and he'll believe ready enough. Come, let's lose no Time, but about it instantly. [Exeunt.

*Bays.* Now this Occurrence introduces all my Characters in the last Scene.

*Ld Courtly.* But who have we here?

Enter COLUMBINE pursu'd by HARLEQUIN.

*Bays.* Ha! ha! ha! Here I thought to have surpriz'd you; for here is a short Scene of Pantomime.

*Down.* But pray why must not *Columbine* speak?

*Bays.* For two Reasons: First, because she can't—that is speak *English*; the next is, the Dialogue from the Business of the Scene would be too coarse for the Delicacy of the Ladies.—Pray observe; this is quite *Pantomine*: There sits *Columbine* in a thoughtful Posture; *Harlequin* steals behind the Chair,—pulls it from under her,—down she comes, Ha! ha! ha! *Harlequin* runs off. Now the Scene changes: *Harlequin* is now sitting alone: There steals in *Columbine*,—gets to the Chair,—down it comes, *Harlequin* and all. Ha! ha! ha!

*Down.* What is all this?

*Bays.*

*Bays.* Don't you see, don't you see *Harlequin* in great Fury kicks *Columbine* round and round and round the Room?—Sir, Sir, you have kick'd her sufficiently, kick her off now as fast as you can. (*Harlequin kicks her off*) Did I not tell you I would shew you a Kicking Scene.

*Ld Courtly.* I wish, Sir, you would shew us your last.

*Bays.* You are going to have it.—Let but *Harlequin* compose his wrathful Countenance; because he is to appear at his *Grand Levee*.

*Scene-men.* We are all ready, Sir.

*Bays.* Then draw the Back-scene.

*Back-scene draws and discovers Harlequin, Pierrot, Punch, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, Mezotin, Madam Joan, Miss Polly, Columbine, and Chorus of Courtiers.*

*Harl.* Since, all mine Gentlemen and Ladies, you be come into de *Coalition*, it please me much. I be glad to see L—d *Pierrot* and L—d *Punch* good Friends agen. *Columbine*, you and I bussee and be Friends. Dis shall be de Day of *Jubilee*, and mine Poet shall make *Odes* upon it.

*Punch.* There is no Occasion, I have one ready.

*Bays.* Gentlemen Courtiers there, you must all remember to join in the Chorus.

*Punch sings.*

*Good People who have given Ear to our Scene,  
It shews you, perhaps, what Things may have been,  
Of Courtiers and Patriots, the Tricks and the Rout  
Of how to get IN, and how safe to get OUT.*

*With a down, down, down, up and down, derry  
derry up and down, down derry down.*

*When Friendship and Faith for a Title are broke;  
When all Public Spirit is turn'd to a Joke;  
When the Statesman the Patriot's Soul can reverse:  
What's your Patriotism Britons?—like ours, 'tis a Farce.*

*With a down, down, down, &c.*

*Grand*

Grand Chorus.

*All your Patriotism, Britons, like This, is a Farce.**With a down, &c.**Curtain drops.**Ld Court.* I wish you Success, Mr *Bays*; but I am afraid you'll never get it *licens'd*.*Bays.* Then I'll print it by Subscription: Tho' it would have much more Spirit in the Action. But, my Lord, I'll read it to a *Court Friend*, and he may put me in a Way how to have me bought off, as some other Authors have been.*Down.* Surely you would not act on such Principles, when you stigmatize them in your Satire.*Bays.* O! Your humble Servant for that, Sir.*Compare not Patriots' Actions with their Speeches ;  
Nor what the Parson doth, with what he preaches :**I'll be no Bishop though the Bishop crieth,  
We all know the Right R——d Father lieth.**Much as we will of Public Spirit boast,**It is Self-Interest rules our Actions most :**Say what we will of Virtue firm, and steady,**All if they can will gladly touch the Ready.*

L. L.

[Exeunt.]



Numb. 52. Saturday, November 20, 1742.

*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

**T**HERE is a Humour which is very prevalent among those who pretend to have any *Taste* of *Writing*, to get a Sight of a Thing in Manuscript before it appears in Public; and they highly value themselves if they have Interest enough to obtain a *Copy* of it. There are some who are indefatigable in these Pursuits; and, no doubt, sometimes meet with Compositions which the Public would think had Merit, if they had

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been offered to public Judgment. My Friend *Tom Curious* has been very successful in Collections of this Kind. Where he meets with them I don't know; but he seldom misses a Week without adding some remarkable Pieces to his *Museum*. Tom call'd on me the other Morning, and told me, with great Joy, he had accidentally met with an invaluable Treasure, and that he had got a Copy of it on purpose that I should be the *first* who should oblige the Town with it; for it was of such Importance it could not be long kept secret. After a Perusal of the Manuscript, I found my Friend had brought me no contemptible Present; and I have accordingly inserted it. Whether the *Original* he transcrib'd it from is *genuine*, I am not to answer for. All that I have to inform my Readers previously of, is, that it is a Letter from a *Great Man* in *France* to a *Great Man* in *England*; but *who they are* is more proper to be left to every Reader's Comment.\*

MY LORD,

YOU have, while you was a *private Gentleman*, frequently done me the Honour to express the Satisfaction you should have in receiving a Letter from Me. I hope your Lordship's Sentiments are so little changed, that you will receive *some Satisfaction* from This: Such Satisfaction as every *honest Friendship* feels in having a Friend, who will pour out his Soul with a *Zeal* which nothing but *Sincerity* dictates, with a *Liberty* which nothing but the Sense of *Liberty* inspires.

At my Day of Life to have sent you a mere complimentary Letter, might have been esteemed by you as a Formality; and though I might have congratulated you on your *new Honours*, you might have thought the Panegyric to have been *Ironical*, and that I might better have employ'd my Time in Contemplation of Things of more Importance. But, *my Lord*, not only an Opportunity offers to hail your *new Dignity*, but a Necessity requires that I should, at this *Crisis*, write to You: A *Crisis* in which the *Constitution* of *Great Bri-*

\* It was thought by many, that the Stile of this Piece was not much unlike the famous *Dissertation of Parties*.



tain may be re-fixed, and the *Liberties* of the People re-founded on their ancient Basis.

Your Lordship may wonder, that at this Distance from *England* I should write to you on such a Subject: But I have strong Motives for writing, and for writing to You. Although

*Nos Patriæ Fines & dulcia linquimus Arva,*  
(I may add, of my own)

*Nos & Amicitias;*

Yet, assure yourself, my most tender and warm Thoughts are of my *native Country*: To my daily Wishes for the *Health* and *Welfare* of my *Friends*, I, above all, add the most ardent ones for the *Welfare* and *Freedom* of *Britain*. In that Cause I resume my Pun. Though absent, not unacquainted with your domestic Affairs, I compare myself to a Critic in his Study, who, as he reads a Play, has the Scenes, Actors, and the whole Representation before his Eyes in Idea. How far my Judgment may be just, or Observations wrong, I leave to your Lordship's most serious and self-judging Opinion.

Many Years are not elaps'd since the *just*, the *wise*, the *honour'd* Mr P—— was the most strenuous Advocate for the Recovery of the *constitutional Rights* of his *Country*, against the dangerous *Invasion* on them by a *Minister*, who, as he had *Wickedness* enough to make such an Attempt, had *Abilities* enough, if not bravely and wisely opposed, to have made it *successful*. It was *then* Mr P—— step'd forth as a *Champion* in the Cause of *Liberty*: It was *then* he devoted himself an *eternal Enemy* to *Corruption*: It was *then* he employed all his Powers and Faculties in the Service of his Country: It was *then* he was *esteemed* and *honoured* by it. How amiable the Character! How worthy a *Briton*! My LORD, what *Title* could be more *glorious*? What *Honour* more *great*?

As Mr P—— so strenuously exerted himself with all Semblance of Disinterestedness, he found himself supported by a great Number of Gentlemen, who had the Good of their Country at Heart; and who with

Horror beheld, under the specious Pretext of the necessary Acts of Government, what destructive Innovations were making on the Constitution. As my Heart was warm in my Country's Cause, I thought it my Duty to employ all my Abilities in it. I pointed out the Nature of our Constitution; shew'd *where* and *how* it had been *infring'd* through several Reigns, and how such Infringements, gradually introduced, would, in the End, prove the Destruction of it. Those *Dissertations* were dedicated to the *Man*, who, by Them, might see his *Designs* were not *undiscover'd*, nor his *Artifices unknown*. Though they had no Effect on *Him*, they had on the *People*: But *He*, enthron'd in *Corruption*, reign'd on with all the Tyranny of *iniquitous Power*: A Power so establish'd by every Art, that I despaired of ever seeing an End of it, and retired from a Scene that presented nothing but *Misery, Oppression, Corruption, Poverty, and Slavery*.—You resolutely continued the Battle: I wish'd you Success, but doubted of your *Victory*.

How surprised, *Sir*, (pardon my not mentioning your *Right Honourable Title*; but as you had not then arrived to it, had not then *deserved* it, I shall not give it you again till I come to consider the *meritorious Act* by which you purchas'd it;) How surprised, *Sir*, I say, how rejoiced was I to hear Mr *P*—— had triumph'd over m—st——l Tyranny, and led Corruption captive: That he had broken the Bonds of Iniquity asunder, deliver'd the People from *Oppression*, and restor'd *Freedom* to his Country.

What a glorious Scene open'd to my View! What a Character, cry'd I with Ecstasy, has *P*—— obtained! The grateful Esteem of every true Briton. Nations shall return him Thanks for the Services he has done them, in restoring their *hereditary Rights*, and establishing their *native Freedom*. Standing Armies in Time of Peace will be no more: *Triennial Parliaments* will again be the Barrier against *Corruption*: *Public Spirit* shall banish *Venality* from the Senate; and loyal *Sincerity*, disguised *Falseness* from the Court. Happy, happy Britons!

These

These Reflections carried my Rapture farther: I imagined your Country erecting a Statue to you, in Imitation of the *Free Romans*, with such Inscriptions as these on the Pedestal.

LIBERTATIS RESTAURATORI:  
PECULATUS VINDICI:  
PATRIÆ ÆQUE AC PRINCIPIS AMICO.  
HOC  
POP. BRIT. GRATI POS.  
MDCCXLII.

If Friendship forbid me to envy you these glorious Characteristics, I could not but wish it had been my Fate to have shared any Part of them with you.

But alas, *Sir!* these Thoughts of you were soon changed for such as I never expected to entertain. When I found *one Week's* Conduct had ruin'd *ten Years* Fame: When Mr P—— was on a sudden against a *Coalition of Parties*, which with me he had so often and often *approved, prosecuted, and determined* to obtain, What could I say, but, in Imitation of *Shakespeare*,

FRAILTY, *thy Name is MAN?*

But when Mr P—— was not only cool on this Point, but plung'd into an Abyss of Iniquity: When he entered into a *compromissory League* with the worst of Men, the Man he had (or seemed to have) *detested, convicted, condemned*: When in Mr P——, *Corruption* found an *Advocate*, *Male-Administration* a *Patron*, and *Liberty* an *Enemy*: When Mr P—— had made *Patriotism* a *Jest*, the *Change of Ministry* a *Farce*, and the *Throne* the worst of *Sanctuaries*: — What! What could I think, what say of him? I pity'd him; I scorn'd him; I condemn'd him as an *hypocritical Senator*, a *false Friend*, and a *conceal'd Enemy* of his Country.

— *Quantum mutatus ab illò.*

*Qui, &c. — — ?*

How contrasted, my LORD (for I am now to give you the Title your *singular Merit* claim'd) are the Charac-

ters of the Mar, whom, for Decency's sake, I have chose rather to speak of in the *third*. than *second Person*! How justly drawn, and how justly apply'd, I leave to your *Lordship's* Heart to determine.

If, after all this, your *Lordship* has Time or Patience to begin another Paragraph, you will find that I here cease making *personal Applications* to you alone. What I shall add, will be some Thoughts on the *present State of Great Britain*; and which may be as well worth your Consideration as *mine*.

The People of *Great Britain* in general form'd high Expectations from what was ridiculously term'd a CHANGE of the MINISTRY. When Proofs of *Corruption* and *Embezzlements* of the *public Money* were to Demonstration made appear, they expected *Justice* on the *Criminal*: When Men, who had been some Years loudly inveighing against any Encroachments on the *Freedom of the People*, were placed at the Head of the Government, they expected they would remain as tenacious as ever for their *Rights*: When the *Grand Corruptor* was removed from Power, they expected his Minions should no longer fill the chief public Offices: They expected a *Change of Men*, and, with them, a *Change of Measures*.

How have all these Expectations been answered? Not in one singular Point. They who were to procure their Country *Justice*, have employ'd all their Arts to *screen* the *Criminal* from it. One, in particular, my LORD, flies from the Place where his Service would be most necessary: Another grows wiser by his *new Office*, and, as he must *think* more, must *speak* less: To command *P—ns—n—rs* takes from This—his Hatred to *Pensions*; and the Lips of another are endeavour'd to be *seal'd* up in *private*. A *Golden Key* unlocks strange Mysteries in Chambers of Palaces to *that Man*: To *That* a *white Wand* has such magic Charms, that it conjures down *Public Spirit* in an Instant: Another, who had helped to raise the *Storm*, when got into *Port*, thinks it high Time the *Storm* should be over.—So that in the whole Opposition to *Venality* and *Male-administration*, the *Grand Corruptor*, by his Arts, would have

have it appear to the People, that it was not a Struggle for *Liberty*, but *Places*.

But how politic soever, my LORD, this *Scheme* may have been *plan'd*, 'tis spun so cobweb-fine that it's easily seen through. You will find the *People* of *England* are not such Dupes. It is not the taking off a *Few* to gain a *Majority*, that will defraud them of the *great Ends* they have so long contended for. I hope, my LORD, there are still *Britons* wise and brave enough to pursue them. And if they do pursue them with that *Spirit* which *Britons*, on such an Occasion, should exert, they probaby will, I think infallibly *must*, attain them at this *peculiar* CRISIS.

Your *Lordship* is too well vers'd in Parliamentary Business, not to know what Influence the *Representations* and *Instructions* of the *People* to their *Representatives* have, not only within the House, but all over the Kingdom. In the present State of Affairs you may depend that they will complain, remonstrate, and instruct \*, against your next Meeting in P——t: That they will insist on *Justice*; that they will, with the utmost Zeal, urge the Repeal of the *Septennial Act*; that they will adjure them in strongest Terms to procure the Restoration of Independency in Parliament, by *limiting* the Number of *Placemen*; and that they will more strongly recommend the Obtainment of every one of these Articles should be previous to, or conjunctive with, the Bill for *Supplies*. This is the Crisis for such a tacking Bill, as it is call'd; because, for many Reasons, the People may not, for a long Time, have another so favourable a Juncture.

I am conscious such a Step will not be agreeable even to your *new* *Patriot* *Courtiers*: Notwithstanding they have made such Motions themselves, they will find specious temporary Pretexts to oppose them. But, my LORD, I think there may be such strong Arguments for Support of every one of them, that I shall trouble you to offer some on every Article; by which you will see the Importance and Necessity of every free and independent Member to take such Measures.

\* By this Passage the Letter must have been wrote before the City of London's Instructions.





Numb. 53. Saturday, September 22, 1742.

*The Importance and Necessity of procuring Justice on public Criminals; of repealing the Septennial Act, and limiting the Number of Placemen at this Crisis, previous to all other Considerations.*

*Being a Continuation of the Great Man's Letter.*

MY LORD,

**I**N discussing the Importance of obtaining these *three* principal Articles, I shall consider them as they seem naturally to arise, in a consequential Order. The *Opposition* to the late Minister divested him of *public Power*: Then followed an *Enquiry* into his *Conduct*, and from *thence* appeared, by the *Report* of the *Committee*, such Scenes of *Misapplication* of immense Sums, and such strong Proofs of the most *dangerous Corruption*, that the People must naturally think the first and most proper Step would be to have *that Enquiry* carried on; and that no *collusive Expedient*, or *private ministerial Confederacy*, should elude the Expectations and Rights of the Nation.

This should be first procured for another Reason: Because, in the Course of the *Enquiry*, such *secret Transactions* might be brought to Light, as would demonstrate the *Necessity* of regaining *Triennial Parliaments*, and the *Fatality* of not having the Number of *Placemen* limited. But without Supposition what may be proved, I shall argue on what *has* been.

There *has been proved* a notorious Abuse in making the R——l Ex———r a *Lumber-House*, or *M-n-ft-rial Bank*, where any Sums could be drawn for, and for any Services, without Check or Controul; and there *has been proved* to what dangerous Uses these Monies have been

been apply'd. The lavishing away such extraordinary Quotas on a Set of Hirelings, to eradicate, by their Writings, all *Public Spirit*; to *misrepresent* the *Nature* of the *Constitution*; to *vilify* the greatest Body of People in the Universe as the *Dregs* of a *Faction*; to *laud* and *magnify* every Action of their *great Master*, I pass over rather as Instances of his *Weakness* than *Iniquity*: But when the *Tr—s—ry* becomes a Fund of *Corruption*; when the Monies the People gave for the *Support* of *Government* were issued to *sap* the *Foundation* of the *Constitution*; when the little Tools of a Minister could draw upon *Him*, or his *Agent*, for what ever they wanted to *subvert* the *Liberties* of the *Kingdom*; when these have become the *Applications* of the *public Treasure*, the Director of the *Tr—s—ry* is become a *false Servant* to his Prince, and an *Enemy* to his Country. These are not Instances of Want of *Abilities* in a Minister, but of his having such dangerous *Abilities* in *Bribery*, as no *public Spirit* could long withstand. They prove not a *bad Head*, but a *corrupt* and *iniquitous Heart*.

Such a Man, according to the mildest Interpretation, is a *Criminal*. As it already appears so, and that he has wounded the *Constitution* in a vital Part, the national Wound ought to be prob'd to the Bottom, in order to make a sound Cure, and not skin it over for a Time, to break out after with double Danger. These are not imaginary, but positive Proofs against him. Had such appear'd against a Culprit in the inferior Courts, to have *stop'd* the *Prosecution*, and *stifled* the *Evidence*, could not have passed without severe Animadversions.

I would urge nothing with more Vehemence than Reason; nor condemn unheard, and prejudice Guilt which may not appear: But on the *Proofs* already given; on the *Measures* that have been since taken; have not the *People* Reason to *demand Justice*? for 'tis *Them* he has plunder'd: Have they not cause to *guard* against any *delusive League*? for 'tis *Them* he is to *deceive*.

It may be the Interest of some, to pass among themselves a Kind of *private Act* of *Oblivion* and *Indemnity*.

According to a Court Maxim in Politics, the *Successors* in Power are (as the polite Phrase is) *to let down their Predecessors as easy as they can*, and not give a Sanction for *Precedents of ministerial Punishment*, lest their own *Judgment* should, some Time or other, be retorted on *Themselves*.—These are excellent Systems for any Set of Ministers, be they who they will, by which the People may be *plunder'd, cajol'd*, and then—*plunder'd* again; and so on to Eternity.—Therefore when the People see Men, from whom they never expected *such Conduct*, act on *such Principles*, they ought to be *alarm'd*. This should be sufficient Reason with them, were there no other, why they should do all in their Power to make an Example of a *grand Criminal*, to deter his *Successors* from *daring* at his Iniquities: Or else a Kingdom will be under a *continual Yoke of Bondage*; and, from a *supine Indolence* at the Effects of *Corruption*, soon sink into all the Miseries of *Slavery*; for it may be said of falling Liberty as of a falling Empire.

*Down, down the Precipice of Time it goes,  
And sinks in Minutes, that in Ages rose.*

These are *Reasons* why a People ought to expect and receive Justice on a *national Criminal*: They are not *Reasons* calculated against *one Man*, but self-evident: They are not *Reasons* the present grand Criminal *Himself* can, on the Whole, deny: HE HIMSELF has been an *Advocate* for the People in a *criminal Cause*: HE HIMSELF has called out for *public Justice* against the *Enemies* of his Country: HE HIMSELF has moved, has carried, has inflicted *Pains, Penalties, and Exile*.—In those Days, my LORD, and on those Occasions, your *Lordship* had an Opportunity to display the Force of your Eloquence against *national Criminals*. Under the happy Auspices of the Great Man now accused, you *accused* strongly, *spoke* vehemently, and *REPORTED* largely; for which you had the Thanks of your Country in P—r—l—m—nt assembled, and such a Present from them,\* as you then said you esteemed

\* *The Journals of the H. of C. for drawing up the Report, as Chairman of the Committee, on Att—-ry and L-y-r's Plot.*

the *bighest Honour* they could confer on you.—Give me Leave, my LORD.—Would it not have been an *Honour* to you, had you *now* been engag'd in your Country's Cause against a *great Criminal*; as great, perhaps, as Those whom you pleaded against?—I say again *as great*, tho' They were accused of *Treason* against the *Crown*: For, in my Opinion, he is an *equal* Enemy to his Country who acts *iniquitously*, that is, *traiterously*, against the *People*: The Injuries he does the *People*, he, in Fact, does the *King*; and according to *civil Right*, according to our *Constitution*, the *People* are as much entitled to *Justice* for *Treachery* to *Them*, as the *Crown* to *Justice* for *Treason* against *That*.—Tho' I make a distinct Species, they are one and the same Crime, at least *adequate*; for the Interest of *King* and *People* are so blended, that Crimes of Breach of Trust to *one*, are equal Crimes to the *other*. These Maxims may never be drop'd into the Ears of a *King*, but ought to be echo'd into those of the *People*.—But I have run from my Question.—

I ask'd, my LORD, if at this Crisis it would not have been an *Honour* to have been an *Advocate* for the *People*: But, my LORD, as your Actions bespeak you of a different Opinion, and that *other Honours* more affect you, I will not urge the Question.

After having shewn the *People* have a Right to insist on Justice, I come now to consider whether *this* is not the Time to procure all the Consequences of it; which they have so long struggled for.

In the Course of the *Enquiry* into the *Conduct* of the *Earl of O——d*, the most convincing Reasons appear why the *Repeal* of the *Septennial Bill* should be resolutely urged by every *Englishman*, who thinks an *un-corrupt House of Commons* the Bulwark of *English Liberty*. The Pains, the Expence which the late Minister and his Agents were at to procure Seats for *proper Persons*, and to exclude those, if possible, who would not *serve their Turn*, prove how absolutely necessary it is to have a *Frequency* of *new Parliaments*, that when the *People* find they have been deceived in their *Choice*, they might soon after elect Men who would not be

mere *nominal Representatives* of their *Town or Boroughs*, But of their *Sentiments or Interests*: For, supposing a M-n-str should, by tricking, jockeying, bribing, promising,—*vel prece, vel pretio*,—gain a *sure Majority*; what have the People to do, for *seven Years* together, But *remonstrate*, shew their *Hardships*, and bear them? —But even supposing he does not bring a Majority into the House; yet, when ONE and the SAME PARLIAMENT is so long on Foot, Offices, Gifts, and Pensions may be so disposed of, as to bring over those, who were before but *lukewarm Patriots*. But, on the contrary, could the People recover their *constitutional Remedy* against all these Evils, viz, a frequent *Succession* of NEW PARLIAMENTS, there would not be sufficient Time given to form the *Representative* of the People into a MINISTERIAL CABAL; or if form'd, as soon as form'd, before they could do much Mischief, it would be broken, and the People become Judges whether their *former* were proper to be their *future* Representatives. The wise Frame of our Constitution has, for this very Reason, stipulated a short Time for Representatives to be in *Trusteeship*, that they should not forget their Duty and Charge; and to remind them that they are Attornies *for the People*, not *against* them; wherefore their Behaviour was to be check'd by *new Elections*.

I need no farther urge what *no Minister*, not even the *last*, can deny, That *frequency* of new Parliaments is the *constitutional Liberty* of the People of Great Britain. But *Ministers* not denying this, have yet maintain'd there is often a Necessity for *Prolongations* of Parliaments to prevent *Heats and Animosities*; to carry on with *Unanimity* the Business of Government; to give *Weight* to our *Transactions*, *Abroad*; and a numerous *Train* of temporary *Pretexts*, which, when consider'd, destroy the Argument they would prove. The *Frequency* of *Elections* would allay the *Heats* which are now seen at them: The *Business* of Government could not be retarded; for there would be a *Parliament* to grant *Supplies*, and give a Sanction to the Measures the King might take for the *Good* of his *People*. *Ministers* would.



would never be without some *Pretexts*, if the People would receive them as just Reasons. Your *new Ministers*, my LORD, surprizing as it would be to the World; might find some *Salvo* for thinking, on the *present Posture of Affairs* (the *ministerial Cant-Phrase*) that the *Repeal* of the *Septennial Bill* should be *postpon'd*. But on the *present Posture of Affairs* it should be *now urg'd*: There never can be a Time more proper, or attended with less fictitious Inconveniences: There are no *Heats* among the People, but warm Wishes only for *national Justice*, and *national Liberty*: They are *unanimous* in the Support of his Majesty's Government at Home, and of his Honour Abroad: No People are more ready to *give*; Is it unreasonable in them to know *for what*? Is it unreasonable, before they *give*, to desire that their Grievances may be *redress'd*? Is it unreasonable, as they undoubtedly are Grievances, to insist they should be redress'd, as soon as the Supplies ask'd for be granted? It may be said, the *Importance* of the *Supplies* can allow *no Delay*; that, if retarded, the Nation will suffer. — There need be *no Delay*: Supplies will, of course, be granted, and, on these Conditions, granted most chearfully: Nor can the Nation suffer, supposing a Fortnight was taken up in answering the Expectations of the People.

Some *Minister*, perhaps a *new one*, might insinuate, that such *conditional Bargaining* was *now* ill judg'd, as it carried with it the Appearance of *Faction*; and it would be better not to make a *Sine quâ non* of the *Supply Bill*, but first pass *That*, and *then* the *Trustees* for the People might move for *Justice*, for *Triennial Parliaments*, for *Limitations*, and what they pleased. They might so: But *then* the Session would be advanced; the Question might be *put off* from Day to Day; Advantages taken from *Absence*; and even the Spirit of the *Friends* to their Country flag by Disappointments, finding *Power* too prevalent for *Justice*. Whatever Explanation *Some* may give to this *conditional Bargaining* in *some Place*, it is only the *common Right* of the People: It is no *new Bargain* to gain *new Advantages*, but *refixing* their *old Charter*, and *renewing* their

their *old Compact*. Nor can there be a Crisis more opportune for such an Event, than when a Set of Men are come into *Power*, who long wish'd for such a Crisis; and who, in the *Name* of the *People*, have brought it about.

———— *Quod nemo promittere Divum.*

*Auderet, volvenda Dies en! attulit.* ———

*This Time* is, again, most proper, because 'tis suppos'd the *late Patriots* are not yet intoxicated with *Power*, and debauch'd with *C——t-Influence*; at least not so far as to vote this Session *against* what they voted for the last. — But if, so recent in *Power*, they should fall off, still the *People* would receive this Caution by it: They would know *what* to expect from them, and see more apparently the *Necessity* for *Redress* of Grievances, *previous* to all Considerations whatever: They will be instructed, that every Independent R-pr-snt-t-ve must act with Vigour *now*, to prevent the *Liberties* and *Properties* of his Countrymen from falling under the customary *Septennial Jurisdiction* of *M——r——l Power* and *Corruption*.

I have said little of the *Limiting* the Number of *Placemen*: The Thing speaks itself. Nor have I, my LORD, urg'd any Thing, through the Course of this Letter, but what you are satisfy'd is consonant with the *Fundamentals* of the *British Constitution*. I have only pointed out the *Reasonableness* of the *People's* appealing to their Representatives at *this Time*, to *refix* their *original Establishment*, which even the *blessed Revolution* left so *imperfectly resettled*.

I confess, my LORD, it would give me great Pleasure to hear such a Stand in Defence of Freedom had been made: It would give me more to hear your *Lordship*

(*Iustum & tenacem propositi virum:*  
*Quem, &c.*)

was a *Champion* in it: But the greatest, to hear of the Success of so happy an Event. — I, my LORD, can only *wish* for it; and I know no Manner more pathetic to do it in, than praying, that on this Occasion there may  
appear,

appear, A BRITISH SPIRIT, IN A BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

I am,

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

H. S' J

A few Days ago the following Lines were seen stuck on the Door of a certain Great Man near St James's.

" Here, dead to Fame, lives Patriot WILL ;

" His Grave a Lordly Seat ;

" His Title proves his Epitaph,

" His Robes his Winding-sheet.



Numb. 54. Saturday, December 4. 1742.

*From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.*

*Sunt Epistolarum genera duo, quæ me magnopere delectant. Unum familiare & jocosum ; alterum severum & grave.*

I FIND the public Office which I have undertaken has more Form and Business in it than I imagin'd ; for my Correspondence grows so extensive, that I, like other Great Men, must have my Day to answer the Requests of my Readers, who all expect an equal Defe-  
rence should be paid to their Epistles. I shall therefore occasionally give my Readers (agreeably to my Title) a Kind of *Miscellany* ; which will be an amusing Relief to those, who have not Gravity or Patience enough to go through a long Essay, but would have a little Mirth, as well as much Wisdom.

As I receive Letters of all Sorts from both Sexes, I shall use those which are most calculated to instruct, as well as amuse ; and if I do not immediately insert some, my Correspondents will perceive that I never neglect to make proper Use of the Hints they communicate.

To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

Mr TOUCHIT,

NOTWITHSTANDING all your Promises, at your first commencing a public Author, of paying particular Regard to the *Fair Sex*, you have got so much into *Politics*, and the Histories of *Statesmen*, that *We* poor Women are the least of your Concern, Had you the good-natur'd Spirit of your great Predecessors, you would sometimes shew yourself *Knight-Errant* enough to appear in the Defence of *distressed Damsels*: And, let me tell you, you might, by this Means, so recommend *Honour* and *Virtue*, that your *Gallantry* might be of *Service* to your Country.—— Even my Story, and the Adventures I have lately met with, might raise some *generous Sentiments* in *Souls*, which were not entirely corrupted with the vitiated *Morals* of the *modern Age*.

If ever *Female*, abused and deluded by the false Tongues of treacherous Men, moved Pity, my Case deserves it:——No longer ago than this time Twelve-month I was a *reigning Toast*: I had *Beauty*, and consequently, a large Train of *Lovers*, or who, at least, pretended to be so. I had not indeed a *large Fortune*; but all my Admirers profess'd such a *Disinterestedness* in their Passion, that they expected no other Reward than the Honour of possessing me. Nothing could be more zealous than all their Expressions in my *Praise*. Tho' I never went to *Court*; I was said to have greater Charms than any *Drawing-Room Venus*; and that if I would make my Appearance there, they were all ready to conduct me. Like other Beauties, I was proud of the Number of my Admirers: But alas! like other Beauties, I had a short Reign. A *Court Rival* divested me of my Power: I was at once forsaken for no better than a *common Filt*, tho' she was call'd a *Maid of Honour*, Madam INTEREST.

Ah! Mr *Touchit*, I did not value any one of my false Swain's proving untrue, if they had left my *Reputation unsullied*: My *Fame*, my *Honour* is aspersed: I have heard myself call'd a thousand Cheats, and that

that I was an Imposture. At the Court End of the 'Towm they laugh at me whenever I am nam'd. In this Distress, what could I do, or to whom could I retreat? In the most forlorn Condition I retired into the *City of London*, where I met with a Reception so generous, that I intend, after all my Misfortunes, to fix my Residence there. I may from thence, Mr *Touchit*, favour you with a *Billet*, that the World may know that there is still such a Thing subsisting as

## PUBLIC SPIRIT.

I heartily pity the good Lady's Case, though I must at the same Time congratulate her on the excellent Disposition of her Retirement. I shall be proud of her Correspondence, and am so much her Admirer, that I will unfeignedly dedicate all my *future Labours* to her *Service*.



My next Correspondent writes in a very odd Manner; however, to shew my Impartiality, I have inserted his Letter.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, *Writer of a Paper called the Westminster Journal.*

FRIEND THOMAS,

I Have read thy Papers, in which thou treatest of the Deeds and Misdeeds of Men in great Power and Dominion. Thou layest out the Law to the People as if thou wer't a Judge in *Israel*. By thy Account I find there are some Rogues in *Westminster*, as well as *London*: But what then? Dost thou think by thy Writings to give *Virtue* to the *Corrupt*? to make the *Abominations* of *C—rts* to be as a *sweet-smelling Savour* in the *Nostrils* of the *Saints*? Dost thou think thy *Spirit* will fall on any just *Mordecai*? Or that thou can'st hang up thy *Haman* of State as high as he deserveth? —No, *Thomas*; *Thomas*, these Things will never come to pass:—It is all *Vanity* and *Vexation* of *Spirit*. Take Council of thy Friend and Well wisher: Leave ROBERT to the Iniquities of his Ways. Will-



LIAM will not listen to the Voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely ; JOHN, the Scribe, will follow his own Inventions ; and SAMUEL will have *Ways* and *Means* to heap up Riches, though he knoweth not who shall enjoy them. The Man with the *unsanctified Christian Name*, who presideth over SAMUEL, will say unto Thee, “ *Sanctification* is now in the Tr—s—ry, “ and the Ex—q—r is as the *Holy of Holies* ! ” — Ah ! Thomas, Thomas, what availeth thy speaking to the Princes of the Land ? What profiteth thy *political Breathings* ? I say again unto thee, take my Council ; change thy *Tone* like unto thy *Betters*, and *laud* and *magnify* the *new Inspiration* : Publish it in *Gath*, and tell it in the Streets of *Ascalon*, that there is a *Regeneration* in the *M-n-st-y*, a *new Birth* to *Politics* ; and that the Land floweth with *Milk* and *Honey*. — Albeit the People believe thee not, and are so blind they will not give Credit unto thee, raise up thy Voice in *Praises* and *Thanksgiving* for the manifold Blessings which ROBERT and WILLIAM, and the rest of the *Tribe of Mammon*, have poured down upon these Nations : So shall it go well with thee in the Land ; thy Murmurings shall cease ; thy Belly shall be fill’d ; — and eke thy Pockets also : *Places* or *Pensions* shall be thy *Portion* ; and, tho’ thy *Journal* falleth, thy *Beaver* shall be *exalted above thy Fellows*.

Friend Touchit,

Read this wholesome Advice with *threefold Contemplation*, and think of this when thou takest Tobacco.

EZEKIEL TURNCOAT.

Friend Ezekiel’s Instructions are intirely consistent with the Politics of the Time ; but I am of so old-fashion’d a Way of Thinking, that I am above a *Bribe*, and Proof again *Corruption*, as will appear by the following Letter, which I received the other Day from a very great Man.

To THOMAS TOUCHIT, Esq;

S I R,

YOU may be surpris’d at any Correspondence which I should endeavour to settle with you ; but

But there are such cogent Reasons to induce you to attend to my *Proposal*, that I hope no false Sentiments will bias your Resolution. Since your first dubbing yourself a *Hero* in Defence of *Independent Freedom*, your Labours have been received with Candour; but to be the *hebdomadal Almanzor* of a Day in a Coffee-house, and to

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*Huff and flare,  
And all this dare to do because you dare,*

is not such a Characteristic as a Man of Letters and Philosophy would chuse to acquire. Would you be wise enough to accept Advice from an old Militant in political Dissertations, I will open myself to you. I am commission'd as a Plenipotentiary to take you off;—which I am at my own Liberty to do, by entering the Lists against you, or by a *Treaty of Subsidy*.—I chuse the latter, as I wish you a faithful Ally, and as it is more agreeable to the *domestically pacific Systems* of my new Masters.—At a Word; if you will lay down your *Pen* and your *Lanthorn*, and at this Crisis neither pretend to *describe* or *discover* the private *Politics* and *Actions* of Great Men, you shall be amply rewarded by the new *Master-Master General*, who is raising a new Corps of *Political Hussars*.—You have a fine Opportunity of making your Fortune. A Pamphlet to shew the *Necessity* of *three Kingdoms* being at above the Expence of a Million of Money, to protect a *foreign insignificant* Tract of Ground, would, at this Juncture, be *Fifty Pieces* at least.—Could you prove the *consistent Inconsistency*, or the *paradoxical Maxim* of the Mutability of *Ideas* in *patriotismic Diquisitions*, any of the People lately come into *Power* would be your Friends.—Or had you *Burgersdiscius* or *Heereborod* enough to *chop Logic*, and prove *Representations* and *Instructions* are the Seeds of *Sedition*, I don't know but you might get a *Prebendary*;—for our *major, minor, and consequence Pr-l-te* is no more.—Or could you pen an ingenious *Droll*, call'd the *Downfall of Liberty*, or the *Humours of Patriotism*, I answer its being *licens'd*, and acted by his M—j—y's Company

pany of Comedians at the Theatre Royal.—All the Clerks of the ———, and the ———, and the ——— Offices, shall peremptorily attend the *first Night*.

Now, Mr *Touchit*, I have made you ample Proposals, and furnish'd you with such Hints and Specimens, that if you know which Side your Bread is butter'd on, you will immediately accept. The only *Preliminary* we insist on, is your immediate *Resignation* of your *Lanthorn*, which shall be like the *Resignation* of a *White Staff*: You shall not be troubled with a Bawble in your Hand, but have double the Value in your Purse; and, no doubt, you know JAGO's Maxim: *Put Money in thy Purse is the chief Principle of all modern Politicians*.

Sign'd,

L. S. RALPH COURTEVIL, \*

Organ-Blower, Essayist,  
and Historiographer.

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It is an Observation, that the greatest *Pride* is in an *Affectation* of *Modesty*; therefore, by denying all the Overtures that are made to me, I may be look'd upon by some to be a very *proud Fellow*. But surely I shall be acquitted of such an Accusation, and demonstrate my *Independency*, by paying all due *Deference* to my subsequent *illustrious Correspondent*.

To 'Squire TOUCHIT, somewhere by Spring-Gardens.

Please your Honour,

AS you are a News-writer of no petty Fame, the Right Noble and Right Honourable Corporation of the Independent Scald-Miserable Masons have, in their Grand Committee in Brick-street, ordered a faithful Account of their Proceedings to be transmitted to you, to be recorded to Posterity.

The Representations of our Society to our Representatives have got into Print: Mr Poney, on this Account,

\* Supposed to be the same Person who, under the Name of Ralph Freeman, father'd the Writings in the Gazetteer in Defence of the Ministry.

was

was order'd to the Bar of the House, to know why he dar'd to publish our Proceedings against a standing Rule to the contrary: But he acquitted himself with Honour, and prov'd that our worthy *Representatives* had communicated a Copy to a *Printer's Devil*, who communicated it to his *Master*, who communicated it to the *Public*.

But that no *Mis-Representations* may be made on the Conduct of our *Constituents*, who have follow'd and will pursue our *Instructions*, as far as *Independency* will prevail;

*It is order'd*, That the Speeches made by their *Representatives* to the *Committee*, who waited upon them with *Representations*, be transmitted to *Thomas Touchit*, 'Squire, to be publish'd in the *Westminster Journal* of the Eleventh of *December*, and that no other Person presume to print the same.

Brick Street.

DAG-ARSE-JACK.—Sp.

As the *Speeches* of both the Gentlemen are singularly *pathetic*, though of a quite different Species of *Oratory*, the Curiosity of the *Learned*, *Political*, and *Critical* World will, no doubt, be excited accurately to peruse our next Journal. I am not inform'd who *Paulus Lentulus* and *Armiger Carus* are, but I shall pay them all the Regard, which their *Great Genius's* require; — *Juxta se positi magis elucescent*: — I must add, that the whole State of our *Foreign and Domestic Affairs* are fully and impartially stated in those Speeches; and if that of Mr P——l should be thought too *ludicrous*, the *Sublimity* of Mr C——'s will be a full Compensation to the gentle Reader.



Numb. 55. Saturday, December 11, 1742.

*From my own Apartment.*

**M**Y last Paper has produced a very strong Representation against the Liberty I have taken of inserting any Proceedings of the worthy Society of INDEPENDENT SCALD-MISERABLE-MASONS, but more especially against the Impropriety of publishing any Speeches made to that august Body. Nothing but the impartial Fidelity every Domestic Historian should maintain, could induce me not to answer the Requests of my Correspondents; yet, if I have undoubted Authority for select Writings or Actions, it would be an Injury to the Literary and Political World to suffer them to be buried in Oblivion. The ensuing Speeches of two Great Patriots to their Constituents, are, I think, worthy of Record, since they give such a Description of Patriotism, as latest Posterity ought to be acquainted with.

*Extract from the Journal of the SCALD-MISERABLES.*

*Brick-Street, Saint Monday.*

**A** Motion being made, that a Committee attend the Independent Representatives of the Scald-Masons, with their Representations on the present Posture of Patriotism, it was carried Nemine Contradicente.

And Poney, Dag-Arse-Jack, my Lord Blaze-link, and the Master of the Play-house Passages, were appointed accordingly.

*Tuesday.*

It was reported from the Committee, that the Committee had waited on their Representatives at a select Meeting at Smallwood's in Tottenham-Court-Road, who made them the following Orations.

Order'd, That the Speeches be printed forthwith.

*The*



\* *The ORATION of PAULUS LEPIDUS to his Constituents.*

*Countrymen, Friends, Fellow-Masons, and Gentlemen,*

I T cannot but give me a great Pleasure to have your Advice about *public Affairs*. I have ever had the *Public Good* at Heart, and your Interest and Welfare in particular. With an honest Pride I can say, the Figure and Importance you *now* make in the World, is owing to *Me* and *my Colleague*. But I cannot help laughing to see such a Set of *Raggamuffins* come to pretend to instruct Gentlemen in their *Proceedings*; and to represent that it is incumbent on *You*, at a melancholly and critical Conjunction, to *lay your Thoughts before Us*. How long have you been Judges of *Conjunctions*? How long have you pretended to think of *Legislative Powers*? As for your grateful Acknowledgements of our uniform Behaviour, exceeding all human Expectation, and annually *out-doing our usual Out-doings*, it is your bounden Duty. It is *We* have made you what ye are: It is *We* have *constituted* ye; *We* have *bir'd* ye, *bought* ye, and ye are *our Dependents*, and not *we yours*.—Don't ye depend on *Us* for the next *Cavalcade*, which is equal to depending on *Election*? Are ye not all sure of your *Half-Crowns* and *Twelvvers*? Why then should ye represent against any Rascal who takes a *Bribe*, when ye yourselves will do nothing without one?

*Gentlemen,*

If I am *warm*, consider the *Motive*: You apply to me to keep myself *independant*: To do so, You are not to make me, or order me to be *dependant* on *You*. No, Ye are as errantly my Servants as any I might purchase from *Negro-land*; and you are to do the *Businels* of the Day without any *Enquiry* into our *Conduct*.

*Supposing* we should think it necessary to raise our Forces against our *Strand Expedition*; suppose we would

\* To understand these Orations it must be remember'd, that they were made at a Time when instructing Representatives was very much in Fashion, and the Legality of it very much disputed by the Court Parasites.

have

have those Troops *earlier abroad* than ordinary ; suppose the *Black Guards* were order'd to rendezvouz at the *Seven Dials*, and the *Ragged Regiment* at *Broad St Giles's* ; supposing all these *Supposes*, what is it to You, if *Gin* is got for you, your *Accoutrements* prepar'd, your *Cockades* ready, and the *Cole* in your Pockets?—No matter by what Ways and Means *We* raise it.—Whether by Subscription at the *Gloucester*, or new Taxes on the loving People and faithful Loyalists, the *Miso-Masonici*, at such *Diets* as we may meet at.

Mr PONEY

I appeal particularly to you : Should any Punishment be inflicted on a Man for moving from *one House* to *another* ? Has not your Honour, and your Honour's Friends, on meeting an Opposition at *Drury-lane Playhouse Passages*, remov'd to the *Piazzas of Covent-Garden* ? You have been *suspected* perhaps to be Pickpockets : But what is *Suspicion* ?—Your essential Liberties would be destroy'd, if Criminals were not to escape.

If any of my Sentiments differ from what you might have expected from me, you are to impute them to my *Independency* ; to that *Independency* which yourselves claim : If I am changed in my Principles, what is that to You ? I am

*Lord of Myself, accountable to None.*

*At this heroic Line the Lord of Himself sat down with great Dignity, as who should say, Representatives are fit only for the most indignant Uses.—The worthy Constituents paus'd in deep Alarm ; a Murmur run thro' the Committee ; and each grumbled his private Opinion ; when their other Representative thus address'd them.*

The ORATION of ARMIGER CARUS.

ALL Men, *Right Venerable Brethren*, who consult of doubtful Affairs, should be free from *Hatred, Friendship, Anger, or Pity*. Truth cannot be justly prosecuted where they prevail : Nor can any one at once obey his *Desires* and his *Interest*. While Reason  
actuates

actuates, that prevails; but if any *private Passion* prevails, *Reason* is of no Force. I could recount to you, *Noble Constituents*, an incredible Number of Examples of *Kings*, of *Beggars*, of *Statesmen* and *Highwaymen*, who have taken wrong Measures, as they have been impuls'd by Anger or Pity. But why should I urge History, when your very *Representations* prove my Argument: Your *private Passions* now actuate you: Your Resentment against *public Measures* is not consistent with your *Interest*. *Bribery* and *Corruption* are the Fundamentals of your *Rights* and *Privileges*. To keep up a Spirit of *private Lucre*, is what all your illustrious Ancestors have spoke for, contended for, died for. Where *Honour*, *Honesty*, and *Virtue* have been suffered to affect the *Mind*; *Poverty*, *Hunger*, and *Drought* have tormented the *Body*. Remember, *Gentlemen*, your *Mackbeaths* and your *Wilds*, how well, how splendidly they liv'd, till *Justice* overtook them. What then have you to do with *Justice*? Is it not your *Interest* to have a Degree of Rogues indemnify'd? Why do you exclaim against *Screens*, when *Constables* will let you run away—if you can tip them handsomely?

I allow that I have told ye to talk for *Freedom* and *Justice*; but you are to know Saying and Doing are two Things: Therefore, there is no wondering why *We* your *Representatives* are to pay no regard to your *Instructions*: So far from it, *We* are to instruct *You*; and accordingly I take upon me to instruct you.

And, in the *first Place*, to you, Mr *Poney*, who have been long our *Constituent*, I recommend that there be a speedy Meeting of two or three of you, at any Night-cellar you can agree on, and that a proper Address be drawn up to prove that the *Majority* of the People in *Great Britain* are *Fools* and *Knaves*; and that there are no *wise* or *honest Men* but *Ourselves*, Mr S——, Mr W——, and a few more.

And to *You*, Mr *Dag-Arse-Jack*, I recommend, that in all *Ginshops*, *Hops*, *Fences*, &c, you highly applaud our *Espousal* of the *Patric Principles* we have laid before you in these Speeches; Principles so essential

LETTERS from the

tial to the *Happiness* of the *Scald-Miserables*, which are the distinguishing Characteristics of your *Society*.

Gentlemen, Although your proper Province is not *Reading* and *Writing*, yet you may make as good a Figure as your Brethren Addressers of *Nottingham*, or the *Guardians* of *Worcester*\*; and to those choice Pieces I would have ye refer for *Imitation*.

*When Carus had ended, the whole Committee approved his Opinion, prais'd his Virtue to the Skies, retired with Satisfaction, and pursu'd his Instructions. All these Proceedings were enter'd into the Journal of the Society, of which this is a faithful Extract.*

*To which we the Guardians of St Giles's have affix'd our Common Seal at our General Court.*

DAG-ARSE-JACK.



Numb. 56. Saturday, December 18, 1742.

*From my Lodging, Spring-Gardens.*

*Sapienti à viro accipe consilium.* E SENT. GRÆC.

IT is so long since I received a Letter from the *Elysian Shades*, that I am afraid my Readers have almost forgot I had settled a Correspondence in those *Regions*; or despair, at least, of seeing it regularly carried on. I must own, that the Returns between them and us are not so certain as by the *ordinary Posts* here on Land, nor even as the *Packets* from *France* and *Holland*: But at the same Time I am convinc'd, that not a Week passes without some *extraordinary Dispatches* from the *grievous Monarch* into my Neighbourhood, where his *gloomy Advice* is, for the most part, very well received. If his *winged Messenger* does not always call

at my Lodgings, it is because he has no *special Message* to deliver, and I never expect him on any other Occasion. Such was the bringing me the *Letters* I shall this Day insert, which I found upon my Table seal'd up and directed, with the following *smart Billet*, written I suppose by *Mercury* himself, lying open by them.

TOM,

**Y**OU must not pretend to put off these, like some of your earthly Correspondents, to the first Opportunity. The Importance of the Subject, and the Dignity of the Persons, require your immediate Notice.

I did not hesitate a Moment, upon reading this peremptory Injunction, tho' another Paper lay ready by me.

ROBERT Earl of Ox-----D and Earl M-----R,  
to ROBERT Earl of OR-----D. \*

MY LORD,

**T**HO' it may seem Presumption in Me, who was only four Years a Pr---e M-----r, to pretend to advise You, who was in that high Station more than twenty Years; I suffer my Gratitude for past Favours, and Affection for your Person, to take Place of all other Considerations, and run the Hazard of having my Prudence called in Question, from a Zeal to serve You. But we have private Intelligence here, which the most Inquisitive of you want on Earth; and, from the Disposition of Persons and Circumstances, can form shrewd Guesses concerning Events.

Your Safety, my Lord, is what I have been these ten Months consulting. From the Cry that was raised against you, I fear'd at first it was hardly possible to provide for it: But that Danger is now no more, at least not for six Years to come; which is a long while for a Man of your Age to look forwards. The rejecting of a late M-----n, for reviving the S \* \* C \* \* \*, has covered the remaining Multitude of your Sins; banish'd from your Dreams all ghastly Phan-

\* We need say nothing of these Letters, because it is well remember'd, that their Contents were not comply'd with.



toms of *Blocks* and *Axes*, and restor'd (as I am told) its wonted *Tranquility* to your Countenance.

But what have you done, my Lord, all this while, with regard to your *Reputation*? While your *Neck* was in Danger, *Reputation*, I must confess, was little worth the minding: But it grows in Value as your Days are like to be *lengthen'd*, and may be a great *Ornament* to a Man who dies naturally in his Bed. Yours, at present, is certainly a little tarnish'd: Let us consider, then, what may be done to restore it. To make it clean, and give it a natural Whiteness, is a Thing by no Means to be expected. But may it not be *white-wash'd* over? And may not your *Modesty*, with the Assistance of your *Friends*, brazen it out to be the *natural Complexion*? A *legal Acquittance*, my Lord, by your proper Judges, would produce a *legal Innocence*; and the Privilege of *Scan' Mag'* will do all the rest.

Was it not thus with *Me*? And yet, was I more favour'd than you have been in the *Enquiry*? You Yourself, my Lord, know best, how much in earnest you all were to lay the *Charge* on thick *beforehand*, and how little in earnest to make it *stick* to me at my *Trial*. I acknowledge the *Obligation*, and would therefore render you an equal *Service*.

Put Yourself then upon your *TRIAL*, and be under no Apprehensions for the Consequence. Let your *Friends below* move for an *Imp——t*, and your *Enemies* join to make good the Charge: Your *Friends above* will require better *Evidence* than is in their Power to produce, and you are acquitted of Course for want of the Means of *Conviction*. O, my Lord! that dumb *Scheme* of yours was a most excellent *Device*: Future *M——rs* shall practise it, and reverence your *Aspes*.

Suppose us now together, *joint Inmates* of that venerable Pile which we have both *honoured* with our *Presence*. Your Day of *Audit* is coming on, and I, after the Manner of our *Brother Captives* in *Newgate*, take upon me the *Judge*, that you may have previous Intimation of your *Destiny*. The *Indictment* runs in the strongest Terms; *High T——n* to be sure, and *other High Cr——es* and *Misä——rs*. To support  
this

this grievous Charge, what have the *Prosecutors* to produce?—The *Rep—t* of their *Comm—tee*.—And what says that *Rep—t*?—That the *Troops* in *Am—* have been defrauded; That Corruption has been found in the Business of *El—ns*; That a few *hundred thousands* remain unaccounted for, and are placed to the Article of *S—t S—ce*; That they *believe* these, and a few other *such Trifles*, are imputable originally to *You*. But can they *prove*, by living Witnesses, all *these Particulars*? And do *these Particulars*, if *proved*, amount to the *Terms* of the Indictment?—Either Way you come off at my *Bar*, and, I doubt not, would fare as well before *that* in *W—r-Hall*.

Would not this, my Lord, be a glorious *Triumph* over your Enemies? Durst they, after this, call you *Plunderer, Corruptor-General, Enemy to your Country, Spaniard, Sejanus, Wolfey*, and other opprobrious Names? The Judgment of your Peers would support you against every *Calumny*, and give you all possible Advantage over the *Impeachers* of your *Character*. Your *Heart within* might be conscious of the Charge: But what does the *Heart within* signify, if all be fair and plausible *without*? The *Laws of the Land* would be on your Side, against all *Detractors*, and the Sense of *Guilt* would make you solicitous to appear *innocent*.

Besides, can you be certain, tho' the *Evil Day* be put *far* from you, that a future *H— of C—* may not renew the *Enq—ry*, which this has thought proper to *drop*? Your *Age* is indeed much in your Favour, but should not be entirely trusted to: I have heard of a certain Nobleman, who almost out-liv'd a *ninety Years Reprieve*; and yours, unless you can get it renew'd, is for scarce a fifteenth Part of that Time. Consider, my Lord, you cannot be *too safe*, and no Security can equal a *legal Discharge*.

As I have made a *Supposition* on one Side, to shew how easily you may be let down at *present*; let me now make *another*, to set before you the Danger of the same Experiment *hereafter*, if the Prosecution should grow severe, and the whole Measure of your *Guilt* should be crouded into your *Accusation*. But, Mighty

*Pluto!* what am I going to undertake? I am afraid all the *Intelligence* I boasted of will now fail me, and that I shall exhibit but *half* the Piece. Let your *Memory*, my Lord, supply the Rest.

Should this future *P———t*, instead of the last ten Years, extend their *Enquiry* thro' your Lordship's whole public Life; to go no farther back than the noted *F——e Contract*, what a Prepossession to your Disadvantage would the Resolutions of a House of *C———ns*, that you were guilty of a *High Breach of Trust*, and *notorious Corruption*; that you should be committed to the Tower; and that you should be *expell'd that House*; what a Prepossession, I say, to your Disadvantage, would it spread over all the rest of your Life? The *Stigma*, upon the Cheek of a Convict, could not mark him out more strongly.

If from hence they proceeded to the *Reb——n*, and saw a Job made of the *Lives* and *Liberties* of unhappy Criminals; saw them brought up to the Capital in *Chains*, at an immense *Charge* to the Public, that their Friends might have Opportunity to make Interest with Mr *Ch———r* of the *Ex———r*; saw them drag'd to *Tyburn*, or let off easily on *Trial*, as there was Room to think *that Interest* did or did not prevail; what Punishment would they judge too great for the Author of such *unnatural Proceedings*?

If they beheld your *Lordship* at the Head of a *Party*, resigning one of the *Chief Posts* in the Kingdom, and dragging after you half the Servants of the *Crown*, which was just then upon the Brink of a *War*; if they found the true *Motive* of this Resignation to be only *disappointed Ambition*, and the End of it only to *disstress* the King's Affairs; with what Indignation would they look on *this Part* of your Conduct? And how would they wonder to see you again *entrusted*?

Yet entrusted you were, my Lord, after this, and that *more* than ever. As one *Contract* threw you out of the *Senate*, another brings you into *full Power*; and, upon the Calamities of a *plunder'd Nation*, you rise to be *Plund——r-General*.

My

My Lord, I must not pretend to be particular in what remains: The Matter flows in so thick before me, that I should write a *Volume* instead of a *Letter*. But would not *these Things*, among others (for you should know best) rise up in *Judgment* against you?—The Honour of Great Br——n made the *Stalking-horse* of Europe, and her Interest bandy'd about, by *Treaty* after *Treaty*, from Germany to France, from France to Spain, and from Spain to Germany again.—The *Wealth* of Great Br——n exhausted by fruitless expensive *Armaments*, that answer'd no other Purpose abroad than to bring her Arms into *Contempt*; nor at home, than to fill private Coffers with the *Gleanings*, and multiply the Number of *Officers*, your Lordship's Dependents.—The Projection of Laws *oppressive* in their Nature, and *arbitrary* in their Execution, under Pretence of serving the *Crown*, and doing Justice to the *Subject*.—The suffering, for Years together, the Insults of a *contemptible Enemy*; and, when forc'd into a *War* by the whole Body of the Nation, the directing it in such a Manner, as serv'd rather to *increase*, than *redress*, the Injuries done to the *Complainants*.—The making a *King* of a natural Enemy, to the Prejudice of a *Prince*, whom we had before, at a vast Expence, help'd to the same Kingdom.—A long *Expedition* to Por——l unaccounted for, tho', in all Probability, the Charge of it was *paid*, as, in all Justice, it ought to have been.—A vil——ous and deep-laid Design to *corrupt* and *poison* the whole *Constitution*, by keeping a Market for *Virtue*, *Honour*, and *Public Spirit*, and buying them off at any Price, tho' not communicable either to *Yourself*, or to any of your *Creatures*.—The *Engrossing* of *Places*, and accumulating *Riches* in your own Family, without requiring either *Merit* or *Abilities* there, or regarding them any where else.—Are not *these*, my Lord, Articles you should tremble to see *exhibited* against you? And are you not conscious that this is only a *Specimen* of the List that might be given?

What a dreadful Thing it is, to have such a Weight of *Iniquity* hanging over one's Head! Take my Advice, then, and get rid of, at least, the *Punishment* and Imputation

putation of it, while you have so fair a Prospect of doing it with Ease. In a Word, remember my Example, and S——ys the Motion maker shall be as silent now, as in my Case was Wal——e, the Chairman of the S——t C——ee. I need not pray for your good Delivery, which I look upon to be very certain: But am, without farther Ceremony, my Lord, &c.

Ox——D and M——R;

THOMAS Lord CON——BY to S—— S——DYS, Esq;  
CH——R of the EX——R.

S I R,

MY Lord of Ox——d, who is here my very good Friend, has done me the Honour to shew me the Letter he has just writ to your illustrious Predecessor, the Contents of which I greatly approve. Certainly no better Way could ever be thought of to procure Impunity for that Great Man, than to bring him to a Trial without Evidence.

You cannot but remember, that it was I who impeach'd the noble Earl, who now shews me so much Complaisance, and says, it was doing him a very singular Piece of Service. For my Part, I must confess, I cannot think his Lordship so much beholden to me, who was heartily in earnest, and thought our whole Party had been so: But his late Honour (as you call him) who then foresaw what he should come to, had more Wit than to set such an ill Example, as the bringing a Pr——e M——r to the Scaffold. It is to him my Companion here owes the Compliments he pays to me, and to the Merciful should Mercy be shown.

Tho' you, Mr S——ys, are a pretty warm blustering sort of a Man, and have got the Ch——rship of the Ex——r, I cannot think you are much deeper in the Secret than I was myself. You may be of Use to your Cabal, as I was to mine, but must not hope to have the conducting of any Affair of Importance. A Motion may come well enough from you, provided your Friends are apprized of it in Time, to take the necessary Measures: Do you, therefore, move, but in a tender Manner, for the



the *Imp*——t my Lord has recommended. Every Motion of that Sort does indeed belong to you, who made the first against the same *noble Personage*; and will, in all Probability, make this with equal *Success* and *Reputation*.

You will hardly think, as I foolishly did, that *Justice* is due to the Nation against *public Offenders*. Who can tell what you may in Time grow to yourself, when you come to be fully acquainted with the *Arts*, as well as the *Business* of your Office? Have you not got the Man's *Place*? What Good then can you get by his *Punishment*? Nay, what Evil may not accrue to you from such a *Precedent*, if you should ever fall into the same *Dilemma*?

Pass it then into a *standing Rule*, and let it be inserted in the *Records* of your Office, "That every Successor in Power is to *screen* the Man he has *hunted down*, that so *Impunity* may descend from *Minister* to *Minister*, to the latest Generations." I am, Sir, &c,

CON——BY.

I cannot but think that the Project of these Letters is nicely *political*, and may be of Use to all future Ministers. As I intend, therefore, shortly, to publish a Treatise on the *Art of a Premier*; or, of governing both —— and People; I shall introduce a particular Section upon the *Hints* here given. T. T.



Numb. 57. Saturday, December 25, 1742.

This Paper and the following are in the same Taste as the former Dramatical Pieces, and not less intelligible.

From my own Apartment in Spring-Gardens.

I Have, in a preceding Paper, given the Character of my Friend *Tom Curious*, his Taste of collecting *antique Manuscripts* and *uncommon Pieces*, some of which

which he promised to communicate to the Public by my Journal. The other Morning he called on me, and, as we were drinking our Tea, he turn'd the Conversation on the Season of the Year; and hence formed many shrewd Observations on the *different Manner of keeping Christmas* now, and as it was kept a hundred Years ago. Being well acquainted with the Singularity of Tom's Humour, I let him go on without Interruption; for I knew this was introductory only to his chief Design. After a Declamation, that as the present Age was not so *honest*, neither were the Men of it so *merry* as their Forefathers;—"Pray, says he abruptly, how do they keep *Christmas* at St J—'s? What public Festivals, what Sports and Diversions have they?—"Nothing but Card-playing and hoyden Dancing on *Twelfth night*.—It was otherwise formerly, as you may see by *Ben Johnson's* Writings; which give the best Picture of the Age he liv'd in.—The Court then had *Masques* and *Merriments*, and the Monarch his *Gambols* as well as the People.—Ah, Mr Touchit, they have other Kind of *Masques* at C—rt now: It is all a *Masque* in the literal Sense."—Tom was going on in his satirical Vein, when I stop'd him short. "Pray, says I, how comes you so fond of *Masques*, as to want that old Fashion reviv'd at Court? The *Masques* of *Ben Johnson* were adapted to the Mode of that Time, and in a great Measure depended on *Allegory*: The Persons represented were *imaginary*; and, when there was any smart and comical Humour, it was generally cast into the Character of a *Fool*.—I suppose, with the *Court Masque*, you would revive the Character of the *Court Fool*."—"Sir, answer'd Tom, pretty warmly, you would not speak so contemptuously of either, if you know what Use might be made of them. There, Sir, is a *Masque* and a *Fool* you may pay some Deference to.—[Here, he flung down an old Manuscript on the Table.] I don't know *when* the Piece was wrote, nor by *whom*, but tho' the Characters are antique, they are just, and I hope to see them inserted in your next Paper."—After he was gone I perus'd the Manuscript, and found

found the whole of so odd a Turn, that I thought it would be amusing to my Readers. And tho' there are some Passages which seem'd unintelligible to Me, I have faithfully inserted them; which Persons of Penetration may perhaps explain.

T H E

# Masque of Patriotism and Truth:

O R, T H E

## C O U R T F O O L.

*As it was presented before the —'s Majesty in Christmas Hollidays, at the Court of ———.*

*Perform'd by his Majesty's Servants.*

*Enter Le Buffoon, the Fool.*

*Fool.* **H**O! ho! ho!—Oh that I were ribb'd with Steel to ensure my Sides!—Ho! ho! ho! —New Scenes of Folly give me every Day new Matter for Laughter.—O yes, O yes! All Manner of Persons who would see Folly triumphant, let them repair to this Place.—Fools of all Ranks resort hither: We have all Kinds, from the capital *Fool-positive* to the *Fool-insignificant*. The merriest is, they all think they are mighty wise.—Let me see.—Upon mature Deliberation, there is but one sensible Fellow in the whole Court, and him the whole Court have conspired to stigmatize with the Name of Fool.—I have indeed this Privilege by it, that I can censure their Follies without Danger, and say, in my Character, what a Man in a greater might lose his Place for.—This pied-mottled Coat is to me Badge of Liberty, and I had rather wear it than a white Staff or a Gold Key.—I know not who was the Inventor of this Garment, but, on Contemplation, it is significantly emblematical; and I, in this Habit, am the Representative of the whole Palace.

## S O N G.

By my mottley-chequer'd Coat,  
 All of party-colour'd Hue,  
 I, ye Courtly Tribe, denote  
 What strange mottled Things are you :  
 The Diff'rence only that you wear  
 Your Spots within, and mine appear.  
 Patch'd with Blue, and Green, and Red,  
 I'm as fine as any Lord :  
 What can't be by all Lords said,  
 I wear Merit's just Reward.  
 These as a Fool mark Me, 'tis true ;——  
 But may they not some others too ?  
 By the Bells upon my Cap,  
 Ever jingling in my Ears,  
 Mark that tinkling Fools may hap  
 To be put at th' Head of Affairs :  
 But tho' plac'd there, it soon is found,  
 That they are all an empty Sound.  
 Tho' I wear a Sword of Lath,  
 Yet 'tis not against a Foe ;  
 Tho' I draw it oft' in Wrath,  
 Yet I sheath it sans a Blow :  
 Some great Folk hither come, and see  
 Your Representative in Me.

Having thus fix'd the Dignity of my Character, and  
 had my Laugh out, I'll return into the Drawing-Room,  
 and get fresh Matter for another. — But what two odd  
 antiquated Figures are these ? Females by their Apparel,  
 tho' the Fashion of it has been these hundred Years out  
 o' Date. Country Genlewomen, I suppose, who are  
 come to see the Court.——By my Troth, did not their  
 Dress disfigure them, they are lovely Wenches.——  
 They seem coming to me.

*Enter Truth and Patriotism, properly habited.*

*Truth.* Your Servant, Mr Fool.

*Fool.* Your Servant, Ladies.

*Pat.* I am glad we have found you, Mr Mottle : We  
 have a Favour to beg of you.

*Fool.*

*Fool.* Beg a Favour, Ladies! Do you come here to beg Favours? Your Sex should rather come here to grant them.—But pray what is it? If I can, I will oblige ye.

*Truth.* In brief, our Case is this: We were invited up to Court by some of your *Great Men*, who promised to introduce us into the Presence, and we were to have Apartments and live here: But they have since told us we had better go back into the Country, for the *Court Air* won't agree with us. Then each turn'd on his Heel, and bid us adieu.

*Pat.* As for my Part, I would have retired immediately; but my Sister had a Mind to see the Court, and what Figure our pretended Friends make in it.

*Truth.* Now I know no one, good Sir, would chuse to carry us in, and be seen in our Company, but *Yourself*. Besides, I thought you would not be ashamed of a Relation.

*Fool.* A Relation! — Of what Kin am I to you? — Pray, Madam, your Name?

*Truth.* *Truth*, Sir.

*Pat.* And mine *Patriotism*.

*Fool.* Ho! ho! ho! ho! — What the Devil do ye here, my Fair Cousins? How could you ever attempt such an Enterprize? How could ye believe any Promises made to you, after being so often deceived?

*Truth.* Our Credulity is somewhat excusable: For ten, for twenty Years together they vow'd, protested, swore—

*Pat.* And fought for us: Therefore how could we suspect their Sincerity? It is a Maxim among the Female Sex, that if a Man fights for a Lady, he must love her.

*Fool.* I find you, like the Rest of your Sex, are too apt to take *Appearances* for *Reality*; for your heroic Gallant never drew his Sword in Vindication of *your Honour*: It was Whim, Passion, Resentment: No Knight-errantry in Defence of *Truth* or *Patriotism*, I assure ye.

*Truth.* We are convinc'd now that he has as little Regard for us as Gallants of the Town have for a Cast-Mistress. Like them, as soon as he has had his Ends, he blasts our Reputation, and then laughs at us.

*Fool.* You have been cruelly used: But what Reparation



paration do you expect in this Place, where perhaps, except Myself, you have not a single Acquaintance.

*Pat.* Why, Master *Mottle*, all we want is to see this new Scene of our late Gallants, and to observe, for half an Hour, of what Humours and Characters that Train of People, who are going into yonder Rooms, consist.

*Truth.* But we don't know how to get in without your Introduction.

*Fool.* Well, I'll introduce, and divert you by explaining some of the *Chief Characters*. The whole Drawing-Room will be surprized to see me with two Ladies; and the *new Countesses*, no doubt, will be very severe upon me for my late Satire on their Titles: But I am more proud of introducing you to the Presence, than any Courtier or Statesman of them all can be of keeping you from it.—Come—allons.

*Wisdom and Honour, where do ye resort?*

*The Fool leads Truth and Patriotism to Court.* [Exeunt.]

— *Scene changes to a Drawing-Room.*

\* *A great Number of Persons present.*

[*Fool with Truth and Patriotism entering at the Door, are stop'd by the Master of the Ceremonies.*]

*Mastr.* I tell you, *Fool*, that they cannot be admitted; their Dress has been out of Fashion these hundred Years.

*Fool.* And tho' the Fashions change so often, it may be another hundred before theirs comes in Fashion again: But pray what signifies Particularity in Habit?

*Master.* That every Body here may appear with *Propriety*.

*Fool.* Ha! ha! ha! And so then I appear with *Propriety*.

*Master.* Yes, as a *Fool* profess'd.

*Fool.* Your Great Men here will never take my Advice, or I could tell my Lord *Cham—rl—n* how better to dispose of my Garb. What if he gave my *pied Jacket* to the *new Man* with the *long Bib*, would he look more awkward than he does, as he pass'd the State Rooms?

\* *The Names of some of the Interlocutors have been destroy'd by Time, or nibbled away by Mice, which last Conjecture I prefer.*

T. Curious.  
Would

Would not my *Cap* become Lord *Janus* as well as his *Coronet*? And this *wooden Sword* would do as well for Captain *Drawcanfir*, as that he swaggers about with.

*Master*. You have License to say what you will, yet not to do what you will; therefore pray retire with your Guests.

*Truth*. Since 'tis so difficult we'll return.

*Fool*. But you shan't. — Oh! here comes the *Vice-Cham—rl—n*. — Sir! Sir! Sir! —

*Vice-Chamb*. What want you, *Mottle*!

*Fool*. I am denied the Privilege of my Office: Here are two Ladies want to be introduced to the —'s Majesty, for the Good of Him and his liege Subjects, and eke for his Divertisement and Instruction. I am come to give the Court a CHRISTMAS MUMMING, which I desire you would tell me Lord *Cham—rl—n* to tell the —, and I will wait an Answer.

*Vice-C*. Sir, you must let them in: The — has a Mind to be diverted; and there are Orders for this odd Varlet to do what he will. — Well, Mr *Mottle*, you shall have an Answer to your Proposal.

[*They all go in, Fool handing the Women.—They walk about for some Time.*]

*Fool*. Your Veils, Ladies, are of great Use: You find no one knows you, tho' they stare and titter at your Habits.

*Truth*. Nor do we see many of our Acquaintance.

*Pat*. But some are coming from yonder Closet.

*Truth*. Our Gallants that deserted us. — Let us listen.

*Enter three Lords and an Esquire in Conference.*

*Ld Double-U*. You see he will have it done. Money must be got at any Rate.

'*Squire Efs*. Nay, if you can find *Ways and Means*, with all my Heart: I don't care how much.

*Ld Ce*. That should be your Care: It is out of my Province. I have enough to do about his Estate and Tenants in *Lubberland*.

*Ld Be*. Pray, my Lord, how have you settled that Matter.

[*Aside to Lord Ce.*

*Ld Ce*. As you advis'd: To humour him, I consented, thea

then approved, then recommended the *Lubberlanders* Scheme:—And this has rivetted me in his Favour.

*Ld Be.* That is an infallible Way: Pursue that, and you'll have more Influence over him than Lord O ever had.

*Pat.* O Liberty! O my Country!—

*'Squire Efs.* Suppose we pre-mortgage?

[*Aside to Lord Double-U.*

*Ld Double-U.* It may be done in the City.—But—suppose we contrive to have it *given* us by [*Whispers.*] You know how.—'Tis but a *Speech*, and 'tis done.—We must tell the Folk a fine Story.

*'Squire Efs.* Tickle their Ears and pick their Pockets.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Strokes his Bib.*

*Truth.* O Faith! O Honour! whither are you fled?—*Mr Mottle*, I don't chuse to hear any more of this Dialogue: It rankles at my Heart.

*Pat.* I cannot bear it.

*Fool.* Nay, you know best, Ladies; but I don't understand a Word of it: It is all Nonsense to me.—Come then, let us join that great Company, and I'll shew you a general Specimen of my Character.

[*Runs skipping into the Middle of the Company.*

*Sings.* Make Room for a Fool, Sirs, make Room,

Nor let the grave Blockhead presume

To shew his Disapprobation.

*Ye Gentles who hither resort,*

*I'm not the sole Fool at the Court,*

*For Folly is all the Fashion.*

*Ye 'Squires who have Manors in Land,*

*Like Fools ye here suppliant stand:*

*For a Smile or a Promise each labours.*

*Had I your Estates, ye should see,*

*More wise and more merry I'd be.—*

*I'd—drink Christmas-Ale with my Neighbours.*

*Foolish Fair who come hither, perchance*

*If you get from the M——ch a Glance,*

*You think of your Fortune no fear is:*

*But, Fools, don't you know—Ferdinando*

*Can never do more than he can do.—*

*We make not each Day Lady Marys.*

*AD*

*All the Species of Fools should I tell,  
And how they each other excell,  
O when should I cease for to sing-a ?  
I view ye around and around,  
And think, with this Cap while I'm crown'd,  
I'm as great, if not wise, as a King-a.*

*Lady Be.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! The Droll is satirical.

*Fool.* I have said nothing but what these *two Ladies* prompted me to.

*Lady Polly.* They prompt ye ! Why they don't seem to have known what a Circle was these three Ages.

*Fool.* Why, indeed they are somewhat Strangers to our Modes ; but by a little of my Instructions we shall, together with the Assistance of some other Personages, present the Court with an excellent *Mumming on Twelfth-Day*, if Mr *Vice-Cham—rl—n* brings me a favourable Answer.—Oh ! here he comes.

*Vice.C.* You are indulg'd, Mr *Fool*, and you may exhibit your Interlude on the Day you proposed.

*Ld Miscellany.* An Interlude ! What sort of a Thing dost thou propose ?

*Fool.* It is any Thing that comes into my Head : This, and That, and T'other ; and Something and Nothing ; with Satire, with Panegyric ; with Sense, with Nonsense ; Accusations, Defences.—

*Ld Misc.* Pray what could put you on such a Scheme ?

*Fool.* Miscellaneous Thoughts, my Lord,—miscellaneous Thoughts,—that's all.

*Ld Empty.* Thou hast made Observations, *Fool*.

*Fool.* I have, my Lord.—I han't Time to stay any Longer to give a Specimen, but by a Song ; yet I believe these Ladies *incog*, and I, and *Somebody*, and *Nobody*, may shew a Presentation several People in this Place are not unacquainted with.

*Ld Empty.* You represent People here ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Finely represented indeed !

*Fool.* Somebody's coming ; — I can't stay :—These Ladies I must take Care of :—Excuse my abrupt leaving you with a Song. Come, Ladies, [*To Truth and Patriotism, taking them under their Arms.*] though you are mute now, I hope you will be as free as myself

next

next Time ; so, Gentlemen and Ladies, we leave you  
with this *Carrol*.

## S O N G.

Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation.

*Courtiers here of ev'ry Station,  
Some for Business, some for Fashion ;  
Those with solemn plodding Faces,  
These with pertly-quaint Grimaces,*

*Here in various Forms you find :*

*Here to Statesman Statesman's civil,  
Whom he wishes at the Devil ;*

*Saunt'ers there their Time amusing,*

*Sat'rists here their Friends abusing,*

*Foplings hoping,*

*Danglers moping,*

*Fools addressing,*

*Rogues caressing,*

*Knaves and Fools of every Kind.*

*Each Profession finds Admission,*

*Soldiers for a new Commission,*

*Lawyers for some new high Station,*

*Bishops for a new Translation,*

*All with Int'rest in their View :*

*Some, by Flatt'ry's base Deception,*

*Meet most graciously Reception ;*

*Others look'd on as suspected,*

*Having spoke as Truth directed ;*

*Women tattling,*

*Fix (as prattling*

*Of the Fashions)*

*Assignations.*

*Of each Sex a motly Crew.*

The Curtain falls.

End of Interlude the First.

Numb.





Numb. 58. Saturday, January 1, 1742-3.

*The Masque of PATRIOTISM and TRUTH,  
or the COURT FOOL.*

INTERLUDE the Second.

*Scene a great Room in a Palace, decorated in theatrical Guise, with a Right Royal and August Assembly as Spectators.*

Enter FOOL, as PROLOGUE.

**F**OR Us, and for our Interlude,  
Upon your Pardons we intrude:

A Twelfth-Day Mumming, noble Sages,

Perform'd by Twelfth-Night Personages.

Think not then any Character

Is made for any Person here.

Though Truth and Patriotism ye view,

They represent not one of You.

If SOMEBODY comes on the Stage,

And most majestic should rage,

And keep about two Wives a Potber,

And rob the one t'enrich the other,

Some One that Somebody might be:—

But who,—is only known to Me,

Then, Nobles all,—all this our Story

Is nothing but an Allegory:

If there is Truth in't, more or less,

We humbly leave for You to guess. [Exit.

*Curtain draws up, and discovers an empty Elbow-Chair,  
and a great Number of People attending; among them  
the Court Fool.*

*Lady. Pray, Fool, what sort of Women are these  
who are to have Audience?*

*Fool.*

*Fool.* Patience, Patience, Lady!—You need not be afraid of a Rival, tho' the Audience were private.

*2d Lady.* I heard they were great Beauties.

*3d Lady.* Pray, Fool, were they ever at Court before?

*Fool sings.* *When good King Henry rul'd the Land,*

*The Fifth of Henry's Name,*

*Then Truth and Patriotism did stand*

*High in his Grace and Fame.*

*One told the King the People's Mind,*

*The other did advance*

*The People's Wealth: So both conjoin'd,*

*Pull'd down the Pride of France.*

*God prosper long our noble King,*

*Our Lives and Freedoms all,*

*And send to Us may hap the Thing*

*To Henry did befall.*

*Ld Earwig.* Mr Mottle, notwithstanding Petticoat Politics are at this Day in great Practice, you will find these Ladies will never become Favourites: One Cabinet Conversation on the present Posture of Affairs might put SOMEBODY into a Chagrin, or the crossing his Humour produce a Kicking-Bout.—As for my Part, I don't expect to see them at Court above an Hour or two.

*Fool.* You don't *wish* to see them at Court above an Hour or two, my Lord:—For, if they should, what would become of your Lordship's Flattery, false Insinuations, and deceitful Misrepresentations, which you are for ever pouring into the Ear of Majesty?—My Lord, were they once fix'd at Court, I'd not give a Groat *per Annum* for your *Pension*.

*Ld Earwig.* There's no fear of that; for so strong a Party is form'd against them by those who know their dangerous Influence, that they will soon return again to the Obscurity they came from.

*Fool.* That we shall soon see; for,—hark!—our *Twelfth-day King* is approaching. — Now to my Office of the Ceremonies. *[Exit.]*

*Within.* Stand by, there.—Make Way.—

*Enter*

*Enter* SOMEBODY, as Twelfth-day King, attended by mock Minsters of State, Great Officers, &c; walks to the Elbow-Chair, and places himself in it.

*Somb.* As We have courteous deign'd a public Audience,

Now introduce to Us these Stranger Ladies,  
That We may hear their Suit; which if prefer'd  
To our Will consonant, it shall be granted.——  
Whom have we here?—In such a home-spun Garb  
Ne'er view'd I Female clad within my Presence.

*Enter* Truth and Patriotism, introduced with great Ceremony by the Fool.

Methinks, Lord Be, as nearer they approach,  
They bear a lovelier Form.—Good Esquire S——s,  
These seem of Country Mould: So late from Country,  
Do you remember ever to have seen them?

'Squire Efs. Yes, Sovereign Liege, I something do remember,

Just to have seen them *somewhere*, and no more.  
They are Fairy-Kind, imaginary Forms;  
Like vision'd Shadows rais'd by Magic Power,  
They real Beauties seem; but, when you press them  
For Joy substantial, vanish into Air.

——I'd none of them.——

*Somb.* What faith my good Lord Scribe?

*Ld Scribe.* Sir, I have known them long: I oft have learnt

Their very Thoughts and Words: In their own Tone,  
Melodious have I echo'd back their Rhet'rick;  
Softest Persuasion dwelling on my Tongue,  
While raptur'd Freedom smil'd: Corruption heard  
Their pow'rful Voice, and sunk his Head abash'd.—  
But then, my Liege, altho' so sweet their Song,  
'Tis the rude Notes of Nature, uninform'd  
By artful Compass, and by Fall and Rise,  
To sooth the Royal Ear. Discordant, harsh,  
Off' will they sound, and jar upon the Soul.

*Somb.* I'll hear their Music, charm me as it may.—  
But they approach.

*Music*

[*Music plays; at which Fool with Truth and Patriotism advance towards the Chair.*]

Fool sings. Please your great Majestie,  
Your good People and I  
Long have pitied your hapless Condition:  
That after your Changes,  
What all think most strange is,  
You have not one good Politician.

He that was t'ave done much,  
And brought over the D—h,  
Came back of his Errand complaining:  
And what was much worse,  
There attended this Curse,  
He spoil'd all the Sport of Campaigning.

To obey all Commands,  
Stands forth Master S——s,  
And more supple than W—— before:  
Then you had but one Kn——e,  
To the People who gave  
Cause of Murmurs; but now you've a Score.

If these Ladies you'll bear,  
And their Sentiments bear,  
Without your New M—st—rs Rule:  
Tho' this Council I bring,  
Yet you're not the first King,  
Who has taken Advice of a Fool.

Someb. Sage Mr Councillor, withdraw, and let the Ladies speak.

First, who are you, and what your Cause of Suit?

[To Truth.

Truth. I am a Female, much talk'd of, much admired, much hated, and little known. I am called Truth. Why do you startle, Great Sir? You cannot fear what I could say of you.

Somb. I hear you are a gossiping Gipsy; and though you have not approach'd our Presence, yet have told some Things which I don't know how you could come to the Knowledge of.

Truth. Very easy: For if your Courtiers don't tell you

you truly what is done *out* of the Court, they faithfully report every remarkable Occurrence that is done *with-in* it.

*Someb.* Then I may make an odd Figure in History.

*Truth.* I have not much to say about that: But it is for that Reason, that if you would suffer me to stay in Court but a few Hours, I may shew you Things as they are.

*Somebody.* What! Don't my Statesmen and Politicians give me the best Intelligence?

*Truth.* That you shall be a Judge of, if you suffer Me and my Companion, *Patriotism*, to have free Intercourse with you.

*Somebody.* *Patriotism*! Is that *Patriotism*? Why I don't know: I have heard dismal Stories of that Person, that she was a very Fiend, and a near Relation of one *Jacobitism*.

*Truth.* You see how you are impos'd on: But poor Maid, her Character, as well as mine, is prostituted and defam'd.

*Patriotism.* And for the worst Purposes.

## LILLEBULLERO.

*Of late we have seen what Patriots we have,  
For Freedom and Justice who strenuously call'd,  
From the Devil, from Ruin their Country to save,  
And loud against Places and Pensions they bawl'd:*

*Primier turn'd out,  
The righteous Rout  
For Places and Pensions fell scrambling amain;  
And Patriots the greatest  
Turn'd Rogues the compleatest,  
Their Faith all a Jest, and their Virtue mere Gain.*

*Somebody.* Perhaps you may be right, therefore your Suit is granted: You have Liberty to stay till further Notice, to try if you have both those Excellencies which are ascrib'd to you.

*Fool.* Please you, my Liege, if we have Liberty, we'll present you such a Scene——

*Somebody.* You have.

*Fool.* Come then, Ladies, follow me into the next Apartment.



Apartment.—You'll find, when I represent him as the principal Actor, he'll change his Opinion. [*Exeunt.*

*Somebody.* Now we retire to Business of Import,

All Privy Councillors to us resort :

'Tis kind to ask you what were wisest done :

I ask your Council, but I take my own.

[*They all go off, and the Scene changes to an Anti-Chamber.*]

*Enter Fool with Truth and Patriotism.*

*Fool.* This, Ladies, is the Place of Congress for modern Politics. Here was held the Convention of Countesses, and the Treaty of O——d was sign'd and ratify'd there : You shall see an Occurrence may alarm ye ; by which you'll find our Burlesque has much serious Mystery contain'd in it.

*Enter Somebody, with three Lords and an Esquire.*

'*Squire Eff.* Really, my Liege, I don't think it practicable to pay sixteen thousand of your Forces.

*Somebody.* Really, my 'Squire, then you must decamp from this Place.—My Lord, your Opinion.

*Ld Ce.* Mine is, if you think there is an absolute Necessity for these very Men, a Necessity for Payment of them because they cannot be otherwise supported, then there is an absolute Necessity that we should be generous enough to do it.

*Ld Be.* So many *Times*, so many *Opinions*. I might, a few Months ago, have said we might as well undertake to pay the Troops of the *Great Mogul*, or the *Man in the Moon* : That *foreign provincial Aids* are unconstitutional ; that *Charity* begins at *home* :—But,—*Do just as ye list* :—I have spoke, Sire.

*Fool, Truth, and Patriotism come forward.*

*Fool.* Ho ! ho ! ho ! What think ye *Truth* said of your sagacious Opinion, my Lord ? With a Smile of Indignation she cry'd, *Et tu Brute* ;—*Then fall Freedom.*

*Somebody.* As you have heard the Debate, Ladies, give your Opinion.

*Fool.* That we have all agreed to do in a very tragical

comical Scene:——We will only step out and slip on our proper Habits.

*Somebody.* What means the Fool? He will not dare to turn a Cause so dear to me into Burlesque?

*Ld C.* That is uncertain, for *Folly* will have its Flight as well as *Wit*: And though there is a Law to suppress one, yet there still subsists a *Licence* for the other.—But here he comes like a mock Monarch.

[*Re-enter Fool dressed with Mock Regal Robes and Coronet. Truth in an English, and Patriotism in a German Habit.*]

*Fool.* While thus I strut about with Royal Pride,  
With such a Pair of Doxies by my Side,  
How blest'd am I? On Throne how firm and steady?  
This sends me *Soldiers*, and this gives the *Ready*.

*Truth.* I give Supplies 'tis true; but why should I  
Your *Foreign Mistress* with my Gold supply?

*Patriotism.* A Mistress do you call me? Know your  
Station: ——

If not the Richest, I'm the first Relation.

*Truth.* Had I ne'er known you *Cox*, I'd ne'er re-  
pent.

*Patriotism.* And as I've known you *Cox*, I'm well  
contented.

*Fool.* Why, Ladies, cannot you agree together;  
For don't I blend the Interest of Either?  
Don't I now live with *You*, Ma'am?—Now with *You*?

*Truth.* But do you equal Interests pursue?  
Like a *true Wife*, 'tis I the Burthen bear;  
*You* only, *Mistress-like*, the Plunder share.—[*To Pat.*]

*Fool.* Madam, give not yourself another Air. }

S O N G.

Over the Hills and far away.

*Truth.* When such Fortune I have brought,  
Must I, Sir, must I thus be us'd?

*Patriot.* When you're with such Treasure fraught,  
Can I, Sir, can I be refus'd?

What should bound your lordly Will? ——

P

Truth.

*Truth.* Know by the Settlement you made,  
A Divorce may be brought still,  
If I'm scorn'd for a foreign Jade.

*Fool.* Know, Madam, my Imperial Sway; [To *Truth*.  
'Tis I'm to rule, and You obey:  
Altho' with her I fondly stray  
Over the Hills and far away.  
Know, Madam, &c.

*Have you not my Humour known,  
That my Passion won't be controul'd;  
And a Wife should help it on,  
If that she would my Heart infold? —  
Cease then, Madam, cease this Strife.*

*Truth.* Is this the Gratitude you show?  
I've your dull Duty as your Wife,  
She Wealth and Pleasure as your Frow.  
But my Love, Sir, weans away;  
Nor care I, Sir, tho' you may  
With your Doxy for ever stray,  
Over the Hills and far away.  
But my Love, &c.

*Somebody.* What is the Meaning of all this?

*Ld C.* It's plain enough: The *Fool* and *Truth* have made an allegorical Jest of an Affair you think of the utmost Importance.

*'Squire S.* I told you the Consequences of admitting *Truth* to play her Gambols here.

*Somebody.* Turn her and her Companion out this Moment; nor even let the *Fool* come near me this Fortnight.

*While Somebody I am, and wear a Crown,  
No Wrong I can do,—and no Wrong I'll own.*

*Struts off with his Courtiers.*

*Fool.* You hear your Sentence, Ladies.

*Truth.* 'Tis what we expected.

*Fool.* Whether, poor Exiles, will you now retreat?

*Patriotism.* Why, we're not quite destitute: I have  
some

some Friends left in the Country still: I could name many:—The Duke of—

*Truth.* Hold; this would seem Flattery rather than Justice in this Age of Degeneracy: It is sufficient that we know we have those that love and esteem us.—  
Farewel, farewel, Fool; and take another Farewel as an *Epilogue*.

*Truth.* Farewel Statesmen, farewel Courts;  
Farewel all your Arts and Wiles;

*Patriot.* For the future our Resorts  
Only are, where Virtue smiles:  
I can with Contentment rest

In the Plowman's straw-thatch'd Cott:

*Truth.* Blessing I can be, and blest  
In the British Maro's Grott.

*Both.* { Farewel Medley of strange Things,  
{ Knaves and Statesmen, Fools and Kings.

*The Curtain falls.*



Number 59. Saturday, January 8, 1742-3.

*Amoto quæramus seria ludo.*

To the Author of the WESTMINSTER JOURNAL.

S I R,

**A**S a miscellaneous Method of Writing is not only become the Practice of Authors, but a Diversifement to their Readers, I have taken the Freedom of communicating, in an unconfin'd Manner, my

Thoughts on some Subjects, which engross the Attention and Conversation of the greatest Part of my Countrymen. The *Expectations* and *Hopes* which all honest and good *Englishmen* had form'd Twelve Months ago, they imagin'd would 'ere now have been answered. The Removal from Power of *One Man* only, or a few of his Dependents, was not the ultimate View of the People: Their Prospect extended itself to a spacious Field of Happiness, terminated in the Recovery of our *Constitutional Rights* and *Parliamentary Independency*. It was believ'd such a Recovery of Liberty, and refixing so strong a Bulwark against *Ministerial Power* and *Corruption*, would be more easily attain'd, as the Men, who had succeeded to Power and Offices, had, for Years, in the most solemn Manner, avow'd all their Thoughts, Words, and Deeds were devoted to this single and important Point. But how soon was the Nation awaken'd from this Golden Dream? How soon did they find *Ambition*, *Power*, and *Interest* had in a Moment banish'd all the seeming Resemblance of *Virtue*, *Honour*, and *Liberty*?

In their very first Measures, the obstructing Justice, or at least the proper Pursuit of it, alarm'd the People, and rais'd Suspicions that the *Tullys*, *Brutus's* and *Catos* of the State, were as errant *Cæsarians* as ever came into a Presence Chamber. Suspicions were soon removed by glaring *Demonstrations*, that no Length which the late Minister had run to gratify *private Whims*, or secure *Foreign Domains*, at the Expence of *Domestic Interest* and *Reputation*, but these *new Charioteers* of State could equal him in the Race, if not exceed him. If we take a Review of the *ten Months* past, how similar is the Conduct to the *ten preceding Years*; and the History of this short *Æra* would be an excellent *Breviary* of the other. We have had *Encampments*, *Embar-kations*, *Negotiations* on *Negotiations*, *Treaties*, *Neutralitys*, *Votes of Credit*, *Mercenary Forces*, *Sinking Fund Schemes*, *Pre-mortgages*, and—for what National Good? Have the People of *England* gain'd either *Benefit* or *Honour* from the *Negotiating* at the *Hague*, or *Campaigning*



paigning in *Flanders*? It was expected, and not absurdly, that last Year an Attack would have been made upon *Dunkirk*, and the Fortifications re-demolish'd. The *French*, at that Time, had but a small Number of Troops in *Flanders*, and those consisted chiefly of ragged *Militia*. The Thing was not only feasible, but, in all human Probability, by the Assistance of our Navy, must have been successful. Such an Event might have been beneficial to *Great Britain*, by securing its Commerce from the most dangerous Place of Privateering that can be: But such an Event, had it been certain to Demonstration, was counter to another political Interest, than which, nothing can be more diametrically opposite to the Interest of *Great Britain*. The bug-bear Threat of pouring an Army into a certain Part of *Germany*, was sufficient to overturn all the Grand Councils and Projects of a *B— Cabinet*; to cause the laying aside all the mighty Preparations of War, and putting Us to the Expence of hiring Sixteen Thousand Foreigners to defend their own Territories. On the Whole, Is there one Symptom that, with our new Men, there have been taken, either in Domestic or Foreign Affairs, new Measures? Does not the Stream of Politics creep heavily on in the same muddy Channel; and, though it is said we have changed M—st—rs, there is no Appearance of having chang'd them for the better. I don't see but we labour under the Philosopher *Bias's* Hardship, who, when he was ask'd *What was hardest for Men of Courage to bear*, answer'd, *A Change, when it proves for the Worse*.

What I have said is no Attenuation of the Guilt of the late M—st—r. *Facts* are stubborn Things, which no Art can gloss over, and which Time, in spite of every Artifice, will discover.

Have we not then, cries a moderate honest Country Gentleman, One Man of Abilities equal to Government among the new Administrators? Have we not One who will venture to set in a just Light the Sense, the Complaints, the Grievances of the People? Not One who dares speak as he thinks, and oppose every Thing

*Thing which clashes with the Interest of his Country?—*  
 On such Questions, would it not be a melancholy Reflection to hear, that it is believed there is a M—st—r of great *Abilities*, great *Knowledge* of the *Constitution* of his Country, and of so great *Complaisance*—that he will not contradict—even what may be an *Infringement* upon it? Would it not be terrible to think, when all the *Power of Policy and Wisdom* should be exerted *abroad* and at *home*, that the precious *Time* of such a *Crisis* was trifled away in *C—t Caballing*, *private Closetings*, and the low, mean *Tricks of Intrigue*?

Should a Man, who had been very expert in calculating Accounts which were ordered to lie upon the Table, be seen hurrying, bustling, plodding, blundering to raise a *Quota*, as *commanded*, unvers'd in the Nature of *Offices, Funds, and Bodies Politic*, who would not perceive his *Genius* was running upon a wrong *Bias*? Who would not think the *Poet's Description* adapted to him?

*His lubber'd Genius, from its Bias crost,  
 In Heaps of false Arithmetic is lost;  
 And crude Essays, with heavy Schemes of Trade,  
 All undigested, doxe his lumpish Head.\**

But if such a Statesman is brought into Office by a Man of Genius and Intrigue, it may be only to serve a temporary Purpose; and, when that is done, he lays him by as *useless Lumber*. It is not impossible but we may soon see such an Event happen: When it does, a certain Great Man may, not improperly, rant out the following Lines in *Mr. Congreve's Mourning Bride*; adding, for Introduction, 'These mock Patriots are only to Us'

*The Steps on which we tread to rise and reach  
 Our Wish; and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding,*

*They we serv'd our End,  
 And are like Lumber to be left and scorn'd.*

If, after all, some of our late *zealous* and *popular Patriots* should be made *Scaffolds* and *Lumber* of; and that, after all their signal Services of plunging through *Thick* and *Thin*, *recanting*, turning *Converts* in the Cabinet to the Doctrine of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*, they will equally become the Ridicule of C——t and Country. After they have shewn what all their *admirable Talents* for *Business* have done in the first Place, and what all their *Principles*, so well fitted to the *Constitution*, have advantag'd the latter, the People will be mightily pleased to see them discarded, after the wonderful Figure they have a short Time made. In Courts this frequently happens\*. My Lord Bacon excellently observes, That "Men who are "zealous for a Party, on the Division of it, prove "Principals; but many Times also, adds he, they "prove *Cyphers*, and are *cashier'd*: For many a Man's "Strength is in *Opposition*, and when he is taken out "of that, he is of no Use. It is commonly seen that "Men once put into Place, take in with the contrary "Party to that which occasion'd them to enter, by "their having buſtled themselves to the Head of it." —My Lord's Picture is above a Century old; but had he liv'd now, or some Persons, now living, liv'd then, they could not have been more justly represented.

To make a Minister of State, it was heretofore thought absolutely necessary that the Person chosen should have *great Accomplishments*; unbiaſ'd *Integrity*; a *Zeal* for his *Sovereign*, and consequently a *Fidelity* to his *Country*: For I know not how, in *England*, the Interests of one can deviate from that of the other. Such Men as these were the *Walsinghams* and *Cecil's*, of the happy and glorious Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*.—Those were your *old fashioned Statesmen*, and such Practice might be the right *then*;—but must we say, like the *Mock-Doctor* in the Farce, *Now the State College proceeds on an entire new System!*

The Offices of State are surely great Trusts, and consequently should have great and good Men to discharge

\* As it did in a short Time after this was written.

charge them. Each Minister, according to his separate Province, as *Secretary, Chancellor, Treasurer, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c.* is to inform his Master of the true State of Affairs,—to *consult, to advise, to remonstrate*, and even to *deny*, as Occasion requires. The Heads of the Law are to acquaint him plainly what is *against Law*, and the *Constitution*: The Heads of the Treasury should lay before him the *Taxes* on the People; the Difficulties of raising Monies without *new Turlens* on them; and commend Frugality, and practise it: Not *one* should *fear* mentioning the Sense of the People: Not *one* should *dare* to deceive the Sovereign.

Were it only the Business of Ministers of State to make a Parade of Business, consisting in Noise and Hurry; to be complaisant enough to do what they are bid, and give what they are ask'd for, and all this to serve their own private Views, TIDDEDOL, the Gingerbread-man, would make as good a Minister as any of them all.

The grave Reader may look on this as too ludicrous a Comparison: Therefore to give some Authority for it (which at the same Time is very proper for this Subject) I will quote a Scene from a Play of *Aristophanes*, where a *Sausage Maker* is proved to be a proper Person to be made a *Minister of State*. I shall only previously observe, that this is a Satire on one *Cleon*, who, from his *noisy Harangues*, and having neither *Honour* nor *Conscience*, had work'd himself into the State.—The Poet, to conduct the Scenery, makes it reveal'd to two leading Men of the other Party, that the Oracle said *A Maker of Sausages would make as good a Statesman as Cleon, and should succeed him*: They are consulting on this when they see the *Sausage-Maker* at work in his Shop, and thus accost him:

*Demosthenes, Nicias, Sausage-Maker.*

“ *Demost.* Hail, Right Honourable Pudding Man!

“ *Happy* are we to see the *Deliverer* of the Republic,

“ *Sausage-M.*

- “ *Sausage-M.* What is all this? What d’ye mean by giving me these Titles?
- “ *Nicias.* Pray, Sir, hear what a happy and prosperous Man you are.—Do you, *Demosthenes*, place him on his Dresser, and inform him of the Oracle.—
- “ I retire on other Business.
- “ *Demost.* Very well.—Now please your Honour, lay down your Basket and your Pans,—and thank the Gods for what they have made you.
- “ *Sausage-M.* Made me! Why what have they made me?
- “ *Demost.* One of the greatest Men in Athens.
- “ *Sausage-M.* Pray, Sir, let me clean these Guts, mix up that minc’d Meat, and sell my Goods.—
- “ What! do you come to make a Fool of me?
- “ *Demost.* Lay aside your Trash, and mind me.—
- “ You shall be a Statesman and Politician To-morrow.
- “ *Sausage-M.* I! what I!—A poor Fellow that never knew any Thing but to make Sausages.
- “ *Demost.* Get up on your Dresser.
- “ *Sausage-M.* Well: What now?
- “ *Demost.* Do you see those Orders of People? You shall be a Chief among them; govern in the Senate, bustle about Court, and have all that Tribe subject to you.
- “ *Sausage-M.* Who, I?
- “ *Demost.* Do you see the Custom-house, and those Ships loaded with Merchandize?
- “ *Sausage-M.* Yes; and what then?
- “ *Demost.* These shall be under your Power: You shall sell them if you will: The Oracle says you will be a great Statesman.
- “ *Sausage-M.* But how can that be, when I am but a Pudding-Maker?
- “ *Demost.* Because you are bold, and wicked, and have no Ties of Honour, Friendship, or Conscience.
- “ *Sausage-M.* Yet I don’t think myself worthy of such a Post.
- “ *Demost.* Not worthy! D’ye think yourself a good or a bad Man?

“ *Sausage-M.*



" *Sausage-M.* Bad enough, by all the Gods.

" *Demost.* That's right; for our Common-wealth  
 " wants none of your virtuous, righteous, uncorrupt  
 " Men.——Don't despise what the Gods have de-  
 " creed.

" *Sausage-M.* The Oracle flatters me: How shall I  
 " have *Politics* enough to be a *Minister*, and manage  
 " Government.

" *Demost.* As easy as to *stuff* a *Gut*, and *manage* a  
 " *Sausage*.——*Politics* and *Sausage-Making* are very  
 " like. You are to do only what you were us'd to do  
 " before: MIX, JUMBLE THEM TOGETHER, MAKE  
 " A HODGE-PODGE, DISTURB and CONFOUND EVE-  
 " RY THING YOU TAKE IN HAND.——Then, as  
 " to the practical Part, if possible you must cajole the  
 " People to swallow your *Politics*, as you used to do  
 " the Mob to swallow your *Sausages*:—You have rare  
 " Talents for this:—A *false Tongue* and a *wicked*  
 " *Cunning*, and, besides, a little *Smattering* in the  
 " Law. You have every Thing necessary to make  
 " such a Politician as our Republick stands in Need of."

I should write some Comment on this Scene, had I  
 not taken up so much of your Paper; I will therefore  
 add only a Remark, " That those in *Athens*, at the  
 " Time *Aristophanes* liv'd, who sought great Places,  
 " had need but of two Things: One, first to affect  
 " an Air of Popularity; the other, to affirm and do  
 " any Thing afterwards which suited with their De-  
 " signs." —— *From such Sausage-making Statesmen*  
*good Lord deliver us!*      L. L.



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